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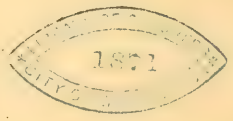
SHADOWY LAND,

AND OTHER POEMS,

(INCLUDING THE GUESTS OF BRAZIL,)

BY

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THE SHADOWY LAND.

Far, far beneath the realms of man and day,
Whither th' adventurous wing of bird ne'er roamed,
Nor prowled the cavern seeking wolf, a clime
Mysterious, darkling, ghostly and sublime,
Spreads vast through regions measureless as air.
Save when a spirit, from its mortal thrall
Cut loose by the sharp scythe of death, flits down
The earnest of its lasting fate to taste,
At the dread portals of that kingdom knocks
No human visitor from earthly scenes.
At times some angel on consoling wing,
Or imp with news of wickedness besmeared,
Invades the dim retirement of those realms.

The dead here sit in mystic conclave, wrapt
In the great themes eternity unfolds.
Seamed by an awful chasm, (misty, dark,
And haunted by uncouth and hateful shapes,)
The kingdom of the dead is formed in two.
The ONE the Paradise where souls redeemed,
Lapped in Elysian hopes, await the hour
When Christ their ' spiritual bodies' shall command :

The OTHER, a vast realm of cloud and shade,
Oft racked by raging tempests, and uptorn
By fierce and flaming earthquakes, that return
The horrid signs which meteors kindle oft
In th' wild and terrible sky.

Here dwell the bad:
Yea, all whom God upon his snowy page
Hath not inscribed in characters of blood
Once shed upon the holy rood for man,
Here the Millenium's close abide. Some lost
In deepest grief, their earthly negligence
Vainly deplore; and some outrival Job
In heaping curses on their day of birth,
But court the oblivion of grim death in vain.
Sometimes, when o'er their deeds of wrong they sigh,
Will virtuous recollections shoot their gleams
Across the spirit's gloom, as stars athwart
The waste of midnight seas, or as amid
The various discords that high winds arouse
Some lone Æolian string swells rich and sweet:
But, tortured by the thought of what they 've lost,
They there repent in unavailing grief
The sins for which they bartered heaven and peace.
And murderers there with haggard eyes explore
The dark and poisonous pits of hell, if there
Perchance they may extinguish life; while some
Seeking the flaming caves where lower fires
Flash with prophetic glare, down plunge
Amid the fiery vortex—but alas! they meet

Not death, but agony increased: The soul
Not death's barbed shafts can pierce, but harmless strike,
As moonlight's lances splinter on the crags
Of the Antarctic coast of ice. And some
With fierce and boisterous insult storm the courts
Where Death, the phantom, sits in royal state,
Surrounded by his peers—in this fond hope,
That he, incensed by outrage on his pride,
In these the kingdoms darkened by his shade,
May bid some shadowy page beside his throne,
His fiat rankling with unusual fire,
To wing against their souls; so death
And sweet oblivion o'er the conscience' wounds
May spread their liniment and balm. But Death,
Well knowing there his power but formal, lends
Indifferent audience to their storms; for, well
Remembereth he when uselessly he shot
His once resistless darts 'gainst Hell's new guests
Whose subtle and immortal life, unscorched,
Laughed him to scorn; so springs the bolt
Hot with appalling ruin to the forms
Of grosser matter, while the wond'rous air
Harmless it glides through to its native earth.
Here dwell the warriors of olden time,
Who waged for empire, gold or glory, wars
That rent the heart of nations; now below
Upon these dim and sterile plains they ride
Their wild, invulnerable spirit steeds,*

* Note.—This may be interpreted as significant of unreined, stormy passions.

Their forces marshaling in grand array.
Thus in the excitements of mock war, with all
The plumed and glittering pomp of martial show,
They seek to drown their dread of God's great day
When Christ shall sit in judgment. Swift they forge,
Beyond our best despatch of skill, such dread,
Dark reservoirs of thunders as would shock
Even Gibraltar's rocks; (though Spain and France
Their batteries vainly ope'd against its heights.)
And Hell's vast echoing vault hath witnessed oft
The cannonade of their tremendous fire
Whose roar oft smote the ranks of timid souls
As though that lower world were rent in twain.
The fierce, unconquered hosts, though beaten down
And for a moment vexed with pain that sprang
From disarrangement of their spiritual frames
Or mortification of their fall, renew
The exciting turbulence of war till night
(For night, too, there dominion claims) spreads out
Her raven wings upon the obscure; as Hell
With all the gloomy phantoms of her clime
Followed on Death bestriding his pale steed,
As in the Apocalypse told.

And e'en the Prince
Of lowest hell upon occasions grand
Of vast display, hath shown his lofty mien
Among the stateliest leaders of their ranks,
Gloomy, but lit at times with daring thoughts:
With awe and wonder they behold his form

Like some tall peak* with dark and flashing clouds
Most fearfully becrowned ; but dare not they
To question in that realm his right or power :
And silence, like the desert's in a calm,
Stilled the vast hosts for moments while he looked.†
The King of Terrors, too, beholds their sheen,
And smiles enwreathe the pallid cheeks of Death.
They were the minions of his pride, and erst
Upon the Earth did consecrate the world
To be the altar of his bloody rites,
And often blotted out the host of heaven
With the great smoke of costly sacrifice.
But other scenes than these engage the guests
Of Hell's dark empire. On the mystic sea
Boiling with fiery gleams from fearful depths
And lashed anon by tempests, some prefer
To guide the adventurous keel : The distant isles,
The dim and lonely isles, amid the gulfs
They seek ; but peace and beauty there
No flowery, vine wreathed paradise bedeck.
Sometimes the dim and watery world is lit
By war's most awful splendors, rolling peals
Far down the echoing shores ; while clash on clash,
And shouting voices, and the reedy blast
Of victory's trumpet-song proclaim the deeds
Which seek to drown the fear of wrath to come.

* "Like Teneriffe he stood."—MILTON.

† "His look drew audience and attention still as night, or summer's noontide air."—MILTON.

But some consume their hours in building high
Within some superstructure rich and grand
The organ's pile ;* the mechanism nice
They crown with numerous banks of shining keys
Wrought of most beauteous stone and pearl.
All instruments of curious voice, all tones
E'er known on earth, the lovely, soft, the loud ;
The reedy trumpet, brilliant cornet, rich
Peculiar hautboy and the sweet, clear stops,
The flute, the diapason stop'd, and all
That e'er their changes rang upon the ear
Of some inspiréd organist in dreams
In aftertimes upon the favored earth,
Here in their glorious instruments consort
And e'en the heavy ear of Hell delight,
Though wakening in her guests the torturing thought
Of joys and spiritual harmonies e'er lost.
Here in strange fervor sit th' illustrious ones
Who gave their life to music, but forgot
Their strains to sweeten with devotion's breath,
Or sacrificed the glorious bursts of song
To vain, delusive gods. With gushes rich
And movements light and airy they attempt
The shadows of their spirits to divert ;
But ever and anon their music glides
To the Æolian mode ; and sombre dreads
With a groaning bass, loud tremble in their strains.

* Note.—In describing things in another world, a seeming anachronism may be thought of less account; as invention there may be supposed to have anticipated mortal skill.

On a grand platform of imposing rocks
With th' wild, flashing skies o'erhead, (a fit
And striking theatre for scenes like theirs ;)
Else in a gorgeous temple of the Muse,
Some in majestic tragedy absorbed
The hearts of thousands thrill ; but there depict
Not fancied sorrows only, but pour forth
Their own souls' bitterness like lava streams :
Their wretchedness the garden of the mind
Keeps seared and desolate indeed. And there,
In the proud triumph of his godlike state,
Sculptured of massive gold, with gem-lit lyre,
His incense burning from the poet's heart,
Apollo sunlike reigns, and sheds a light
Which would cheer e'en those scenes of Hell, did not
The bard's fair image of lost peace and bliss,
The conscience-stricken soul torment ; and if
The taste and sensibility refined
Did not compel the heart to feel more keen
The forfeiture of high and glad awards
At Heaven's great day to be declared and sealed.
At certain times deemed fit, some (part in slight
Of God the fountain of all light, and part
In laud of poetry's fire,) processions grand
Marshaled in Phœbus' name.

The Indian there,
Who with wild war song by the Mohawk danced.
And bent his vengeful bow with murderous eye
To pierce e'en innocence' young heart,

Roams restlessly with angry glance; of wrong
There self-admonished still, he cries aloud
And deprecates the wrath of righteous Heaven;
Now the Great Spirit he sublimely calls;
And now the Prince of darkness worshippeth,
Dreading the serpents' fangs. On spirit steeds,
(Conjured, I fear, by strange, infernal charms
From the weird deeps of shadowy forms,)
He, mounted, rushes like a direful star
That bursts in winter's ice-clear heavens
And makes the traveler start. But he in vain
Explores the dim and desolate climes that stretch
Afar from Hell's metropolis, to find
The beauteous hunting grounds his prophets dreamed
Awaited glory's sons beyond the grave.
Nor, wild and beautiful before him springs
The deer or antelope inviting chase;
But gloomy solitude in grandeur reigns;
Save when some fiend escaped from *darkest* hell,
Or, flying thither from the earth, sails 'cross
With hideous, outstretched wings, his startled eye.
And he, upon whose warlike path the moon
Of Moslem banners shed victorious light,
Nor boasted other wings wherewith to scale
Heaven's high and difficult battlements
Than martial glory's sanguinary plumes,
Here (later), in this joyless waste, pursued
The hope in vain of soft, elysian homes,
Where dark-eyed beauty beckoned to her bowers
O'erflowed with dewy odors, and with songs,

And the air of love's inebriating power.
Loud on Arabia's prophet son he calls,
But from his chief no voice his ear addressed
That summoned him to climes of rosy bliss.

Here, too, the poor deceivéd wretch who 'd knelt
'Neath the rich vault of Jupiter's sculptured fane,
Wandered expectant of the sombre stream
And Charon's ready barge: Nor met his eye
The awful seat of Rhadamanthus, joined
With Minos and Æacus, trio dread,
Before whose throne sublime he, quaking, thought
That Fate's commands would shortly hurry him,
His earth-born dreams dissolved to nothingness.
In such employment as their taste or faith
Did prompt to, these unnumbered souls
Engaged through Hades' weird and wide extent
In its unhappy half. But horrid War
Upraised the banner of their chief delight;
To them the fairest cloud that flushed the sky
Waved o'er his marching hosts; his trumpet call
Their richest music, and his clashing hour
Dear to their guilty souls, (though thus they sowed
A harvest of vexatious ills.) This noticing
The Prince of Lowest Hell, who sometimes cast
His chill, dread shadow o'er those awful climes,
Devised a scheme to yoke the ardent march
Of their unreined ambition to a cause
He deemed well worthy of their zeal: So when
Unnumbered hosts were blackening the plain,

And radiating towards the portals grand
Of Hades' loftiest temple, where the Muse
O'er tragic Art presiding reigned in light,
Flooded with music and the rites profane
Of her impassioned votaries, he took,
Apart, his stately and attractive way.
His dark and mighty wings, whereon the gleams
Of lurid purple shone 'mid th' dark, (as shone
Some beams of former glory in his mind,)
And seemed reflections from his own bad realm—
His wings were furled. With proud and lordly gait,
And as in meditation lost, he moved,
And fixéd every eye both near and far.
And elsewhere mid the crowd there seemed to rise
Forms such as seldom moved o'er Hades' plains
Towards her strange festivals and the portals rich
Of her unconsecrated fanes. And high arose
The sumptuous structure o'er the thickening crowds.
The sombre clouds of Hell some reckless bolts
Upon its towers had cast; but wonder there
Still dwelt on glorious sculptures: Ajax loomed
Among them bold and flung defiance stern
Up towards the sparkling skies: Apollo, too,
Above Remorse, and divers forms of woe,
In marble majesty arose; and triumph's calm
Seemed shining 'round his brow.* And there,
With chaste, peculiar dignity and force,

* Intended as significant of an idea which they wished to be found true and to represent, to wit: that the occupations of Art were a balm for their remorse and fears.

Prometheus chained upon the cruel rock,
A lofty, firm resistance seemed to express
Towards the high throne of Jove; their own sad case
Of laurelless rebellion they feigned typed
By his grand independence and the woe
That stormlike beat upon his heart benign.

With stately step the fiend moved; noticing
Nor architecture's grandeur nor the stream
Of living shapes in wonder wrapt that swept
Swift towards the several portals of the pile,
The Sovereign of Hell his way august
Kept towards the broadest gates. Now music's swell
Harmonious and passionate assailed
His ear, advancing; and th' excited burst
Of admiration told that feeling's life
Was beating there with no uncertain pulse;
A welcome thought! the ruffled seas that flash
The sunbeams fitfully are early made
The minions of the gale, though darkening
The brilliant hour in which the wavelets joyed
And rolling to another point the swell
Of the impetuous waves.

Now Satan reached
The interior of that mighty hall and woke
A thrilling murmur through the crowd immense;
And they who held the highest stations there
The throne pre-eminent did proffer him,
And welcomed his compeers who reached in time

Scarcely diverse the rostrum of the place.
And knowing well the fervent public wish
That he the orator would deign to play,
Now that so vast an audience convened
The graceful temple of the muse adorned,
The chieftain of the day could not conceal
The expression of this general hope, when he
The attention of the haughty Prince had called
To Arts' allurements in the sculptured shafts
And golden statues on which flushed the lights
Of sacrificial lamps, the pictured roof
With festive beauty decked and classic scenes
Of chastest elegance and force. Now breathless stood
In expectation eager all that crowd,
Admiring Satan's 'lofty, godlike' port,
(Such were the compliments they whispered 'round,)
And wondering if those lips whose voice had stirred
The living seas of heaven's audience-floors
To heave with billowy emotions, now
Would deign with spirits from an earthly mould
To hold a converse, and unveil before
The eyes that once were mortal those deep shades
In his heaven-born, though fallen mind. Not long
This wonder reigned; for, with a glance around
Upon the vast assembly Satan stood
In frowning majesty, and thus began,
In tones like those which down the valleys roll,
When threatening storms the mountain summits crown:
Spirits immortal! (doubtless unto such
My words are flying;) rather should I say

Divinities! and sons of heaven's bright light,
Whose godlike powers these glorious sculptures prove,
While Music's thoughtful and impassioned flow,
And th' high achievement of the gifted bard,
(The poet's grand and spiritual parthenon
Pillared with bright strong characters, and rich
With th' glows of never fading thoughts and zeal
Of noble aspirations, quenchless, grand,)
While these do homage to your seraph gifts
And breathe forth prophecies of fame and power.
Nor on the glorious fields of War hath Fame
E'er gazed on deeds where military art
And valor fixed with such a thrilling spell
The eyes of every breathing soul which saw.
Not Death, 't is true, and his dark, sunless tent,
Shut from the peals of glory's triumph song,
Await the sons of Mars below, but pain,
And weakness, and disgrace, more keen than throb
In th' quivering nerves of death struck men.
This high enthusiasm that would run to waste
Did not these manly occupations claim your thoughts,
Did not the altars of the God of Song
A rich, rare sacrifice demand, the choice
And ravishing outpourings of the soul; and gifts
(More radiant than the pearl with mimic heaven)
Shaped by imagination's wizard touch
To forms that smile with never fading grace,
Wearing the lineaments of warm, high souls,
T' enchant the cultivated mind fore'er;
This high enthusiasm should an object know

That would its bolder energies become,
An enterprise of vast and glorious scope,
Such as may on th' historic tablet grave
Indelible lines—the words of deathless fame;
Deeds summoning Heaven itself to lend the gaze
Of all its myriads to the daring great,
The swell of its high anthem checking quick
With th' thrill of mute astonishment.
Nor need I urge you that such deed should wear
A character which Heaven with no pleased eye
Would from its sapphire battlements behold;
Rememb'ring how from your free, happy state,
From 'mid the blush of nectarous fruits, and flow
Of festal wine, and Woman's song of love,
And the intoxicating thrills that woke
In Beauty's languishing but burning clasp,
Ye were down hurled by envious tides of wrath
From God's dire reservoirs of flood and fire:
No more in this dim spiritual state
Th' extatic pulse of appetite to feel,
The melting ravishment of sunkissed fruits
Which break with ripeness at their rosiest flush;
The raptures of true love no more to feel
Their magic lightnings shooting through the veins
And making Cytheræa seem indeed
Radiant with brilliancy and smiles divine;
No more from lips of loveliness to drink
Pleasures transporting as the feasts of heaven;
In Beauty's dark eyes never more to gaze
As in the lighted caves of sorcery;

No more the weary, feverish brow to lay
(Affection's privilege) upon her breasts,
Which seemed the snowy tents that truth and love
In that sweet paradise had pitched, wherein
To dwell beside each other evermore.
Once free in body as in mind, with power
Alike to march where'er the unpanting sun
The brightness from his heavenly pathway cast,
Whether upon the sky, familiar rocks, or where
In sweet low vallies Beauty spread her couch
By the flowery verge of chanting rivulets;
Or on the face of that grand solitude,
The ocean world; yea, in the rich, dark mine,
The museum of Nature, where she shows,
By curious chemistry preserved, the wrecks
Of years forgotten—forms organic, tombs,
And sculptured implements and glittering spoils.
Once free 'mid these to rove, and treat
The excitement loving heart with Protean truth,
Down were ye whelmed and trampled to this clime
Which joy scarce visits with the stir
Of his unpoisoned breath in many an age.
To you whose restless and immortal minds
Explore e'en to the Arcana of these skies,
I need not utter as a thing unknown
That not remote from this your province dim
There lies spread out upon the abyss of night,
Securely resting o'er the pits of hell,
A land which, like some fervid soil which reeks
In th' fragrant wealth of fruits and wines

Above the caverns of volcanic fire,
Is well adapted to delightsome life
As is a regal hall for banqueting,
Or as the branches of the eager nerves
Are fitted for the play of feeling's fire,
Or Woman's heart for the riot of Love's power.
Perchance, the favorites of Heaven dispersed,
Ye may its goodly amplitude assume
And fortify with cunning art your seat.
For, they who now its halcyon climes possess
Do boast Elysium is everywhere,
And that the Mind its golden gates can ope
E'en 'mid the blackest fumes of Hell, and breathe
E'en there the blandness of soft Eden's air.
If so, complaint they surely should not raise,
If you their summery paradise should seize,
Out emptying in the horrid chasms all
Within its precincts found: or if, perchance,
Not gaining entrance there within, your bolts
Winged with destructive vengeance, (not 'gainst them,
But rather 'gainst the Architect who raised
The pillars of their shadowy domain,)
Should shatter down into the gulfs below
Its huge and rocky buttresslike supports;
Their plunge amid the vortex fierce beneath
Of their assertion proud the truth would test.
Ye all remember how, in former times,
Ye did your skill and courage tax to bridge
Across the awful chasms which divide
This darker Hades from the bright abode

Which, curtained with soft skies and rosy clouds,
Slumbers embosomed o'er the realms of Fire,
Of darkness and of horror—like a gem
Sparkling all stainless on the gory hand
Of princely warrior fallen by the sword,
Amid the wreck and ashes of his courts.
The lovely vision of that Land of Peace,
(Than which not fairer seemed a star burst forth
Amid the rents in some dark tempest torn
By furious winds, or a flowering vine which climbs
A pine twice dead and charred to frightful wreck,)
That lovely vision wooed you on and roused
Your eager efforts; but the crumbling edge
Refused your masonry support, and down
Into the hungry gulf your labors fell:
The hot and blasting poison airs that rose
From out those horrid depths assailed your frame
Unfit save in a gentle atmosphere
Like Eden's, or as bland, to live. But I
Can in an instant by the signal trump
Upsummon from the soundless deep a host
As woundless as the shield of Mars; whose strength
At chains, and terrors, and tempestuous fires,
(If kindling with no fiercer elements
Than those which grandly smoke 'round your domains,)
Whose strength at persecuting foes like these
Securely laughs. By aid of these your way
Across the wide and bottomless abyss
Safely and certainly may stretch. Above
And 'round about the grand pontoon thick walls,

Or, else, if deemed too huge, a curtain close
The air congenial of those climes may shield
From base admixture with those rankling fumes
Which steam and smoke o'er those infernal gulfs.

No sooner had the monarch closed his lips
Than loud applause throughout th' assembly rang;
So have I heard upon some rocky shore,
When distant storms the Ocean's bosom heaved,
Hoarse thunders from the wide and wave-swept strand.
And some his eloquence, and some the mien
Of majesty severe, and some the scheme
With warmest admiration praised. And while
The ambitious and the bold in thought pressed 'round
To gain the notice or the ear of Him
Who now the attention of the whole absorbed,
The choir in bursts of warm idolatry
His station and his power exalted high.
Now 'mong the assembled there, there lingered one
Who not more bold than many near, yet wished
The name of highest courage there to win;
Daring a plan to venture which he ne'er
Would further if approved, and knowing well
That though applauded with profane outburst
The prudence of the greater part would lend
Their ears but not volitions to such schemes:
He, rising 'mid the buzzing multitude,
Began at once his singular address:
Illustrious King, upon whose mighty brow
There shines the diadem of a world; and you,

The flower of Hades and its godlike court,
The glory of this thrilling hour, I laud
As high as do the proudest of you all.
This conclave grand which doth the themes revolve
Than which none greater or more bold hath e'er
In Hades, Earth, or other world, its birth
Received of any source, this hath no power,
Nor mind, nor dignity, which I do not
With pride triumphant recognise. List all:
With armories like ours, and that control
Over the subtle, natural powers vouchsafed
By Science unto Study deep, and whilst
A chief of such o'ershadowing name here deigns
To guide our councils and support our hosts .
With Hell's battallions, countless as the stars,
Puissant as the rushing orbs that cut
Through the wild waste of darkness their bright way,
Smiting the forms of life with fearful death,
While fortunes brilliant as are these attend
Upon us in this nether world, our thoughts
Should rise at once to loftiest deeds and claim
Th' emblazoned page of History. I urge
With ardent zeal that we forthwith prepare
A strong invasion gainst the walls of Heaven;
Perchance, another disaffection lies concealed
Among its liveried slaves; the working deep
Of some conspiracy may even now
Be eating thro' its order and its strength;
And we may rob God's crown, at least
Of half its jeweled blaze.

A loud applause
Greeted this daring speech; but soon there rose
An eulogist of Satan, Jaser named, who claimed
A brief attention, and 'advised the course
Which Hell's great Sovereign had set forth.' But since
The flow of eloquent thought and rich array
Of words rhetorical were subject not
To his inferior command, he 'waived
The chance their precious time to occupy,'
Aloud deferring to the sumptuous speech
And exposition full which their 'great guest'
Had late vouchsafed to their 'delighted ears.'

And next arose one with a lowering mien
And wild and reckless aspect; on the Earth
Within the dreary prisons of the mad
He foamed in restless chains—to that sad plight
Down flung by unreined passions and the loose
Ungoverned rioting of guilty thoughts.
Amid lone, haunted battle fields he had liked
To roam at midnight, and behold around
The mouldering skulls revealed by that weird light
Which their pale spirits shed as softly they
Glided with moans above the frightful wrecks
Of their late temples. Likewise in dim caves,
Hung with the strange and varied pendants wrought
By Nature's brilliant alchemy, he walked
Often by day, nor greeted the bright blush
Of dew bespangled Morn; and there on lakes
Where Pleasure's bannered sail was ne'er unfurled,

He glided in his rude, lone skiff, and sought
The spot where, seated in eternal rest,
The bodies of the ancient dead repose
Whose stirless forms declare the wond'rous tale
Of life unchronicled, save in those halls,
And on their graven armor quaint,
Forgotten in the shadowy mist of time.
Amid lone mountain ranges ; on the cataract's verge,
Besprinkled with its many tinted mist, and where
The rocking blasts of tempests raved, and shocks
Of the pitiless, scornful Earthquake, had entombed
The peopled gala scene in breathless night
He loved with dark, impassioned mien to roam.
He now amid the conclave frowning rose
And briefly thus addressed th' assembled throng :
Not to express dissent from plans proposed
I rise in presence of our kingly guest,
But to the wisdom of his scheme to add
Further suggestions ; would it not accord
With the high spirit of those plans to cast
Our influence likewise o'er the Earth, and stir
Commotions furious there ; diversion fit
In favor of the movements grand below ?
Tell us, hath Hell among its dark behests
A power upon the elements of Earth,
Her subterranean fires to hurl aloft,
And shake the base of rock built capitals,
Flooding the palaces with liquid fire
And rolling on the flowery, vine-clad vales,
Destruction's scathing tide, which knows no ebb ?

Yea, let some potent, cunning spirits fly
And whelm in ocean, (if ye can,) man's works,
And lash the sea of human passions, till
The plains are rocking with the plumy waves,
And War's dread lightnings answer to the skies
With voices dear to Vengeance and to Hell.
This said, as frowning he began, he closed
With sombre frowns, admired and praised of all.
The power of Hell none told how limited.
And then, while notes that mocked the trumpet's call,
The march of armies and the battle peals,
From the great gallery sounded ; all went forth
To form their ranks and plan their dark designs.
Now some, of Earth's inventions cumbrous fond,
Clamored aloud for catapults and rams,
And mighty grappling hooks to wrench a path
Through sturdy walls ; such implements as knocked
With fearful emphasis against the gates
Of Zion's city when the Roman flag
Repeated prophecies of her crimson fall
Before the peopled walls—or such as loomed
Upon the awe-struck vision when of old
Arbaces and Belesis rived the strength
Which guarded Ninevah's vast, populous mart,
Her sculptured wealth of palaces and fanes,
And rushed in triumph on her glittering throne.*
But some, the inventive sons of Havoc, smiled
At their terrestrial taste, and soon wheeled forth
Their magazines of thunderbolts, all stocked

* The means used at that time are not, as I am aware, recorded.

With the dark seeds of ruin wild and wide,
Chanting a pæan to the name of him
Who bore in hell the honors later given,
Upon the sorrow stricken earth, to Swartz,
The inventive friar of Cologne. Meanwhile
The awful battle tocsin from the central tower
Sounded with solemn call, and summoned forth
The myriads of Hades to the plain
Where Mars' great statue frowned upon the eye,
And shed around upon the gathering throng
War's demon inspirations. By his side
Satan exalted stood, and seemed the god
Himself descended from the Olympian heights.
Around upon the forming ranks he gazed,
And, with a proud air unapproachable,
Received the chieftains of the thickening hosts
And gave with dignity austere his word.
Then when he judged their order quite matured,
And when those who delighted with Earth's salts
And curious properties to deal, by various tests
And searching ordeal of the dazzling flame
Extorting answer of their secret powers,*
Gave word that they their compounds new had formed,
(Explosive compounds fit for havoc wild,)
A secret summons gave he to the hosts
Who owned him as their leader in the climes

* "Racks, not for human limbs designed, but meant
To torture Nature and extort
Her most obscure and vital secrets."
'*Northern Dawn*,' *by Author of* '*Lady Alice*.'

Where Misery and Darkness dwell fore'er.
They loitered not upon the wing, but flew
Like smoke upon the Hurricane's breath; and soon
Upon the distant verge of Hell they loomed,
And seemed a thunder storm: the hurtling loud
Of their swift wings was heard afar, a sound
Like to the distant roar of Floridan pines
When gusts from out the vexed, tempestuous gulf
Rush on their stately strength. And all beheld,
Save Satan, their approach with eyes that gleamed
With terror as with wonder; fearing now
A squadron of avenging spirits winged,
From out the courts of Heaven, their impious thoughts
To chastise ere the buds could blow: and some,
Dropping their arms, in consternation fled,
Seeking the caves of night; confusion grand
Usurped the spacious plain, and soon full half
Struck with the horror of God's withering fires
Had fled dismayed, had not the thunder voice
Of their stern leader, sounding in the din,
Bade them their allies welcome. Nearer now
Their countenance betrayed their exiled state;
For not the bright certificate of joy
And holy love shone in their angel looks;
But the strong riot of unholy thoughts,
And anger, and the thirst of vengeance now
Had chased away th' entrancing lovelit smile
And the sweet graces of those living climes
Once consecrate to Beauty and Delight.
A horrid glare flashed fitful in the cloud

Of the advancing hosts, shed forth
From torches with the burning naptha fired
Their course to light across the desolate waste
And thro' the dense smoke shed from Hell's wide jaws,
Which draperied the verge of Erebus.
A trumpet blast which shook th' infernal vales
Announced their near approach; and serried thick
Like to some hideous, black and leaffess wood
Scathed by all conquering flames, they stood in ranks,
Ready for aught their leader should command;
And had his voice enjoined them with hot haste
To rush and tear from out their orbits smooth
The fair and glittering orbs that sail
In still obedience in the mystic ring
Around the fount of light—or bidden them stop
E'en in the midst of their most eager flight,
Those furies of the sky with flaming locks,
At sight of which whole systems quake with fright,
Swift on the errand as the Indian dart
They would have sped the hopeless task to 've tried.
Though fired with scornful mutiny at times,
Now servile seemed their dread.

Satan stood forth
And once again the orator appeared:
Exiles of Heaven, (and now, indeed, of choice,)
Whose absence from its hated courts is proof
Of your allegiance and of minds which high
Above the thought of servitude arose,
To the pure air of independence risen—

Ye who in contests past displayed
Heroic valor 'gainst the arms of Heaven,
Its crystal castles storming with the force
Of fire infernal* mingled with the rude
And crashing missiles from the mine uptorn
In native, giant weight. O ye whose hands
The pride of Heaven have checked, and His famed boast
Of universal empire have repressed,
Your aid upon a scheme more humble, now,
I warmly ask. The paradise of souls
In human flesh once vailed, beside this realm
Spreads out in amplitude, inviting, fair,
And easy, doubtless, as a spoil to us.
Long peace its watchmen have made careless now;
Upon their towers in dreadless calm they rest,
And think their care beyond the shade of ill.
Their kingdom seems the mirrored type of heaven,
Reposing in a softer, mellower light;
With curious fruitage blooming on the trees
That doth the languishing spirit gratefully wake
With stir of joy divine, and the flutter sweet
Of new, ethereal life. To dispossess
The present occupants, (a timid race,
Who boast they have no choice of place,
The smile of God their omnipresent heaven,)
To rout and scatter these, I apprehend
The amusement of an hour; and then, the gates
With triple adamant braced, and walls
Fierce bristling with the strange, tremendous arms

* "With fire infernal seeking to confound," &c.—MILTON.

And enginery of Hell, we may, secure,
Keep their ignoble host at distant bay
And taste ourselves the air of Paradise,
And on the slumbering bosom of its summery sea
Of varied pleasures anchor for a while
The storm-torn fleet of our souls chafed with war.
Its walls we 'll fringe 'round with a mimic hell
Of blazing bolts in quick succession winged,
Should they dispute again our title there.
But if God with his thunder should y' clothe
His bands seraphic and light up the shade
Of these inferior kingdoms with the flash
Of his fierce, torturing lightnings, we can hurl
Aught of malignant novelty in fire
Which Alchemy hath given us, and try
Its temper 'gainst His heavenly hosts. Perchance
Wild havoc may attest our skill. At least
Our glorious lot it may become 'ere long
To prompt a shock which to the farthest bound
Of Heaven may shake the calm of angel life,
And thrill their souls at thought of daring grand.
The glory sumptuous and th' excitement rare
Of this great day lit up and decked with fires
Of heroism high, noble inventions, all the grace
And music, and the bannered pomp that gilds
Battle's transporting hour, will well be worth
The pain of many a day.

Thus spoke the Fiend.
The spirit and the glow of all he poured
Upon their eager hearts, how clearly seen,

Sprung from a soul corrupted from all good,
As glowing vapors from some rotting fen
Rank with the mouldering offerings of Death!
The memory of heavenly joy still shed
A mocking gleam upon his mind. How fallen!
Not more unyieldingly and bleakly scorns
Some icy cliff below Magellan's Strait
The feeble strugglings of the shipwrecked man
Seeking to climb with failing heart the shore,
Than did his proud, his selfish, vengeful soul,
Purge off all thought of mercy and of right,
Cased in the icy rock of selfishness, the home
Of foiled, incensed ambition and revenge.
Long since had joy forsaken his dark soul:
Selfish ambition as a courtly thief
Stole in and ravished it away.
When Virtue's fair and stately growth was checked,
Fading for want of nourishing; when grew
The excrescence black and gross of Sin's disease,
Then drooped the glory of the bough, the fruit
Grew bitter, and in rich, ripe happiness
No more was seen: henceforth 't was blasted quite.
The tree once blooming in a fragrant wealth
Of flowers and fruit, was dead and rotten, struck
Down from its eminence by Heaven's fatal bolts,
And now dark sealed unto its burning wrath,
And prisonment more strict and gloomier still.
Another angel of the fallen hosts
Arose with look of ardent life and bade
Their hopes aspire to loftiest palms, and deeds

With the unclouded noon of victory crowned;
Brave confidence that laughed to scorn all fear,
The eagle herald of sublime success,
Piercing the clouds with swift, exulting wing,
He zealously pronounced: and then he bade
Certain malignant companies that ranged
Beneath his captainship, at once to fly
To the climes of earth and stir up every strife
Within its irritable breast: "Depart!
And lurk in royal council-rooms and breathe
Pernicious projects in the ears of kings;
Ambition's fiery essence secret pour
Into their restless hearts and fan the flame
Of national jealousies throughout the world.
Let not th' infection of a plague steal in
Where ye do not; let not the jessamine's breath
Or roses', or the balmy south-wind flow
In upon chambers which ye enter not:
Watch ye the cradle of each new-born scheme
Of courtly crime and nurse its infant life;
Be as the summery air and sunbeams bright
To every evil bud, betokening fruit
Of signal mischief and of sullen wo.
Yea, skulk within the temple's courts where sit
Doctors and learned priests, and subtly breathe
Poisonous temptations that may glare anon
In horrid heresies and deadly feuds."
They, having heard this mandate, speed as swift
As the thistle's down whirled by the tempest's breath,
Eager their evil errand to fulfill:

What wonder that the vulture to War's field
And to the loathsome banquet of his taste
Doth hurry on? These were the spirits base
Which flit with nimble wing from ear to ear,—
From hovel to the palace; now o'er seas
Skimming the waves like stormy petrels, bound
On viewless pinions to e'en distant shores
On errands of malign impórt. In wars
Hot with the lust of rapine and the zeal
Of proud Ambition's cravings, these have breathed
Near by, as at conception of the scheme,
To urge the enforcement of the dark design,
The hatching fully of the dragon's egg.
More skilled than these were absent now, engaged
In rousing hate against God's holy Son,
Seeking to drown his love 'mid envious scorn;
But these in many a turbid dream took joy,
Prompting the tempest of the heart, the clash
Of fierce-eyed Battle and the war of words.

O Thou who in yon vast and sparkling heavens
Thy blue pavilion spreadest; clothed in might
As suns in draperies of wasteless light;
Whose glance th' illimitable streams of stars
Searcheth with quick omnisciency;
Thou seest all! Each dark design lies bare
Beneath thy fearful eyes, as gorges black
In midnight shadows deep embower'd, are lit
With lightnings that glance off from beetling heights,
And with insufferable splendor blaze

In th' deep ravines below. Yon stars that rush
With luminous locks far-streaming through the sky
Travel for ages in their flight sublime
To measure out th' expansion of thy love:
Attempt most vain! Thou with that love profound
Dost condescend thy children to behold,
The strength of thy dread arm for them to show,
To plant with life's fair tree, with flowers of bliss
And glory's blooms of beauty peaceful climes,
New-Edens, deathless bowers, a Paradise
Where Hope's fond twilight kindles into day
(Or with her rosiest promise paints th' sky,)
And holy Trust beholds the Ransom true
Whose types on earth her trembling spirit cheered,
Immortal, crown'd with many crowns, Thy SON.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

BOOK SECOND.

" Think that to those e'en now are given
Shadowings of bliss and gleams of future heaven ;
Not in th' obstruction cold of mortal clay
Deem that they sleep till earth shall pass away,
But lift e'en now their intellectual eyes
'Mid visions of the mediate Paradise."

ELTON'S POEMS.

Slumbering beneath the flush of golden clouds
From which soft airs float down upon the land,
Such airs as spirits breathe,—the Elysian clime
Spreads out in loveliness and pomp.
And here a city with fair, pearly gates,
Its walls of glistening jasper and its towers
With beautiful minerals sparkling, filled the eye,
A type of Heaven's grand capital which John
Saw in symbolic visions. At those gates,
In number twelve, twelve angels beauteous stood.
A lovely spirit, heaven-descended, reigned
Far in the city's heart, and her sweet smile
That Paradise illum'd; her name was Hope.
O fair within her palace-chambers gleamed
Visions of Heavenly prospects, bright as scenes
Where Love first drew his breath! How dim, by these,
Lorraine's rich, slumberous glories, Wilson's pomp
Or those superb, entrancing scenes which Cole
Pictured before his voyager's charm'd eye..

And her prime minister was Love, as fair
Winning and sweet a seraph as did e'er
Stoop from the courts of light. And meekness there
With temperance (whose eyes and cheeks were pure
As dews and opening roses,) joined with Faith
A spirit with a penitent, earnest mien
Full of devoted trust, whose soul, absorbed,
The scrolls of prophecy perused, these all
Were grouped her noble ministry to form: *
The breath of Hope throughout her blissful realm
Dispensed reviving sweetness, and soft airs
Rich with the incense of the fanes of Heaven
And odors of its deathless flowers strayed down
At times upon the vales of Paradise
Breathing delicious pleasure. Oft they saw,
Far in the ærial azure, faces fair
In most unearthly beauty and caught strains
Which seemed like anthems from the gala halls
Where Virtue, wedding with immortal Joy,
Her holy triumphs celebrates,—and *now*
As glad as movements of the weanéd bird
With freedom, power and summer's beauty drunk,
Now fond and eloquent as are the words
Where genius couches its enamored flame
With passionate kisses seconded. Nor thence
Alone did float their melody: full oft
From their vast, gorgeous temple streamed

* The idea of this passage was, I presume, suggested by a passage in an English poet, or by Peale's illustration of it.

Airs worthy of the jubilees of heaven ;
And when high genius (charming monster ! bright,
Spiritual extravagance of nature, proof
Golden and rich of her disordered powers ;*
Like fallen angels' diadem, the fair
Insignium of a dark revolt ! the bright
And captivating pomp where glares
The lightning of the warrior's sword ;—the throne†
And god-like grandeur of Olympian Jove !)
And when high genius o'er the burning strings
Its fingers threw and poured with richest tones
Its melodies divine, e'en seraph ears
From the soft ether listened, charmed and rapt ;
All Happy Hades with delighted ear
Listened to symphonies and anthems high
Where sweet-lipped music with expression true,
E'er varying with the flow of ardent thought,
The heavenly goodness celebrated : Now
In solemn and majestic strains more grand
Than came to Hadyn's hour inspired, the acts
Of the creative power they laud ; and now
In melodies which breathe of sterner might
And harmonies with passionate discords dashed,
They sing the deeds of Moses, and the arm
Outstretched and glorious of the Lord of life

* Genius in its highest manifestation is here spoken of as being like idiocy, its antithesis, a result of the fall of man ; and hence is compared to certain pomps and splendors which indicate and are the decorations of a state of corruption.

† The image of Jove in his temple.

Above the shattered strength of Egypt and
Her whelmed, appall'd hosts. Nor ever once
Upon the ear (to outward sound how deaf!
To inward voicings how divinely waked!)
Of strange Beethoven monarch of the lyre
Crowned with the stars of fame, did music steal
More fondly sweet and boldly grand than that
Which the Elysian minstrels breathed in praise
Of Him whom prophecy in moving strains
Of old foretold; in visions awful, seen
Brought to the Eternal's throne, th' embodying bright
Of love and power; like violet meek, the oak
In strength and fortitude,—ordained to grasp
The sceptre kissed of universal power
And glorious domination bought with blood.
And when His reign millennial they hymn
(Seen in prophetic light) and their awards—
Life with unfading loveliness arrayed
And faculties of heavenly stamp,—their bursts
Full of the strength of wonder, love and joy
Excelled the mighty minstrel's who extolled
In glorious strains the Messianic Prince
And made his own name quenchless as the sun.
And others, strangers in that mediate land,
Came to the audience of their anthems high
As " certain stars " that left their native " spheres "
To list terrestrial music. These were shapes
Of subtle, spiritual substance; things that were
Unto the grosser elements of earthly forms
As are the delicate reflections from the peak

Of icy Alpine tops to the coarse fire
That tips the point of Ætna ; or, compare
With wild and crabbed fruit on rocky hills
The fruit which tempted Eve with fragrant blush
Or bows the ruddy branch o'er Life's pure stream.
Once did these visitants abide as men
In neighboring planets which around the sun
Like Earth their circles sweep ; but changed
To substance more etherial they roamed
In angel freedom, beauteous, pure and bright.
Among them Enoch sometimes took a place,
And rapt Elijah also, loved of Heaven,
Which, jealous of the grave and Paradise,
His living body, shrine of loyal fire, snatched up
Unto the golden courts of love Divine.
And still the semblance of their former shape
These lovely spirits wore ; and those who 'd roved
Amid the flowery vales of Venus and had bathed
Their natural rose amid the purple flush
The rapt astronomer with optic glass
Sees on the twilight line upon her globe,—
More graceful these than Venus when she stood
In classic glory for the golden prize
Deserved by beauty's soft, voluptuous might,
That likewise won a starry name in heaven.
More like to Psyche's loveliness they seemed.
But why to beings of imagination, shaped
In poetry's mould of beauty, these compare ?
The fine, sweet tints of past carnations still
Lingered upon their forms and blushed amid

The mellow chrystal of their substance strange.
From the great Sun, too, spirits came who 'd dwelt,
In former life, beneath his fiery air,
'Mid scenes of beauty, happy 'neath the glow
Of his fierce splendors tempered soft and soothed
To genial moderation. * Still they bore
The traces of their former clime, and shed
A sunshine glory round their steps; so, where
They like Aurora's band their pathway chose
Across the hills and vales the wakening flowers
Opened their folded petals as they passed,
And birds, withdrawing from their purple wings
Their sweet, wee heads, sang "welcome," as to dawn. †
In converse glad these beauteous spirits stood
With the Earth-born prisoners of Death and Hope,
Embodied prophecies of their coming state,
As of the day are morning's glittering clouds.
Now, while in pleasures of their converse pure,
Melodious transports and the equal joys
Which Science, eloquence and hallowed Art
Give freely to their devotees, the guards
Who on the Elysian walls their watch
Kept ceaselessly, discerned afar the flash
Of an armed host, as oft as from the clouds
Dismal and ominous of Hell, their bolts

* The Sun, it has been supposed, may be inhabited beneath a thick fold or cloudy curtain tempering the heat.

† It was not till after this conceit was written or conceived that Shakespeare's idea of the sparkling eye that "in heaven, would through the airy region stream so bright," &c., came into mind.

Forked thro' th' accursed and haunted gloom. And soon
A fearful distant noise of tramping hosts
Likewise aroused their fears; that envious ire
Which overflowed in war's malign array
Alarmed with menancings proud; as when some lake,
Swelled to the brim, abhors its earthly bars;
Or when some noble river scorns its dyke,
And, bursting through, affrights with roarings loud
The slumbering villagers in the plains below;
Who to the housetops rush with pallid haste,
And there behold by night's uncertain gleams,
The foam of furious floods, the trees uptorn,
And houses borne away like leaves that fall
Into th' autumnal streams.

Then swiftly flew
The messengers to that reveréd spot
Where Adam, joined with Eve, in gardens fair,
Rivalling Eden's, tasted nectared fruits
Without a forfeit or the frowns of Heaven.
Here all their children in Elysium come,
At times, to pay their honors meet, and see
The venerable oak of earliest days
Whose acorns filled the world with forests. She
The mother of our race, too, not forgot,
Received their benedictions, and the flowers
Which in the bosom of Elysium thrive
And fit to crown her beauty; beauty grand
But not with earthly, sanguine freshness bright,
But smiling with etherial tints and traits,

Like some soft dream of matchless glory past,
Pure from its stains; or, as the vision fair
Of truthful Love seen in the glorious trance
Of some high, holy bard.

It happened then
A group of worthiest ancients met our Sire
Around his board with fruits ambrosial piled,
And gleaming with the luscious waters dipped
From the honied Founts of Bliss; (these leapt
Sparkling into the air of Paradise
Washing away the memories of draughts
Of Asia's choicest wines or richest blood
The trampled vintages of Spain or Gaul
Ever in their voluptuous carnage shed:
Such pleasure on the taste thereof did wait.)
Amidst their feast while Music's mellow voice
Aud quivering harp-strings stirred a rich delight,
(Attendant worthiest of a feast that doth
To gratefullest digestion pure conduce,)
The pallid messenger with flurried air
Was to their smiling conclave ushered swift,
Startling the gravest Sons of Paradise
With looks where chill dismay the omen sad
Of some grave menace showed: "O Patriarch! Sire
Of all whom Earth on her wide breast hath nursed,
By wingéd fright dispatched, I come.
A vision bristling with such horrid threats
And with a cloud of such dark perils girt,
Dismal and menacing as the jaws of Hell,

Or frownings of its roused and incensed prince,
Hath never startled our appalléd watch.
But brief: an army comes! and by their grim
And giant engines and the banners wrought
With types of hate infernal and the fierce
Mottoes of vengeance and the oaths of war,
Wherewith they flout the sullen face of night,
I judge embittered enemies from darkest Hell
Or its dim counterfeit beyond. The angry flash
Of storms which bellow round their path
Reveal their arms and progress, happily not
Of their dread weaponry a part; ah! soon
Hurled in appalling bolts of ruinous force
Upon our walls and fortresses, I fear.
When the gruff muttering of clouded night
Was hushed for moments, from afar we heard,
Or deemed we heard, the fearful howl of fiends,
Partly, it may be, outcries of that woe
Which they e'en more than their stern allies know
And partly the impatient shouts of hearts
Phrenzied to their dark core with thirst of war.
We did bethink ourselves of wolves that howl
About new conquests of the undaunted plough,
Trampling with restless feet the fold around,
Maddened with hunger, with their yellings loud
And strife infuriate frighting the dun clouds
(That hover o'er the sleep of dew-gemmed earth)
And the dark, solemn firs that bend above
Like swarthy slaves that watch some queen who sleeps
With her rich mantle and her jewels on."
Thus he:

To whom the First of men replied:
"Thy words astonish us; this news is fit
To strike the vigorous arm to palsied chills
Trembling and impotent, if holy trust
Did not our spirits arm. O surely God,
Whose glance divides the pitchy night of Hell,
The deepest Hell, reading its impious plots,
Hath fully noticed here our danger dark
And the stormy menacings of war. On wings
Viewless but sure and shedding secret death
Or consternation dire, (as on the host
Sennacherib encamped near Zion's walls,—
Or those who heard the rumbling sound of wheels
As of ten thousand chariots near, so now)
The terrors of his judgments will descend;
As Love her never-ending summer keeps
Within His breast and guards with sleepless eye
The happy state of those who serve Him, God,
Doubtless, by wingéd messengers will smite
With wild, confused dismay this demon throng
Approaching near our seats, or hurl His darts
With burning anger tipt."

Then to his guests,
(The second father of mankind, who rode,
Borne up by buoyant righteousness above
The watery abyss of death; and him
Who rose triumphant o'er the second flood
With all his followers, to behold the wreck
Of Egypt's impious chivalry down cast

Beneath the Red Sea's foam, with others known
In history above the purpled names
Of monarchs and unrighteous victors great,)—
To these his guests, next, Adam turned, and thus
His counsels firm advanced: O sons, whom God
Hath clearly loved and honored high, how true
That till within th' embosoming peace of Heaven
Guarded by flaming cherubim who hurl *
Their bolts at every imp who dares too near
The crystal towers to approach, how true till then
The cloudless noon-day of seraphic bliss
Is but a dream which lights the couch of hope.
Had we not erred from truth,—had I not sinned
And led to ruin my corrupted race
This wall, the index of our bonds and shame
And death, had never prisoned here our souls:
But bore upon a plumed and joyous strength
We, with the heights of heaven and starry realm
Of the unbounded universe familiar grown,
Might smile at fear, in blest assurance rapt:—
But is not now bright Hope's sweet music ours?
The ruddy morning of the day of bliss,
Steal not its tuneful and prophetic charms
With deepening beauty o'er the soul? Faith, hope
And love,—these never die! the righteous heart
Shall ever with their vines be strengthened, bound,
Sustained by their strong tendrils and be charmed
With th' breath and heaven-born beauty of their flowers.
Pale fear, begone! and welcome faith in God!

* An oriental conceit.

He will protect or doth foresee us safe.
But why, too late, should I lament, or waste
In this the imminent hour the moments left
For preparation of defence ? Go bid
Those who have power o'er air (if God such power
To any here hath loaned) to charge yon sky
With subtle chemic elements and powers
Whence, flaming and solidified, such orbs
As from the waste of midnight brightly rush
Athwart the clear and deep-blue skies
May thickly flash amid the startled air :
Go, urge all those who have such mystic gifts
To gather 'round our gates such airy powers
And mount with such artillery our walls.
And let the antiquarian's halls produce
Their rusting imitations of Earth's arms,
Perchance, not made in vain ; and if here breathes
One earth-born soul or spirit from heaven whose might
(The gift of God alone, the wisest, best !)
Unto the Elysian sun extends, let him,
If Heaven permit, in fitting time,
Shading our clime with cloudy canopy,
That globe to ruinous, torrid splendor rouse,
Which may melt down their enginery and fire
With horrible havoc and confusion wild
Whatever stores for war their malice brings,—
(The malice of our demon foes, I mean.)

Then Daniel, of a memory mild and pure,
Thus briefly to our general father spoke :

" O Adam, wisely hast thou said ; and well
Rush of our number many to discharge
The duties just imposed ; one weapon more
May well be urged : of temper keen and clear,
More hallowed than the sword the patriot draws ;
Bright with the lustre of great victories past ;
Still oft as a whisper in its rushing swift ;
And drawing, sometimes, by an influence grand
Legions invincible of angels, armed
With th' deadly giftings of the Eternal Power,
The heralds of dismay and wrath and death ;
'Tis known as *prayer*, prayer faithful and sincere :
The golden portals of Heaven's secret courts
Fly open as its message winged draws near ;
Perfumed with smoke of sacrifice, it breathes
An undefective odor ; gains the ear
Of Majesty Divine and pleadeth there
With sweet, anointed breath. Then droops the wing
Of th' dread, poisonous pestilence : The clouds,
Chased from the skies and withered by the blaze
Of the Omnipotent's avenging wrath,
Regather on the azure plains of heaven,
And cast their largesses of pearls to earth ;
O Earth ! burning and sorrowing and famine-struck ;
Then smiles thy face again ; and bounty glows
Like a rich cheek with health and laughter full ;
Sweet Music strikes anew her broken lute.
Yea, Prayer hath thus unlocked the awful founts
Of God's resistless Spirit : and hath wooed
To th' sick frame or to death's ghastly sleep

The healing, quickening power: The sin-sick soul
Trembling upon the crumbling verge of Hell,
He, too, hath lived; hath lived by faithful prayer
Upgushing from a penitent breast. But why
Should we recount its eloquence (which all
Must needs admit,)—that it brings down a shower,
As of the flowers and fruits of lovelier worlds,
The clustering sweetnesses, hope, peace and joy,
And bounties good, which th' Earth, laughing to hear
The prattling streams again, holds forth
As sacrifice to God."

To him the First of men:
"O Son! 'tis well; of course, all hearts, at once,
(This consultation broken,) would entreat
The Highest to regard our threatened State,
And with the invulnerable shield of Heaven
Guard our assaulted breasts."

Then Noah, in turn,
Addressed them, too: No light distress my breast
Would, but for faith in God Most High, disturb;
Since rumor whispereth that the Son of God
(Oft on the shadows of our *earthly* day
Descending like the pearly, cheerful bow,
The *Angel* who our early hopes did lead
To his far-distant triumph over sin
And death's grim tyranny in breathless gloom)
Since rumor whispereth that this Heavenly Friend,
Born of a virgin, now his glory shrouds

In the veil of mortal weakness, prisoning
The lightnings of His honor and His power
In a link of Judah's royal chain : Perchance,
Were ours a bleak necessity, his eye,
Clouded by human impotence, might not
The star perplexéd of our lot discern,
Did not the Father in his spirit dwell.*
His hand fast bound in earthly fate, bereaved,
(Perish the thought !) of its grand gifts Divine,
Or else foregoing now the awful wealth
Of its celestial might, may 't falter now
In human weakness, chained, perhaps, and faint
In dungeons of disdainful foes ? So run
As in my latest words, unwelcome thoughts,
Which let none entertain : Such dreams
Our adversary now may nurse ; and hence
Environs us around with threatnings stern
And in our ears the trump of vengeance peals,
Startling the smiling rest of Paradise.
Yet God, Father omniscient ! thy clear eye
Lights up the depths of Hell ; and thy dread power,
Quick as the storm-bolts' light from east to west,
Pursues the plots of wickedness, if Thou
Resolv'st to crush e'en in the pregnant bud
The schemes of hellish hate ; beneath the foot,
The mighty, brazen foot † of Providence
To break the crimsoning egg."

* "I am in the Father, and the Father in me."—St. John's Gospel.

† See Rev. I, 15.

Then beauteous Eve
Thus mourned aloud in self-condemning words:
Alas! that one small cloud begotten so far
In the dim lapse of time should still maintain
Its rule of sorrow; still, enlarged, should fill
Our distant sky, thundering with omens dire!
To this exposure to captivity
My hand hath chiefly led. And they who hide
Amid their household treasures the live eggs
Of serpents or of dragons fell must not
Admire or murmur if a poisonous horde
Hiss 'mid their rosiest bowers, or in the blood
Yea even of distant progeny, at will,
Their venomous malice quench: but I lament
The fearful evils done, yet still rejoice
In lofty confidence: O, but for that
Well might I now exclaim: "Ah! now, what fear
Must spread its pale and chilly light among
Our children in this clime! and many those
Who 're tender as the new-born leaf, whose hearts
Were never formed for consternation's hour
And the gusty verge of danger's darkening wing.
O Son Divine! as thou art on the Earth,
As prophecy and rumor say, and seest
The shadows of our present,—O pray
Unto thy Father granting all to Thee
E'en to the throne of Heaven, to list t' our prayers
And fill with full security that void
Betwixt the foe and us: So, Eve besought.
Then Adam, deeming that on him did rest

The chief responsibility, prepared
To overlook all plans designed to shield
Their country in the perilous hour. Faith still
Their spirits cheer'd, a cordial sweet; else might
The pen historic thus discourse: Now Fear
Usurped the empire of delightful Hope:
As when the moon o'er some wide-spreading clime
With jealous shade the Sun's bright glory blots
In chill and ominous eclipse; as when
Strange, sudden night o'ercomes at noon the sky,
Orbless and rayless, vomited abroad
From deep, volcanic seams, a panic shakes
The unsunned tribes below; so now there spread
A woful consternation through the vales
Of late glad Paradise: Thus oft-times blight
Doth on the golden hope of man descend;
The husbandman with joy beholds his fields
Beauteous as Ceres' generous smile and ripe,
Dallying with summer gales; when lo! a flock
Of greedy birds, all famine-struck, becloud
The sunny heavens; and pouncing on his grain,
Recklessly gorge in glee their spacious crops:
Or, else, some wandering storm, by fierce winds whirled
Scouring along the vale, with giant shouts
Pelts with unmerciful battery of hail
The golden treasure into mire and sand.
Now Fear, a pale-cheeked shade, with glance as wild
As antelope's upon the Rocky Mounts
Echoing with huntsmen, rushed on toward the courts
Where Hope her heaven-lighted crown y' wore,

Lovely as light. The gentle queen appalled
Fled from her seat, but lingered in that clime,
Potent tho' throneless; while the usurping one
Divided with the monarch fled her power.
Yet not with such dire tyranny she raged
As when, in fabulous fancy of the heathen bard,
Before the awful seat of frowning Mars
(So Claudian writes) she held the loosened reins,
While o'er the fallen His crimson wheels were whirled.
Not thus was peace o'erwhelmed, and Hope dethroned;
Not thus the pen historic must record;
For, love's pure air braced up their confidence.

Then, well-commissioned, flew up towards the Sun
(If that vast sphere of rich and mellow light
Which in the violet heavens of Paradise
Soars splendidly, may thus be called with name
Of earthly language borrowed,) spread his wings
A spirit of excelling note and power,
Whose birth was in some distant, central orb;
A visitant of Hell. Now, as he soared,
Afar, spread out upon the darkened coast
The army of th' invaders vast and murk
His eagle eye espied; and soon discerned
Their banners streaming in the sable air,
Now lit by fearful lightnings, now by flames
That 'mid Gehenna's * lurid smoke uprose
At times into the awful gloom; (for, near the walls
That guarded Paradise, a hideous chasm

* "Gehenna," the place of torment, the lake of fire.

Breathing a deadly stench and sulphurous fires,
Protecting more than fort's deep moat, the jaws
Revealed of deepest Hell ;)—their banners vast
Some dark, some red as blood, with frightful forms,
Dragons and furies and Empusæ scaled
Painted upon their grounds, seemed like the shrouds
And pall most gloomy of Elysian hope
And bliss long deemed immortal : So, to souls
Not fortified by th' granite strength of faith
Th' insignia of that host would then have seemed.
He sped to th' courts of light, upborne in air
With the night incense of delicious flowers
Bathing his airway, (as sweet joys surround
The heart which soars by faith and love and prayer
Towards Christ the spiritual Sun ;) still on
The night he cleft until, beyond the shade,
He saw as rising in his pomp the Sun ;
And glorious with its tracery of clouds
Were the casements and the picture of the East,—
As glorious as the window of some fane
Where th' anniversary of the birth of light
Is celebrated with rich, gorgeous fires
In the deep groves of Heaven. Now clear and wide
His opal splendors spread ; the gold-like fields
Extending as he neared ; 'till at length he saw
God-like and beauteous, with his lustrous wings
Dyed in prismatic hues, the angel high
Who o'er that world of glory reigned, * with power

* Milton, perhaps, took the idea of the angel in the sun from Revelations.

Its mystic rays of light and heat to sway
Tempering at will: (For such sublime control
Had Heaven conferr'd.) And thus that Prince he spoke:
O honored seraph, holy, pure and bright,
Who might'st alone, were this grand orb submerged
In the thick gulf of stifling, Stygian night,
(Like an archangel plunged in Hell's dense gloom,)
The glory of the Elysian heaven maintain,
Shedding a bland, celestial day afar
Over th' employments of the blest; I come
Thy aid to ask; for, scornful foes the bliss
Of Happy Hades now insult with swarms
Of warlike cohorts, engines terrible and flags
Piratical and black, with emblems red,
Burthening the heavy air below,—which flags
May well remind one how upon the earth,
At twilight dim, from Ætna's demon throat
A wide, far-streaming, sable smoke rolls forth
Dashed with infernal red; and like the groans
Heard from beneath, prophetic of wild rack
And chaos of devouring fire, the rumbling seems
Of their gigantic cars. The First of men
Hath in his wisdom asked our speedy aid
In disconcerting and confounding all
Who 'gainst the peace of Paradise conspire;
Having for this design besought the Lord,
That our assistance may be rendered them.
If stirring up the power which God hath loaned
(Which He hath bidden us use for holy ends,)
Soon with a treble fervor we can light

This glorious throne thou claimest; riot dire
And mutiny amid their mineral stores
So eager for incendiary rage may hurl
Amid their hosts wildest extravagance
Of ruin and dismay.

To him the seraph bright:
"I well remember thee, that spirit high,
Once in thy primary estate, well known,
A habitant of Earth's magnificent sun;
Now through the love of God and heavenly laws
Moulded anew by his ne'er-failing hand
And with etherial frame endowed. And here
Thou 'rt warmly welcomed! If fatigued thou art
With thy swift, lengthy flight, I pray,
Let me a diamond cup with ether fill
(An essence ravished from the luminous streams
And flavored with the spicy breath of flowers
Which flourish on the orb beneath this blaze,)
Draught worthy deathless lips; its power will breathe
Delectable transports, and diffuse thro' wings
And cheeks and brow a soft, etherial glow
Like the tinted streamings of the northern dawn,
As seen on distant Earth.* Like thee I've gazed
Upon that rabble huge who now encamp
Beyond Elysium's flaming moat, and feared
Or almost feared that this rough demon crowd

* "What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure and rivers run
Potable gold," &c.—MILTON.

Some mischief foul should work. Your hint is well;
And, if not fire-proof, their dark, smutty stores
Or whatsoe'er they have compounded new
For battle's fiery intercourse shall cloud
The atmosphere of Hades where they're thronged.
Thou hast, I know, a power o'er fire; and soon
In the grand apocalypse of future time
Shall have thy part in those symbolic deeds
Reserved for Christ's apostle lingering last.
But I need not thy proffered aid; go thou,
And, with th' Almighty's sanction, use His gifts,
Shade Paradise with cool and grateful clouds,
When thou art rested. Should I shroud the blaze
Of the Elysian day in murkiest night,—
Then, with a mocking scenery of bright towers
Seen by a warlike glare perplex the foe;
(If such illusion thou by Art canst cause,)
That firing his hellish malice in the air
Or, better still, against his distant wings
And 'gainst such ambushed squadrons in close rank
And such reserves as you may then espy,
He may assist his overthrow and smite
With furious vollies his own hateful crew.

Then Alzaran (for he the errand bore,)
Drank the etherial stream, a nectared draught,
And flung far out upon the luminous air,
His freshened vans; a fond adieu he waved
Unto the spirit of the sun, who smiled,
In pure celestial beauty robed; for, he,

Though on a throne of light and beauty couched,
Eclipsed it all; as, piety heaven-born,
Gemming the graces of a lovely maid
(Oft crowned the queen of May,) outshines their charms
Though of the softest witchery; or, as a star
Bursting in silvery splendor through the blush
Of Evening's sweetly stained and mottled sky
Unchallenged reigns 'mid heaven's surrounding pomp.

Meanwhile the army of the foe encamped
Beyond the infernal chasm, while night veiled
The world of either hell; a deeper shade
Covering their own bleak clime; (for, pearly gleams
Through the curtaining smoke of Tartarus shot thro'
At times from far Elysium to prompt
The thought of their great loss and tantalize
Their longings with a dream of heavenly noon.)

Then Satan in his chariot vast and wrought
With golden emblems of his state and power,
By wingéd lions drawn (whose fierce eyes flashed
A bloody overthrow to less than gods
Or spirits immortal,) loomed on high. His glance
How stern and dreadful! while revenge and pride
Reigned like a thunder-darkened night o'er brows
Severe and terrible as the caves of death.
A thousand warriors, clad in flashing steel
Tempered by cunning art, before him strode;
Beside him, mailed in silver hard and bright,
His armor-bearer with his massive shield

Stood waiting his commands; while torches thick
Amid the darkness flared, shedding their blaze
O'er the plumed helmets of the infernal peers,
Who, each in seraph majesty and pomp,
Grasped his resplendent spear. Th' Apostate rose;
His gorgeous mantle on his shoulder still
Hung purple and emblazed; for, its gemlit stars,
Sparkling in fadeless and enchanting light,
Seemed like the jewels on Aurora's vest.
In fabled visions of war's tragedies
Not Mars himself e'er with such glorious port
Gazed o'er the field while fierce Bellona stormed
Waving her lurid torch. Hast thou not seen
A mountain capt with dazzling snows, whose sides
Blushed with the mellow summer's wealth, with flowers
Laughing beside th' empurpled vintage full?
Yet fires of reckless fury raged below,
Deadly and poisonous airs amid; and lo!
The ominous darkness frowns upon its brow,
Bursting the glittering crest: or spiritual Rome
Hast seen in painted, sumptuous splendor drest;
With Art's voluptuous blandishments and pomp
Of her sovereignty enriched; while dark,
Deceitful, earthly and profane her heart,
The sink of filthy lies, a sorcerer's pot
Drugged with the nauseous alchemy of death,
Which God scarce tolerates,—abhorred and doomed
To irrecoverable and frightful wreck
In his hot day of vengeance? Then thou 'st seen
How dark corruption vests itself in wealth

Of beauty and magnificence, and hides
Its poison in a jeweled cup.

Not long
Waited his princes, eager for his voice;
Nor he long doubted with what theme to stir
Their martial fire: and ere the morning rose,
With voice heroic their far audience claimed:
"Ye warriors of Hell and princes high,
Names chronicled in heaven's eternal scrolls
And blazoned in this empire of its shade,
Fame's own peculiar paradise (where mind,
The high and independent will and hearts
Of lofty courage meet their honor due,)—
The hour of your reward is near! For, glory here
Shall to your lightning-scythes her harvests bend,
Though e'en the worst o'ertake. And of what more fair,
Worthier your heaven-born spirits can we dream
Than her rich, golden sheaves? the field, 'tis true,
Hath never injured us, that we should sweep
The brightness of the reaping steel above
Its yielding, innocent breast; yet God himself
Confesses that he reared up Egypt's strength
To honor with the ruin of the pile
His glorious name; as when the tropic heaven
Prodigal of sunshine and of fattening rains
Forces some forest to gigantic growth;
And then, while all are wondering at its pomp,
Darts down the lightning 'mid its resinous pines,
And fans them kindling with the tempest's breath,—

Displaying by the splendors of the wreck
That roll their waves afar how dread and grand
The power mysterious that sinks in ruin.*
If all, this day, their valor prove, and lift
The avenging battle-axe in danger's face
Scornful of fear, your princely seats thenceforth
I will exalt in our great empire; hymn'd
With choral melody and epic song,
Harpings angelical and trumps of fame
Shall be the story of your brave exploits.
Those voices, sure, can drown the horrid din
E'en of the scathing thunderbolts of God
Upon the memory lingering; while Fame's balms
And odors breathing of eternal flowers
Can happily anoint the scars of war
With their oblivious medicine. But not
Through prospects of defeat, would I repress
Your noble courage. If deserved success
Your chivalry should fly, (the highest good
We wish and seek for,) surely partial gain
We cannot but accomplish; partial gain
Would to our lips a gladdening chalice give
Sweet to the lusts of vengeance; dignity
And pride offended would some sacrifice
See on their altars laid; a dread and pain,
Like gleams from a Fury's torch, we can send wide

* It need scarcely be observed that the truth is that though Egypt for idolatry, tyranny and vice deserved earlier rebuke, God allowed her to mature in strength and prosperity to render more marked the triumphs of his power in her overthrow.

Throughout that clime where, cradled in Heaven's love,
Elysium slumbers in fond dreams of peace
As some soft isle bent o'er by summery skies.
The abutments and supports of Paradise
Some frightful fissures will confess ere night
Summons yon rising orb unto its couch."

But ere his fellows could respond appeared
Three noble messengers from the happy climes,
Ambassadors sent from the First of men
To seek the object of this arméd march,
And gain by parley a brief hour or two
Their preparations with full power to make,
If they in vain should warn the threat'ning host.
Borne up above the smoking moat by hands
Of visitant angels, on the soil of hell
(Or what might almost seem its smouldering marl,)
Dingy and smoking,—their elysian feet
Not without trembling trod. Their advent far
Satan beheld, but not with fearful heart,
Tho' Joshua and Sampson and the monarch bard
He through their Hadean disguises knew.
They passed the guard, a bristling wingéd horde,
And through their paraphernalia warlike walked,
Hissed at by some, and waking deep remorse
In fallen souls once subjects or compeers,
Long since by death or vengeance plucked from hope
And prisoned in that dreary porch of hell.
The guards and pluméd ushers soon forth strode
The three before th' Apostate's seat to bring.

To impress these messengers with an awful sense
Of sternest majesty and god-like power
Which, taught by him, they for their chieftain claimed,
Down on their faces they then humbly fell
And lauded him a king of kings, a god,
Image supreme of Heaven's eternal Sun
Glassed in the sombre Stygian lake

Then he,
Soon as the intoxicating swell expired
Of trumpets richly voiced and th' waving ceased
Of banners glistening like gold-fringéd clouds
That page the morning's advent,—then their Prince,
Affecting courtesy estrangered long
From his proud, arrogant soul
(Whose polar, wintry clime no summer knows
Of rose-sweet courtesies alive and true,)
Welcomed the embassy with gentle words
Of diplomatic blandishment and looks
Where in expressions kind deceit played well.
"Welcome! most reverend seniors" (he exclaimed)
"Who honor us with august presence, all
Seeking in courtesy to get the start
Of our ambition to be first in all.
If I do err in counting you, my lords,
Ambassadors of yon fair realm; and ye
Rather are travelers, by curious zeal
Urged forth upon this arid waste to search
Its varied wonders out and see what art
Hath wrought this desolation to adorn,—

Go forth in peace upon your enterprise
And our safe conduct shall go forth as yours.
Upon like errand have we, too, now brought
Our court and honorary guard thus far,
Desiring first to visit your bright realm,
(The city of fair Paradise,) its strength,
Its pomp and triumphs of rich art to see:
Thence, on our way to that vast clime beyond
It is our scheme to hasten; there to test,
If need be, by the aid of engines strong,
Its rocks and precipices which may hide
The blaze of gems and chemic values choice;
So, with this blameless robbery enriched
To bear welcome incumbrance, carrying thence
New knowledge of this mystic world below."

To him made answer one of those addressed:
"Too wise are we unto fair Paradise
One treachery-stamp'd like unto thee, t' admit:
These warlike hosts and engines strange portend
Malicious onset and the fiery clash
Of battle's stormy, thunder-riven hour.
Those grim and potent instruments
Were not designed as means whereby to pierce
The gemmy arteries of nature, ope
The pulseless veins which close the golden streams
And frozen silvery currents. Fallen one!
Tho' peaceful were thy aims, rule strict, severe
Forever bars thee from the climes of Hope
And from th' Elysian haunts of souls redeem'd."

Yielding all hope of fraudulent success,
The fallen spirit with an angry frown
The messengers addressed: "Whence come ye now,
And what your message? If ye hail from lands
That sleep beyond yon sooty clouds, I urge
That instantly ye hasten whence ye came,
Unless the keys of the Elysian gates
Ye bring to me its lord who here reign wide,
Far wider than your thoughts e'er dared to rove.
An army thicker than the stars of heaven,
Raining like them the dread fatalities
Nor prayer nor shield can slant aside;
Burning to chase my high commands with deeds
The daringest hope would sicken to behold,
Waits now upon my word. If that fair realm
Ye yield at once with humble haste; some clime
Equally fair, delectable and sweet
In my vast, rich dominions, I'll confer,
In sure, indelible deed for e'er.
If ye refuse, then chaos wild shall reap
The fruit of your insane denial; and
With flaming wing shall to th' infernal deeps
Sweep down your palaces and bowers of bliss
And ye yourselves, perchance, amid the wreck."
Then Sampson answered the chief fiend in brief:
"Both thee and thy proposals we disdain!
Think not, Apostate, that we come to sue
Thy mercy or to proffer to thy hands
Stained with the treason of uplifted arms
Against the Source of power that goodly land

By mighty seraphim and spirits walled
And the Strength Sublime of Heaven's high adamant word.
We come thy wild audacity to warn,
Lest, with a vain presumption filled, thou tread'st
Too near the consecrated soil, and prompt'st
The deadly sword of vengeance to forget
Its sheath-wrapt slumbers and her curse to pour
Its secret desolations on thy head
Not unforgetful of departed hours
That curbed thy pride with reins of galling force,
With th' fierce crack and lash of th' lightning's whip
Driven headlong in unutterable dismay
Into the black abyss." Then Satan wroth
To find his falsehoods, though with gracious spice
So seasoned, utterly contemned, replied,
Smothering his wrath :

" O Sampson, once renown'd
On earth for strength, think not thy human force
Worthy of vaunting or to warrant words
So insolently threat'ning 'gainst the Power
To whom inscrutable Fate hath now
This awful universe below assigned, wherein
I reign acknowledged god ; allotment wise
Which we nor could (and would not now) resist ;
Nor, Fate's decrees confessed, doth now dispute
The Heavenly Monarch great this rule, but yields
To Destiny supreme her matchless right,
And must prepare ere long His ancient throne
To yield at her high bidding for a seat

Of lesser glory in the sky of state;
Then I, disdainful not of change, will fill
His abdicated seat in Heaven, while roll
Uncounted centuries; and if ye will,
A fair domain in its delicious climes
Shall recompense you for the loss of this,
Which th' treacherous blaze of elements below
Now threatens with a ruin sure and wild.
I therefore urge in your unlearnéd ears
That ye with haste resign that dooméd trust
(Too long permitted,) and accept with thanks
My generous offer, marshalling your sons
Beneath my bright ascending star and flag."
Thus Satan spake, while cunning allies hid
Their flags ensymbol'd of infernal war,
And 'round his gorgeous chariot they waved
His archangelic ensign* deck'd with views
Of his celestial palaces, now lost,
The scenes of history supernal and the blaze
Of golden fringes starred with jewels rare.
Then suddenly forth came at wink
Of their swart Sovereign Spirits notorious,
Who, knowing by expressive glance his wish,—
To gild his falsehood with the sheen of truth
Before him prostrate fell; and thus besought:
"O glorious King, whom mightiest Fate ordains
The monarch of the skies, to rule ere long
Amid the blush of everlasting day;

* "Th' imperial ensign" &c., "With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed."—MILTON.

We come to ask thy high permission now
(Since morning hath her pearly palette set
With those fair hues with which she paints the world)
To leave, ambassadors for Paradise,
To warn its habitants and tender all
Thy gracious offers. From the distant verge
Of our vast, peaceful army we beheld
Her angel guard beside the portals stand,
Seeming to beckon our approach."

To them
Th' Apostate wily briefly gave response:
"That mission which ye seek were useless now;
Behold Elysium hath sent out to us
Her noblest legates, as 'twas meet." Then stared
The infernal lords who offered this request
Unto their Prince, affecting great surprise.
But David, glancing thro' their veiled designs,
Thus for the three made answer. "If such glow
Of pure and generous ardor towards our realm
Now holds possession of your hearts, we ask
Why that contemptuous, martial mood that marked
Your second speech? Truth holds consistency.
And wherefore that equipment strange,
Befitting war's resounding field and grim
With threats of infamous onset 'gainst our towers,
Beyond whose glittering barriers Peace
Hath made her shelter'd and embower'd nest,
Where inoffensive purity resides?
Your fraud thro' all device is seen.

If fraud and falsehoods gave security,
And yours were changed into the stones that form
A battlemented castle or a tower,
Then wert thou safe 'gainst all the lower powers
(Should they the alarum sound and make attack,)
As if ensconsed behind stupendous walls
And massive masonry which makes hope faint
In every soul that dreameth of assault.
And what is "Fate" but God's decree pronounced
Upon fore-knowledge of the good and bad
In outward or in inward acts evinced?
The voice of God shall yet pronounce Christ heir
Of Heaven's serene magnificence, and wills
The glories of thy sceptre lost to die
In the murk infamy of thy low caves,
The prisons of the damn'd. Not truly learned
In theories of the Grecian sage, or lore
Whispered among Osiris' Memphian priests;
Yet not unletter'd in God's holy word,
Mirror of wisdom and prophetic truth;
Therein we read thou at the heart of Truth
Pierceth with venomous serpent-fangs, its power
To sicken and make weak with poisonous lies
That break out in the deadly sores of dark,
Polluting heresies; we read that thou
Rejoiceth in the ruin of mankind, art then
Most glad when in thy snares the righteous trip;
That "thro' thy envy* death came in the world"
Shadowing life's currents with his sombre wings;

* Apocrypha.

That " they who to thy side do hold find death,"
A bitter and an endless wo; we read
That they who would beneath the palms
Where life and victory shall their jubilee keep
Sit in immortal freedom, honor, peace,
Must quell each thought of vain ambition, spurn
At every falsehood, and love truth and God,
And on th' ensanguined altar of his love—
Of his rich mercy, lay their trusting hearts,
And therefore though confessing that thou here
Beneath his rule supreme art titled now
By fallen ones like thee as demon-prince,
Yet not upon that star of night, that eye
Of brilliancy and beauty on the face
Of sable Hades,—fair, sweet Paradise,
Do we admit thy power: Our Lordly Son
Is there y' chanted Prince; His conquering power
Hereafter shall upon thy serpent head
Tread with a crushing weight, foretokening chains
And murky, wretched prisonment, thy fate."

Then Satan flaming with malignant wrath
Hurled thus his fury in their face: " Cease now,
Ye spies most impudent of speech! retract
Your silly insolence; or, by the Stygian deep!
I swear your espionage and spouted filth
Of witless scorn against my hallowed throne
Shall prove your hopeless ruin. In yon gulf
That scoffs with angry breath at th' pomp of Day,
Down plung'd in burning chains and there bemazed

In the black labyrinths of eternal night
Where furies armed with scorpion-scourges yell,
And breathe a triple horror o'er the soul,
There shall ye mourn your folly and contempt;
Convulsed in pain and wild remorse, regret
That comes, alas! too late to all there bound."

Then Sampson, feeling in his mighty soul
The stir of strength transporting, doubted not
At least to baffle his infernal force,
But called in secret on the Source of power:
Thus called they all. Nor did Judea's king
Before whose face Philistia's champion fell
As falls some giant pine by whirlwinds snapp'd
Making the earth to shudder with affright,—
Nor did th' heroic poet-king, altho'
At first not unappall'd, his courage miss:
Tho' in their sight the guards with flashing eyes,
Frowning in demon malice, waved their spears
Dripping with liquid fire from Phlegethon
And venom of its deathless snakes. Resolved
The aid of all his terrors to compel,
An awful darkness Satan summon'd forth
From his inferior realms where imps, thus charged,
Glutting their fiery caverns with huge heaps
Of bitumen and pitch, defiled with clouds
Of suffocating blackness all the air.
Then forth upon the artificial night
Up sail'd a choir of many-formed imps, *

* Their many forms may intimate to us the varied moral deformities to which sin brings angels as well as men.

Screeching most horrible discord, while they clanked
Their sulphur-dripping chains and clashed in air
Their battle-axes and their two-edged swords.
So, on the earth, while pure and searching day
Upon the hemisphere looks down, the band
Of elves and ghosts that love the starlight faint
(If true were tales rehearsed at dusky eve,)
Crouch down in sunless pits, in caves and tombs ;
But when the Day forsakes the mourning sky
That weeps in shadowy silence for her lord,
Then saunter forth the frightful spectre-crew,
Shrieking most dismal notes in night's murk ear.
I am reminded how amid the cloud
Which the dark genius of intemperance
Sends up the brain to fill, the fiery shapes
Of angry thoughts and warlike feuds ascend
To hold dire riot 'mid th' unnatural gloom.
The sun withdrew his beams ; and lurid fires
Darting amid the smoke of Tartarus
Seem'd threat'ning now to wrap the heroes three
Who stood as yet before the Apostate's seat,
Nor knew amid that hell-born gloom the way
Back to the gates of Paradise.

But now
While doubting what this horrid horde might dare,
Resolved e'en with their monarch to contend
And hurl against his mail the blazing rocks
Which fell at times as if upwhirled from hell
By fierce explosions, they beheld a shape

In lovely lustre smiling ; from his wings
The foul smoke shrank, they fancied. Rich robes waved
About his noble form as thus he spake :
" O Sampson, wherefore dost thou deem thy strength
Worthy of trial 'gainst the arméd might
Of Hell's dread sovereign and his legions dense.
' Can iron cut the Northern iron and steel,'
Or feeble breath arrest the tempest dark
Which makes the waves its playthings and the pines,
Sowing destruction as the clouds the snow ?
True, thou didst shake thy glorious, forceful locks
A conqueror majestic while on earth :
Gaza thy strength acknowledged ; and thy death,
Whose monument was a ruin grand and strange,
Crowded the gateways to the Hadean shades.
But these were earthly forces, earthly foes.
'Tis well my swiftest flight was hither urged
To warn and guide you hence. Let us depart."
So saying, he led on their steps ; the gloom,
Chased by the glory of a torch he bore
Fled as before Aurora's path ; but rage
Darkened with angrier frowns behind ; and soon
The guards around the Apostate's throne with fire
And burning chains and barbéd darts pursued
Their flight beside their guide ; but he a glance
Severe and earnest flashed against their souls
And they shrank back abashed, as if becharmed
By virtue's sacred glory. Wondering, glad
To see such malice thus so easy foiled,
The three their way pursued. Meanwhile their guide

Discours'd in innocent strain of Paradise,
And questioned them what feelings stirr'd when heard
The rumor of this mighty, warlike march ;
What preparations and what hopes were framed :
Then of their embassy he asked, and how
The Apostate had received their warning words ;
A fiery stream of censure next he poured
Upon this impious, reckless horde ; but still
He disallowed a right with scornful words
T' annoy their lofty sense of station high
And fire the anger of their lords : but well
Most readily, he would admit, it was
With virtuous, horror-stricken force their guilt
To boldly censure, e'en amid their state,
If that bold chiding of their crimes thus spoken
Was savored with respect for dignities,
Which they are yet permitted to retain. " But how,"
Enquired their guide, " did your warm lips address
Th' Arch-fiend himself; I trust with proper tone
And attributes becoming his high place ;
For he once, 'mid the quenchless blaze of Heaven,
Exalted near to God his glorious brows
And caught from Majesty Divine decrees
Which myriads from his arch-angelic lips
With reverence received : And Michael e'en
Rails not with scorn against the fallen god
But mildly answers when by him opposed,
'Satan the Lord rebuke thee!' and as all
Who follow not his pure example lose
Their power against the enemies of truth,

If e'er in battle they contend, (a great
And manifest dishonor,)—I advise you now,
If ye with hasty, scornful words have spoken,
At once, under my safeguard, to return
And with an attitude of meek respect
Your rashness to retract. Then will we haste
Swift as the dart, or bird unto her young,
Or as a prayer from a saint's lips to heaven,
And I will place your feet again beside,
Your towers of strength and glory."

But now
While still advancing through the reddening gloom,
A form uncouth appeared: dim first it loomed
Upon the eye, and in their path it rose:
Some shape of lifeless nature, or some living thing
Grew more and more distinct. Advancing soon,
A swart and frowning fiend too well
They could discern: armed with a javelin tipt
With sulphurous fire he stood; and by his mien
And attitude defiance flung. Nor words
Long wanted he; but soon a torrent fierce
Of furious invective hurled against them, whilst,
Quick fluttering through the air, two demons more
Alighted by his side. "Ye miscreants, stand!"
Cried out the goblin stern: "This way, know ye,
Pertains unto the sovereignty of Hell.
Near by, the porches of his palace ope
Upon the sight, and his dark court is held.
If ye, base, skulking spies! would have me here

Empty all pleasure from your souls, as wine
Is spilled out from th' overturned cup, draw on.
Speed ye on swiftest feet to your own lands!
Or, by the sceptre of the Prince of night!
In the black dungeons of deep Erebus
I'll bind your lingering limbs in prisonment:
There shall your spirits drink unto the full
Of blighting miseries too well deserved
By those whose office is as vile as yours;
There shall ye chant the dirge of tombéd hope.
Hence! speed without delay! out, hideous blots,
From this clean page this instant! nor offend
Our honorable eyes one moment more:
And this shall teach you prudence and despatch."
Thus saying, quick as thought he hurled a dart
Flaming and weighty which had well nigh struck
The monarch-minstrel's breast; but he a shield
Graved with the motto of unfailing faith
Bore dextrously before him, and so foiled
The burning malice of the foe. But now
Their guide, advancing, thus their enemies
In brief addressed: "Ye fallen ones, so high
Runs now the tide of your presumption that
Ye dare to hope with me to cope,—to engage
Your force (by foul corruption ravish'd now
Of half its pristine energy,) to engage, I say,
The eclipséd glory of your demon strength
With the unsmitten grandeur of the power
Which dwelleth in an angel's arm? Retire,
Presuming spirits, and in night's deep shades

Plunge hurriedly ere my puissant lance
Sheds agonies lightning-wing'd throughout your frames!"
This hearing, tremblingly they shrank and spread
Upon the dusky, lurid air their wings,
And vanished with a parting curse; as flees
A turbulent cloud which scowls o'er earth at eve,
Which, hurling one red bolt with clamorous wrath,
Is swept away upon the horizon's verge
And mutters in the distance where its form
Is swallowed from the sight.

The foes no more
Glaring defiance and with martial fire
Contesting their advance, the legates three,
Expressed their wonder and their joy to find
Their furious adversaries thus dismayed
And they themselves now free without a blow.
Then to the former question of their guide
Gave Joshua answer thus: "We did indeed
Condemn both Satan and his proffer; sure
Such falsehoods base and wickedness supreme
Mightiest reproof deserve; yet, if with scorn
We there had thoughtlessly supplanted forms
Due unto reverent principle (which rank
And power doth always honor till adjudged
And downward cast to infamy and chains,)
We should be willing now such deference
To offer: To him apology we should not shrink
To yield with language decorous, if still
The sceptre of his principality remained

Grasp'd by his black and treasonable hand.
While office yet invested with her mantle rich
We should a fitting toll of honor give:
But he hath fall'n from heaven and from his state
As falls a bright star * from the brow of dawn
Engulfed in stormy clouds below;
Or as a towering oak on a beetling cliff
Falls lightning-struck into a boisterous flood
Which sweeps it onward towards a dark, wide gulf,
Its ducal stateliness forever gone."
"All true," responded then their guide;
"But there are known amenities which all
Should ever bear in mind. And you will ne'er
Regret retracting aught discourteous
That hath in time unguarded slipt the mouth,
As prison'd bird or school-tired youth which dart
From out their prison when the door is oped.
But come! now let us haste; I know a path
Which leads the steps unto another gate
Of fair Elysium; it passes nigh
The camp of Satan; that shall be our road;
Nearer or if not nearer, easier is that way."
Then following their eager, hurrying guide,
Both David and the Son of Strength resumed
With Joshua their steps back towards the seat
Of Lucifer still wrapt in clouds as black
As the canopy of Night's sad throne when dense
And thickening volumes fill the moonless sky.
Their fair-robed guide again their audience claimed:

* Isaiah IV, 12, referring, doubtless, to the King of Babylon.

How glorious on his high, imperial seat,
Adorned with dazzling gems of various hues
The sovereign of Hell appear'd! I well
Remember him when yet unfall'n in heaven;
One day his legions from the boundless fields
He gather'd by his golden, echoing trump
To his grand court of truth: as birds of heaven
Flocked to the ark of Noah, or snow flakes shower
On the rude crown of Lebanon's hoary head,
So thickly did they rush at his high call.
First God was praised in anthems sweet; then he,
Loftiest of angels, form'd their sounding theme:
His full-voiced honors then he proved most just,
Designless, while his searching mind displayed
The mysteries of some beautiful work of God
Still sweet and glowing with His breath: but then
Scarcely more noble Satan in his mien,
Nor girt with brighter symbols of his power
Than when we lately saw him. As our God
Allows him this magnificence and place,
I doubt not He will yet reset that star
Among the Pleiades * from which it fell,
And heaven again confess its quenchless rays.
With this construction (which we scarce can 'scape)
'Tis fitting that superior honor now
Should to his rank be offered who doth gild
The dark cloud of these shades of death below
With the rich lustres of his princely state.
Here honor should be rendered not unlike

* There were seven archangels, it was, I believe, supposed.

The reverence the starry hosts once bowed.
Indeed, as doth the viceroy rightly claim
A breath of that deep homage that his lord
The emperor receives, so here, I judge,
Tho' we must disallow his deeds, 'tis meet,
When we before the throne of Satan stand,
That we should pay our homage unto rank,
And him as Lord of this inferior world,
Vice-gerent of the king of kings, should laud,
Breathing one strain of that long-chanted hymn
We utter to the fearful name of God.
A strain so sweet (and yet not new or rare)
To his proud spirit may attemper thoughts
Glowing with kindliest favor towards yourselves
And threatened Paradise, your seat; so, soon
By this just stroke of policy, your names
As blest deliverers may at home be voiced,
Embalmed thro' all time in your people's praise,
And with th' enchanting happiness of peace
Associated ever in their minds."
Then of his hearers one with warmth replied:
"Not with such fatal treason to imbrue
Our pardon'd lips did we our steps retrace,
Following thy guidance. Now thy voice
Counsels most rank idolatry, to stain
Our spotless vesture with such Heaven-loathed crime
That Heaven's immaculate gates would e'er be lock'd
Against our spirits when the Prince of life
Leads in his ransomed train. Thy words proclaim
To Belzebub thy vassalage! avaunt!

Thou emissary from his hated camp, array'd
In radiant mockeries of an angel pure ;
Apple of Sodom with deceitful bloom ;
A mirage false ; a gemm'd and glittering sword
Wedded to havoc tho' in splendor drest ;
The lightning's beauteous flash ; the spangled sheen
Of billows bursting o'er the ruinous rocks !" *
Discover'd thus, the imp his luminous wings
Spread flying towards his monarch's shrouded seat,
Nor ventured e'en one syllable's response,
Chagrin'd to find his snares of no avail.
Then while his comrades joyed their rage to have 'scaped,
Thro' their own cunning thus completely foiled,
Manoah's son his steps apart betook,
Seeking amid the hell-risen gloom the strait
Which separated Paradise ; from thence
He hoped by signal given some wingéd ones,
The angel guests of blest Elysium,
To summon to their aid that they might cross
Harmless the bridgeless gulf of stifling flames.
Not unobserved was he by other eyes
Peering above the chasm's smouldering verge.
Like alligators fell or hideous snakes
Lifting their heads above the turbid stream,
His enemies uprais'd their watchful fronts ;
And when above a hollow'd passage, he,
Pausing a moment, stood, they dashed aside
What propp'd the natural trap-door. Down he fell,

* This is, of course, a license, like some other lineaments of this poem ; for, the righteous must not be supposed as under temptation after death.

Whelm'd and confounded in the sudden fall ;*
But would have risen and from his forceful limbs
Shaken the cumbrous rubbish as if leaves ;
Nor (may we borrow from the classic myth ?)—
Nor like Cænéus, once Thessalian maid,
Had helpless lain entomb'd till, chang'd and wing'd,
The boundless air to freedom did invite :
But his ensnarers, gloating o'er success,
A net of massive steel about him cast
And chains of adamantine strength,
Or what the anti-types of those appeared.
Then, lest awaking from his stunnéd trance
He should his earthly triumphs there repeat
And make wild havoc with his shatter'd bonds,
With flying speed adown the vault they bear
Their prize, confounded, not in pain : they flew
Hurrying their captive thro' the cavern's gloom
Till at the massive gates of iron, brass
And triple adamant they paused. The doors
A score of lusty demons, tugging, ope ;
Revealing to the misty light the cells
Hollowed in solid rock where earthly hope
Would 've gasped at once in death. Two forms
Which lions seemed or dogs of hateful mien,
Dread as the cave of Cacus hung with skulls

* See the other note : The leading features of this production must be regarded as shadowing forth truths of fearful and sublime importance ; as, for instance, that the conduct of men consigns them to widely different destinies ; that some, by reason of their faith associated with good works, are reserved in the Divine guardianship for salvation eternal ; while others are shut up unto a future sentence of everlasting wo.

And carpeted with clotted blood, or monster fierce
That foamed in Erymanthus (safely bound
In time by great Alcides); these with yells
And furious onset sprang upon the net
Straining their rattling chains: but master-imps
Reproved their fury, and aside they skulk'd
To guard the entrance with unslumbering zeal.*
The prize there placed in chains, with joy
They turned the ponderous keys and urged
The many bolts, rolling huge, stubborn rocks
Against the doors that seemed like Fate's dark bonds
Indissolubly firm.

Two angels true
Meanwhile upon the sight of David burst,
Cleaving afar the clouds. Their radiant hands
Two signet-rings, their high commission's proof,
Wore visibly. They hailed the chosen two
Seeking Elysium, and bade them haste.
But they beholding now no more their friend
And late companion, Sampson, urged at once
A keen-eyed search; to this they listen'd; search
In vain for him was made: "now hence," said they,
"For God did charge your conduct quickly back;
And doubtless Sampson either now awaits
Your own return beyond the infernal moat;
Or Heaven hath its purpose that he here

* Unbelief and want of sacred principle lead on, in some cases, to such impious turpitude and violence that even the wicked are obliged to restrain those who are morally so deformed.

Should wander for a time: The ways of Heaven
Are wise and holy, good and true; His love
Wings spirit messengers to do His will
And minister to His saints; like perfuméd winds
Born in a tropic clime they come, like them
To mortals viewless oft.* Thus spake their guides
And proved their angel natures, rising far
Above the smoke of Hell and bearing swift
Thro' arrowless air their welcome charge;
But when some boldest fiends their flight
Directed towards th' Elysian towers, the guards
Of heavenly spirits shining by the gate
Or hovering in the air, discharged their shafts,
Piercing the foe with bitter pains; who fled,
Enduring henceforth rather their dread lot
Than snatching after bliss like that. Nor yet
With any force of numbers had they dared
To face the dangers of that field; for, fresh
The reminiscence of their rout in heaven
Long warned with branded vividness, but time
Scarr'd o'er the wounds of their defeat and drown'd
Those throbs of pain in new and other woes.†
And as for those unransomed earth-born souls,
The hot, Tartarean smoke they scarce could breathe.

* The mention of this Scriptural idea (vide Heb. I, 14,) must by no means be understood to countenance the idea that departed human spirits communicate with men, or that the seeking unto the spirits of the dead or to angels is excusable. The same is in Scripture denounced as an "abomination."

† The seeds which disobedience sows spring up and bear fruit, some sooner than others.

Nor o'er that hideous chasm could they bound;
And when, long since, their eager art essayed
A bridge across that gulf, the crumbling edge
Sank like a quicksand and refused support,
While dark Gehenna swallowed up their pains.

END OF BOOK SECOND.

BOOK THIRD.

No sooner had his minion in disguise
Announced his failure than the Prince of Hell,
Who 'd hoped to have snared the three to acts
Worthy of banishment from Paradise
Or stern rebuke, urged on his martial schemes.
And God, whose glance flashed o'er all worlds,
Read all his plots and still his course allowed:
And had allowed because He had foreseen
His servants unentangled by their snares,
Else unpermitted to the approved; e'en then
To few scarce ever; probation is on earth.
The fiend in various trickeries of deceit
Had ventured to repose a hope, and built
Upon the quicksand basis of base lies
His dreams of empire widened and revenge,
As well as in assault; he now resolved
To try that last resort. The summons flew
Among his subjects of the brazenest cast
To seek at once his throne. Their bronzéd forms
Soon 'mid the plumed aristocrats of Hell
Appeared with eagerness and watchful life;
The merit claiming of obedience quick,
Tho', rather, spurr'd by hope of wild emprize,
Some new, exciting voyage from the port

Of custom dull than from regard to law
Or dread of his displeasure; (they who part
With love and saintly virtue, bid farewell
At the same moment to sweet happiness
Whose shaded countenance and dying smile
Melt from the spirit's sight away: hence life
To them was dull or wretched.) Then an imp
Who banner'd trumpet bore stept forth and told
The newly summoned wherefore called. They heard
Eager th' intelligence and sped to act.
Some, plunging in the dark abyss, enraged
The fires 'neath Paradise in hell to fierce
And dreadful inflammation, whose black fumes
Shrouded all Erebus in treble night:
Thus they had hoped that sweetly slumbering world
Above the red confusion to have rocked,
Shaken with earthquakes wild, and in dismay
Falling an easier prey. And meanwhile some
Threading the caverns in the rocky sides
Of Elysium's foundations, mined with haste
To lay their treacherous, explosive stuff
(Unknown e'en now on earth; though matched, alas!)
All ready for the dread, important spark.
Others, a numerous host, prepared a bridge
Or solid flooring that a bridge might prove,
Covered secure from choking fumes and airs
Breathed flamingly from hell; then each his part
Prepared at notice due to act with zeal
And strength the hardiest in Orcan realms.

Then Satan, glancing o'er the armèd hosts,
Gave from his flashing chariot his commands;
And swift his peers across the fields moved on
Longing for change of life; while the loud peal
From rich-voiced trumpets, wrought to lend
Their airy poetry to war and blow the breath
Of martial animation, told afar
The hour of battle was at hand. Before his seat
The marshalled legions passed with waving flags
And honorary music; and the bands
To that rude work appointed, pushed or drew
Those mighty engines which the skill of Earth
Or cunning craft of Hell had planned.
Some seemed like towers wherein a daring horde
Heated their javelins, or the infuriate torch
With pitch and sulphur smeared for close assault
When reached the distant walls, (if e'er those walls
Could by a bridge be neared); and some the type
Of engines known in aftertimes on earth,
Though first devised by Satan in the field
Ere from the heights of glory flung deep-struck
With mortification and the scathe of fire.
And others seemed adapted to force far
Into the air a stream of liquid fire
Horribly ruinous to all which might
Of hellish flames the prey become.

And soon
Moving in order near the burning verge
Where through the glow or intermitted smoke

The Elysian towers appeared, the van
Halted at distance fit; and then an imp
With summons to surrender skimmed the cloud
And nearéd* Paradise by snowy flag;
But met with prompt refusal: thence he sped
The expected word to give; whereat a roar
From all their grim artillery appalled
E'en Hell itself; and to the lowest shores
Of sable Erebus its echoes rolled,
Far murmuring at their close down caves of Night.
Elysium trembled thro' her holy shades,
Or would have trembled but for hope divine;
Such horrid uproar never having torn
Its way to every ear. Nor Warsaw near
Did Diebitsch by his batteries create
Such deafening din; nor Waterloo's dread fray
So shake both heaven and earth, when fell
Ambition's strong and daring son, his star
Quenched in another tide of blood and woe
Whose circling wave in sorrow spread afar.
Then Adam to the patriarchs spake in words
Like these which follow: See, O sons, what skill
In all abhorred inventions these hell-doomed
And scornful trespassers display. The walls
Magnificently strong of Paradise
Quaked at their dread discharge; and fiery streams

* "Neared," not entered. They who forfeit happiness and heaven by sin and unbelief are exiled forever from the light and joy of eternal life. How precious are the hours of probation! Reader, let not that exile be thine!

Flooded our battlements and drove aside
The sentinels from their stations ; but have hope ;
(This is her radiant home !) and God shall show
That arm puissant which o'erwhelmed their ranks
Down from Heaven's flowery verge, and hollowed out
Their dismal jail, gorging its opened jaws
With their confounded hosts. For, can His eye
Behold our danger and his anger sleep
And jealousy and pity. Will his power
Allow the banners of the rebel crew
To flout insultingly our skies which gaze
On us sad exiles meanwhile from this realm,
Its hallowed fanes astonished at their voice
And echoing with their rites profane of joy
While they regale themselves 'neath deathless bowers
And flood their throats with nectars worthy heaven ?
Will God permit those who have scorned thro' time
The teachings and the offers of his love
And dashed aside salvation's proffered cup
And its sweet, healing leaves—will He
Permit such rebels and such scoffers old
Here in the summery sea of our delight
To bathe their spirits which now hell's dread fires
Breathing o'er them, their fervors wrap in pain :
Tossed, since their coming to this lower world,
Upon the restless waves of shame, and stung
By torments of infernal doom e'en then begun,
They fain from sorrow's tyranny would rush
And hope within these walls relief to find.
Let prayer be constant, and forget not all

To throng the citadel of holy trust,
Our mightiest defence ; and let our guests
(Invulnerable spirits) on the walls their stand
With virtue's awful arms and glorious might
Courageously assume ; let all who hold
The gift heaven-loaned for high and holy ends,
A power o'er air, its progeny of fire
And vapors black, compel unto alliance
Their wond'rous energies. Thus Adam spake,
And all approved his words. From bended bow,
Balistæ, catapults and slings forth rushed
The instruments of ruin, and their foes
The power of their response confessed at heart ;
And soon, indeed, wild fright convulsed their ranks,
When certain gases loaded with ripe store
Of elemental fury burst in flame,
Showering hot meteors thick amid their hosts,
Exploding 'mongst them with malignant fire
Like bolts from summer storms. Then frighted fled
Thousands who deemed Heaven's King in wrath again
Had from his cloudy armory his lightning-darts
Snatched for the avenging hour : so vivid yet
The memory of Christ's bright onset burned
(The onset which relieved abhorring heaven,)
That they all wish at once resigned of fame
Gained in such dreadful, havoc-making fray,
And fled, believing that the tramp of hosts
Following their footsteps and the peals of war
Heard in the distance, were the ominous roar
Of thunders sounding the wild notes of doom.

But yet so great a host their flashing clouds
Rolled 'round their Phœbus that this loss scarce showed
A chasm in the throng. And soon, again,
Loud pealed their engines hurling monstrous stones
And globes with bristling darts becharged,
Hell-fire and every flaming fright
That could a fortress rend, or shake the calm
Of Virtue's soul heroic. Fast and thick
As hail-stones from an August cloud
Blown by a Northern blast, there flashed again
From batteries Elysian sparkling showers
Of meteoric stones with sulphur fired
And furious phosphorus, (such it seemed.)
Then Satan to his compeers thus aloud
Uttered his gratulations and his fears :
" O mighty warriors, brave indeed and grand
The storm which now on Paradise doth beat,
As when the gale-lashed waves of Phlegethon
In roaring bursts sublime assault the rocks:
But yet with firmness and with skill their guards
Direct their fires mysterious, crumbling down
Full many a warlike structure in our midst
And torturing thousands,—see ! now whence this gloom
Darker than night, wide-rolling o'er the field ?
Doth Hell her hideous blackness vomit forth
To aid our cause ? So wide and dense a night
Must needs arrest our arms. Go ! speed at once ;
And if the flames that shed so thick a gloom
Can now be dampened, let the word be given.
But stop ! the darkness opens ! see afar

Elysium's walls again, though scarcely where
The wildered mind expected; surely now
Our batteries will not silence keep, and grant
Unasked cessation. There! the flash again
Pierces th' infernal shade!" Then Moloch bold
His counsels urged: "Illustrious Prince!
Why thus delay our armies on this field
So distant from the mark? behold! the prize
Sparkles invitingly, and we the means
Whereby yon charming glories may be reached
Most surely want not: and perchance, when gained,
We may compel the secret of their fire,
So like the lightning's riotous play, and match
God's blasting thunderbolts on the daring verge
Of Heaven itself. For me, I count not lost
What once beheld our glory, while I know
Eternal change on all things waits; and power
May totter in its golden capital; the heart
Once loyal may estrange its love; and fate
Her awful characters may write above
The thrones esteemed supreme and raised on high
Far o'er the shadow of a doubt, (as dream
The trembling million.)" Thus deluded, he
His hopes did utter: Meanwhile fiercely blazed
Their batteries 'gainst each other; on the heights
Their own division seen amid the smoke
Seemed mounted on the walls of Paradise,
The enemy's force; while unto them appeared
With similar delusive front the ranks
Nearer their sovereign, as erst designed

The Sun's bright angel.* So, with savage rage,
Witlessly pitted 'gainst each other, they
Surfeited the air of hell with deadly storms,
Whole squadrons sweeping down in writhing heaps,
Though dreaming of prodigious havoc cast
Among Elysium's garrison.

Again,

While roared this horrid discord, raised his voice
Their prince, Apollyon ; " Warriors wise and true !
Ye see what desolation riots now
Among the flower of Hell's brave chivalry ;
And forces on our judgment now the thought
Of flight or else assault and victory :
For, under grievous disadvantage here
We must the day contest. Our foes, meanwhile,
Pluming their courage, may harass our ranks
With hotter mischief and more cunning force,
Th' inventions of delay. My voice is raised
For speedy movement to the Elysian walls ;
And there, possessed of its fair capital,
We may amuse the rest which follows war
With schemes of blissful empire in the climes
On which the gentle skies of Paradise
Shed their benignant smiles ; or else may arm
Our gathered legions for more glorious deeds
In plans full worthy gods. And as for flight
Not one of all Hell's chieftains here that lend

* Allowing the passage to remain, it must be allowed that angelic beings would not become chargeable with fraud.

To this our council dignity sublime
That base thought can one moment entertain.
True ! to his lair again the forest-lord
Unsatisfied and baffled may return ;
But when the startled heavens confess the rush
Of the lightning's rending fire, the cloud no more
Is called to entertain its awful guest ;
Its work of change and vengeance must be wrought."

And then a fiend arose and won all eyes
By port of regal pride and the high calm
Affected of indifference supreme,
Thoughtless of danger's darkening frown. " Your words
Puissant king ! are worthy of your power
And throne of archangelic dignity.
Longer delay when climes of heavenly light
Await our advent, were indeed absurd.
Most surely some great error in our plans
Has armed our legions against legions ranged
Beneath our flag, producing hideous wreck
Of warlike engines and dispersion foul.
I therefore urge that orders quick command
That signals bright, aided by dazzling torches,
Light up this gross and dismal night and give
The signs of high adventure near at hand.
Rumor hath uttered that Manoah's son
A captive unto snares awaits release
Fast bound by adamant and chains :
Rumor asserts his earth-born strength was faint
Compared with his grand, present potency

Whereat the many tremble and would scarce
The sunny smile of victory hope for
Or her rapturing shout, were this dread foe
To array his force majestic 'gainst our arms
At the Elysian gates. And therefore now
While rocky prisonment doth hold him safe,
'Twere popular policy to make the assault."

Thus having spoken, all approved his words.
And Satan, while the trumpets filled the air
With echoing music, gave his fixt decrees,
Which fled o'er all the plain, and breathed the glow
Of burning expectation thro' the heaving host;
As when upon some languid, darkling sea
Descend the potent winds; the watery calm
Awakens at their call to voiceful life,
And light that slumbered in the deep breaks forth
With brilliant animation. Then were seen
The hurrying onward of the arméd throngs;
Their shields of gold and steel in that wierd glow
Glittered afar; and ever and anon
Seated upon his sparkling chariot drawn
By wingéd pards or fearful, mystic steeds
Snorting bright sparks, some stern infernal prince
Was seen upon his march along the plain.
Borne as on wheeléd altars, gorgeous fires
A mimic day around his pageant poured;
And in the emblazonry and pictured pomp
Of his escutcheon and his banner's folds
In sparkling beauty revelled their full beams.

Behind, the countless mass in dense ranks moved,
Their armor gleaming with the neighboring light,
While mystic darkness reigned above and far.
Not much unlike the scene rich, picturesque
Mid which a royal bark superbly floats,
When fires ascending 'round her beauteous form
In lackeying vessels that keep company,
Light up the fringed pavilion in her midst,
The silken sails and flags superb unfurled;
While on the wave crests near the radiance plays,
Fading more distant, till the clouds and night
At length the plumy billows wrap in gloom
And hold unbroken empire o'er the deep.
Nor undistinguished in the martial crowd
Rode in his chariot the Prince of Hell
Whom a mailed, lance-armed guard and chosen group
Of lordly chiefs attended. In white robes, a band
Of imps transformed by graceful guise, arrayed
In vestures sparkling with a myriad gems,
Bore torches blushing with the scented blaze
Of rare and compound oils; while, o'er his head,
Gold-wrought, winged seraphs lifted in their hands
A canopy emblazed with types of power
In costliest workmanship, unseen before
And lately added to his regal stores.
A mimic day reflected from th' expanse
Doubled its glory o'er his crownéd brows
And smiled in beauty 'mid th' unnatural night.

While marching thus, in haste a courier dashed
Into the monarch's presence and announced

Intelligence momentous from the Earth ;
No less than that the Son of God, Messiah,
The victim of the Jewish rage, now filled
With blank astonishment the darkened skies,
Condemned to shameful death ; no sword forth drawn ;
No power miraculous checking the tide
Of sanguinary fortunes surging o'er
The rock deemed high above the foam and swells
Of earthly malice and terrestrial change.
Whereat their chieftain, while a passing cloud
Shadowed one moment his presumptuous front,
Thus to his nobles spake : " Ye see, the word,
Uttered in prophecy of old, to serious fact
At length has ripened ; and Messiah boasts
Thus lifted up to draw all men to him.
But what course follows now appears unknown ;
Perchance defying death's dark bondage, quick
With fadeless glory from the cross itself
He may step forth to claim as won
By his heroic patience, virtue high,
And crimson satisfaction the quenched throne
Of Jesse's poet-son. Perchance on high
He soars, expectant of the triumphs pledged
To his affecting cross. Go, courier, back,
And join thy comrades, keeping earnest watch
Upon the wheels of Providence ; and bring
Often reports of every movement seen
In this strange crisis of the Earth ; each wave,
And every dimple in Time's swollen stream
Note ye with care ; and unto us report

Whatever worthy seems our thoughts to claim;
Each blossom and each leaf unfolding, each
Diseased excrescence on life's spreading tree,
Ye watchful messengers, consider well."
He said: and upper night that shape grotesque
In a brief moment swallowed.

Soon they neared
The smouldering verge of Hell and saw beyond
The gates of Paradise, her opal towers,
Her shining, crystal battlements; and grand, afar,
The domes of massive temples; halls sublime,
And colonades in gorgeous, vast array.
As they advanced, a sudden, potent wind
Dispersed the darkness from the approaching host,
While on their splendor and their number gazed
Astonished Paradise. Then Joshua spake
Breaking deep wonder's silence: "See what pomp
Where yet the darkness lingers but delays
Only their monarch's gorgeousness superb
More strikingly to show! How like a blaze
Of sunny splendor glassed thro' vistas bright
Of nature's icy halls! and all within
As sterile of sweet good. This sumptuousness
Doth mind me of that Babylonian fame *
Where shrined in golden beauty, Venus smiled
And wooed with pomp divine her votaries young;
While in the shade that Art's proud splendors cast

* The history and condition of the earth is supposed to be known by reports.

Lurked the base spirit of lascivious vice.
Gaze on that richness! say, did harlot e'er
Bedeck her tainted soul with grace so rare,
Or garniture so rich and sumptuous?
Yet thus it pleases God to grant as yet
This liberty unto the fallen ones
Wherein they mock their ancient dignity."
To him the First of men gave no reply;
But on their proud array intently gazed;
When lo! a wonder: from the lower deep
Uprose a thousand strong, colossal shapes
Parting the smoke and flame with whirring wings.
Swift to the shadowy shores of Hell they flew,
And bore forth thence into the light of day
A bridge with arches of apparent strength.
Each as a pillar volant thro' the air
Supported well his part to where the steam
And smoke of deep Gehenna rose less thick,
Offending shrinking day. Their burden huge
They rest 'gainst the doubtful edge of Hell
And on th' Elsyian verge; upholding still
The roofed and close-screened structure with a force
As wonderful as when the heavenly hills
Were lifted by the warring hosts of God
And flung roaring with speed against their foes.
Amazement filled Elysium's habitants,
But terror none: Then thus the patriarch spake:
"May Heaven defend! what do mine eyes behold!
Now comes the fiery heart of war; all else
Was but the distant pulse, tho' hot and fast:

The last act of the drama opes. Away !"
(He to the heralds urged,) " go bid the trump
Summon all, courage-armed for action close,
To join us near the gates ; nor be forgot
Redoubled prayers in every blessed fane !
Nor the due wish benign that our mad foes
May yet forego the phrenzied wickedness,
Nor for a harvest of more flaming wrath
The fields of conflict sow with burning coals."

Nor then sweet, lovely being Eve, (the queen
Of the hallowed flowers of beauty, pure
From every mortal stain,) nor then didst thou
Forget in thy full tears to woo the grace
Of pitying heaven, reproaching thy fair self
First author of man's woes and bondage dim
Far 'neath the light of bliss divine. In twilight fane
Thou with famed Myriam chanting earnest prayers
And Sarah, Rachel, Daniel mild and warm
With heavenly ardors, supplications voiced
Towards the e'er-listening ear ; a lovely group
Apart from all th' impetuous rush, the clash
Of armor and the war-trump's stirring clang ;
So have I seen in some sequestered nook,
Aside from where a swollen current raged,
The waters in a glassy brightness sleep,
Lovely with slumbering lilies and the light
Of Heaven's reflected face in blameless lines.

END OF BOOK THIRD.

BOOK FOURTH.

Meanwhile Manoah's son in prison drear,
Though long entranced, perchance thro' opiate charms
Poured o'er him by his captors, woke to find
Darkness supreme and chain work 'round him cast.
Then thus aloud he to his God exclaimed:
" O King Divine, for what crude act have I
Thy pleasure forfeited and won these chains
And this benighted prisonment. In truth
For thine own honor and the common good
Of those Thou lovest in Paradise, I trod
The fatal soil of Hell to warn those clouds
Of vultures to beware of that blest fold
Where o'er the ransomed lion-hearted ones
Maintain eternal watch; while their fit prey
Is where corruption reigns. And have I stained
The day-light of my soul with sin's dark cloud;*
Or hast Thou in Thy wisdom but allowed
And not approved as punishment well due
This snare and bondage. Then that glorious power
In ripened grandeur which I still possess
May be my rescuing legion; if, indeed,

* Sampson's history exhibits sad moral delinquency on one or more occasions; it is not easy to ascertain whether he was truly at last a righteous man.

Aught save the melting touch of angels charged
With sought deliverance can this hour avail."
Thus saying, he aroused his strength and stirred
The awful energies long slumbering deep
In his colossal spirit-form : as when pent winds
Long locked in caves of Earth, awake at length
And rend all barriers with infuriate power,
With dire dismay to all the breathing world ;
Or as some fire volcanic bursts at last
From slumbers centuries had seemed to 've sealed,
With wild, tempestuous fury heaving high
The astonished plains and falling cities, hurled
To hopeless desolation. At this stir
And rattling of his snapping chains, the shapes
Which guarded (fast within,) his rayless cave
A hideous yelling uttered, startling far
For leagues around the dark domain of Hell.
The fire as 't were, upon the flaxen threads
Wrought severance in an instant ; down he cast
Contemptuous those rent bonds of massive strength
And strode on towards the howling monster-guards.
" Malicious, hateful fiends ! or whatsoe'er
Be that loathed title that ye claim as yours,—
I charge you as ye love your strength and dread
The agony and shame of overthrow to skulk
Hence from my path and cease your hellish din."
But they, deprived of speech, no answer gave,
But snarled defiance fierce : whereat he near
Undaunted drew, and gazed upon four eyes
Glaring with eager rage ; but they unawed

Sprang with more deafening uproar at his form
And would have torn with reckless ire his limbs
With angel vigor mantling, had he not
Seized with a dext'rous grasp one monster's mane
And shaken him aside, and rent apart
His jaws ferocious ; then his comrade's side
After dread battle, he with sturdy sword
Pierced with a frightful gash ; whereby he fell,
And writhed in howling pain. The victor sprang
And finding, as expected, locked (to hope
Other than his, appallingly secure)
The huge, strong doors, he with his rouséd strength
Stormily shook them, causing them to groan
Prognostics of their fall ; a second rush
Bore off with stunning crash one portal huge,
Hinge, lock, bolts, pillar wrenched away ;
And liberty again received him glad
The glimmerings of her light to see.* Nor late
Delayed the victor in that spot, but found
By good success ere long the path to day.
Then, hearing in the distance murmurings deep
As of some army vast ; and catching gleams
Of blest Elysium's domes, he thither bent
His movements fast ; but soon before him saw
What seemed a living form, erect like man's,
A giant's rather, waiting his approach.
On nearer view, his eyes undoubting glassed
The model of no human shrine of strength

* So to persistent faith and fortitude in the righteous all gloomy obstacles and barriers give way by God's grace.

Or dignity severe: A prince he seemed
Worthy to draw a legion dark around
His spirit-form so chieftain-like and grand.
Like some stern, rocky mount whereto, in clouds,
The Eagle and the birds of prey resort
Summoned by austere strength and glory proud
From all the plains about. Beholding there
This warrior stern away from battle's host
Much wondered Sampson; but no terror shook
His spirit glorying in his late success;
No more than doth some thundering tempest fear
To rush into the face of armèd hosts
Dreaded his potent heart this demon-foe.
To him approaching thus the spirit spake
"Art thou Manoah's son? I need not ask:
Thy form Herculean declares thy name.
I long have sought thee, having heard thy steps
Were yet upon this shadowy land. And proud
Well mayest thou be that I forsook my place
(Surrendered to another) in the field
To meet thee here in single combat: True;
Not much of glory can I lose when war,
Bellowing from hell-invented engines, storms
Against a peaceful, unprovided realm.
Therefore, and since true glory here prefers
Most noble opportunity, I scorned
The trump which summoned to a conflict close
To seek thee here. Report from Earth affirms
Most lavish fictions of thy strength,—and yet
I doubt not thou art worthy to contest

The palms of lofty valor with a prince,
Such as before thee stands."

Then having scann'd
His stature, helmet, shield, his sword and spear,
Massive and ominous to all save him,
These words the Elysian wanderer returned:
"I think I know the name thou bearest in hell,
For strength and valor famous; yet I fear
Not e'en thy boasted force. My mission here
Thou knowest was peaceful; and my heart forbids
The quest of conflict. High pursuits
And such as Heaven approves, the ransomed all
Now follow with delight; nor save when force
With fiercest onset justifies, do they
Their rusting weapons use.* Against all foes
Assaulting Paradise my sword is pledged."
To him the demon thus replied: "Full well
I know that hymns and incense-smoke the blood
Of noble vigor freshen not, nor train
The aspiring thoughts towards high, heroic deeds:
And as thou dost of 'rust' complain, a chance
Of burnishing thy energy and arms
I now award thee with defiance strong:
Or, dost thou plead that dainty blandishments,
The pérfumed air of Paradise and dreams
In flowery-couched voluptuousness thy force
Have wilted utterly?" "Such puny plea"

* Though Christianity forbids retaliation, yet it would be difficult to prove efforts to ward off an assault forbidden. See Luke XXII, 31.

Responded Sampson, "I cannot prefer.
But dost thou dream thy vigor burns as grand
As when in uncorrupted strength thou stoodst
And hurledst defiance 'gainst that angel high
Who fought and worsted thee in heaven ?"
To whom the fiend: "Ha! dost thou deem
Seraphic energy within thee lurks, that thus
Thou darest to insult me with the taunt
Of powers in faint decay ?"

"Spare now thy rage:
I know thee mighty still; tho' treason base
And grovelling ambitions and desires
Have secret fed for centuries on thy strength
And on thy beauty once so glorious deemed.*
Thou dost not love, I see, the truth ?" Whereat
Replying first to words with angry looks,
The fiend grasped firm his splendid shield and sword
And bade defiance to the hero: "Quick
Prepare for conflict! Dar'st thou, child of Earth,
To scorn a heaven-born energy ? I know thee strong
And see thee insolent as thou art strong;
Deeming, because the thunderbolts of God
Once did confound (tho' not o'ercome) my soul
That thou mayest deal in scorn, deluded wretch!"
Thus saying, at Manoah's son he aimed
With his strong falchion a most fearful blow
That flashed upon his sounding, temper'd shield

* *Vide* Paradise Lost. B. IV, speech of Zephon.

Anointed with a sweet Elysian oil.*
Relented his strong arm, but soon again
Descended swift his sword arrested quick
Upon his adversary's blade. The shield
Then quenched its swift-winged brightness o'er again:
Thus many times his hot ambition failed,
'Till vexed to be thus baffled with such skill,
Upon his adversary calm, he rushed in rage,
Direful as the infernal Prince or storm
Of night-black tempest scattering mountain crags
With fierce, consuming strokes: while rage
His watchful prudence swallowed, swiftly rushed
Resistless as Death's dart the glorious sword
Of Sampson, mightiest of Elysium's sons,
And in his right arm sank; a blow that seemed
The accepted price of safety. For thus maimed
And with this horrid wound his vigor high
Fast ruining, the fiend his wings aloft
Spread vast upon the murky air, and fled,
Doubtless, some potent medicines to seek
Wherewith to stanch and heal the shameful gash.
Then sang the conqueror a hymn of praise
And cheering Hell's dark ruggedness with song,
He, joyful, turned his hasty steps towards home.
Now, as he reached the region near the gulf,
He saw y' swarming on a little hill
A populous division of the foe

* Suggested by a passage of Scripture, "anoint the shield." Oil is the emblem of grace; from God comes secret but mighty protection: that should we seek.

That seemed with the rough "edge of battle" torn;
Yet kindling with new, stirring life, they moved
To share in glory to be elsewhere won.
And thundered down the steep their engines huge;
And clattered wains with martial stores; the trump
Sounding defiance with harmonious bursts,
Wedding sweet music unto battle grim,
As lovely Proserpine to Hell's dark god
Was bound in Hymen's bands.

And now approached
Sampson the eminence on which they moved;
A steep, huge precipice concealed his form
While thus aloud to Power's high Source he prayed:
O, God, if Thou fell overthrow dost will
To this most lawless and rebellious horde,
Grant now unto thy servant such new force
Though but a moment given, as may when blent
With thy endowments old an awful feat
Breeding dire consternation here achieve.
Thus having prayed, his grand, Titanic form
Still loftier seemed to grow; the rocks
In his high glance were dwindling; then a rush
As of a sudden wind, his ear assailed,
While awful strength burned in his lofty frame
Eager for action. On the stony wall
He laid his hand, devoting all his powers.
With a loud groan as when some earthquake splits
Deep, rocky beds, the hill with all its swarms
Bowed o'er; and, pausing for an instant, fell;

(A deafening and terrific crash!) the jaws
Of ravenous Hell full gorging with the mass.
Down, down, they sank, in wild confusion heaped,
In mortification and in pain, baptized
Beyond expression's power, or art's, to paint.
Some say this squadron of the hostile force
Had made their high encampment near that hill
Within a huge and pillared hall; that there
The Hebrew champion, leaning, as of old,
Upon the columns vast, o'erwhelmed the crowd
Amid appalling desolation hurled
Into the black abyss, while he unharmed
Glanced swiftly from the wreck.

Their monarch saw
With deep amazement their mysterious fall;
(Such woe and ruin on rebellion wait;)
He saw and mourned their overthrow; yet swelled
With pride and joy to see how vast a cloud
Still followed on his steps.

And, meanwhile, two,
The lovely, angel guests of Paradise,
Blest the high air with odorous, out-spread wings,
Scorning Gehenna's smoke. To Sampson they,
The gulf when passed, directed their swift flight;
And met him puzzled on the infernal shore.
"We come," said they, "to bear thee safely o'er
The red abyss; thy friends now eager wait
To welcome thy return and hail thy name,

Deliverer, blest of God with wondrous might."
So saying, in their hands they bore aloft
The conqueror, as in triumph rapt on high,
And hailed in Paradise with loud applause.
To whom, with others hailing, Miriam said:
"If it a wish befitting could be proved,
I would that God had vouchsafed man-like powers
To spirits feminine, at least to mine;
Nor left me still this trembling, dove-like heart,
Attempering the lofty, rapturous glow
My soul exults in." "An unworthy wish,"
Responded Sampson, "better far, more fit,
A subject of the Prince of Peace, to shrink,
If possible, from conflict, which doth mar
The pure, soft summer of the soul,
Which is our prize and triumph brightest far.
Well may we leave unto the glorious arm
Whence storms and lightnings and devouring fire
As from the fatal source of terrors rush,
Our sole defence, while we his mercies crave.
But if His providence doth seem to point
To agency of ours, in danger's strait,
In bristling, rough necessity,—the sword
Should from its slumbers start, and all brave hearts
Awake their heroism." To which replied
The noble Miriam: "True; I, too,
Prefer the blessed triumph of the day
When Peace her blue eyes opens bright from heavens
By the cloudy wings of War unveiled; when choirs
In anthems high refill the temples' vaults

With verse sublime and holy melodies ;
Or when to some fair spirit from afar
We listen, while the history of the stars
Or of our native earth is told ; absorbed
In varied tales of purity and love,
Of pleasure's and abundance' golden flush ;
Of sin and shame, war, hatred and the base
Infamy of idolatry, and nature's pomp
And art's magnificence and loveliness,—
And the mind's written glories ; all such tales
Attention rapt command, and smiles and tears.
But, still, tho' in such occupations joyed,
I thought it not a sin to dream my arm
Raised with the warriors 'gainst the foes of God ;
As Israel 'gainst the Canaanites of old
Lifted the spear at Heaven's command and glowed
With hallowed exultation at their fall."
" True !" quick responded Sampson, " but our King,
The mighty Son of David, has unrolled
His law of universal love,—his flag
Bright in the smiles of heaven ; and fair inscribed
With mottoes of sweet charity and peace,
Streams in the breeze for every nation's eyes.
And therefore we must e'er love peace ; and leave
Our city to our King's defence, nor break
The blessed slumber of our swords save when
Necessity severe forbids delay, and points
The will of Heaven that we should take
In our own hands the vengeance. Had our God
Commissioned us to execute his wrath,

Or eager stand for battle with heaven's sons
(Now fallen, alas! how low!) then 'twere, no doubt,
The part of virtue thus to burn and joy
In conflict's fiery, exciting hour."

The foe,
While thus they spake, began to feel the glow
Of heat unusual from the sun, while bland
And dewy clouds hung o'er th' Elysian clime,
Like soothing hopes o'er virtue's trial-hours.
Soon ruinous explosions tore their ranks,
Fired by too fervid beams; of civil war
The horrid mischiefs all, without its ire,
Raged 'mid their hosts dismayed.

Then Satan, stirr'd
With rising wrath the while beholding signs
Of mutiny, disorder and of havoc wild,
Thus to th' infernal lords exclaimed: "O peers!
You call this place Elysium! rather, *hell;*
For, hell itself scarce fiercer fires showers down
From its red, blazing roof. Let heralds haste,
And see protected all that heat can hurt.
Disaster on our army largely feeds; the foe
Appears to triumph in our loss; and yet
As brief as meteor's flash whose melted gold
Streams brightly for an instant thro' the sky,
Shall be their triumph; for, I swear by Hell
And by my throne imperial, at their gates
This storm shall burst resistlessly,

E'en tho' all heaven were thronging o'er their wall
And hurling quenchless flames and the fiats stern
Of their exalted King. Then, onwards, chiefs !
And may Hell's maddest furies haunt him e'er
And sting his quivering nerves with sharpest pangs,
Peopling his every dream with horrors dire
Who shows the craven in the battle's hour !
Thus saying, with the trumpet's glorious cry,
Their glittering multitude in ardor rushed
Threading the entrance vast of their huge bridge.
The stout, colossal forms still tireless held
Their massive charge high up above the flood
Which thro' the jagged, black and awful rocks
The souls from Hades saw with fear below,
Boiling with fiery foam : Nor shrank aghast,
Tormented with the suffocating fumes ; for, airs
Not uncongenial flowed within the vault.
Now soon beyond the flood th' excited host
Trod on suburban soil. An angel fair
Flew o'er the walls and warned them thence ; but they
Unterrified pushed forward their huge wains
And scowling engines, bent to ope a way
For all their unwinged allies to the heart
Of the coveted capital. Then roared
Again their engines fell of war ; and whizzed
The missiles thro' the air from catapults ;
While on the city flashes of hellish fire
Fell fast and thick as hoar November snows
Down cast in feathers large from some bleak cloud ;
Or meteoric showers some autumn night

From all heaven's ceiling, watched for long
By learn'd, star-gazing men.

Then to an angel bright
(The same who with the message to the Sun
Glanced upward like a sunbeam from a lake
Flung backward to its source) the king of men
Addressed this question: "All can now declare
Which is the emperor of Hell; his regal port
And brow with stern defiance darkening, and the crowd
Of honorary guards and chieftains clad
In military pomp bespeak their King:
But who is he that by the Sovereign's side
(Now to his chariot rising) seems well fit
To reign his sole successor, were the stroke
Of Heaven's anticipating wrath to hurl
Th' arch-rebel to his penal prison-pit?
Most sure that mien must be far-known in heaven,
And that strong arm remembered by not few."
To whom the spirit-guest: "Thou hast affirmed
As truly as with confidence; his name
The children of the earth call Beelzebub,
Than whom a spirit more severely stern,
Scorning all danger with a haughtier pride,
Never the frowns of Heaven provoked. Look keen
While now 'tis clear, and thou wilt see what scars
Still linger on his marble brows. But Sampson comes!
Most welcome, brave! thro' God's remembrance 'scaped
From all their snares; perchance a conqueror too!
Upon thy matchless strength we safely rest

While Heaven doth succor us. Behold the two,
The Prince of Hell and Beelzebub confer
Above the golden wheels imperial: quick!
Bend now my bow, the undecaying wood
From a deathless tree of Heaven; this arrow tipt
With mystic fire that even demons dread
Wing with thy might against that shining mark
Now while they still confer:" He said; and swift
From the strong hero sped the glittering shaft,
Nor faltered at the distance; and well nigh
Had pierced the King himself; then reel'd transfix'd
The stately form of Beelzebub, but sank
Not utterly to the ground, in fall sustained
By Satan, who by Styx fierce vengeance swore:
And so a dart, in summer's flourishing prime,
Flashed from a gusty cloud, in the deep heart
Of some majestic elm its brightness buries;
Which, riven with the horrid gash, long-staggering falls,
By pitiless winds assaulted; but not low
Fore'er to ruin hurled, but, swooning, caught
By some huge monarch of the woods, again
To flourish, when restored its frightful wound.*
Then Satan gave the signal to advance;
And nearer yet their engines roared, returned
With starry rockets showering fires malign.
Th' unwinged host of Hades trembled then,
With such dire mischief scorched; and therefore, urged
By dread of flight contagious in their ranks,

* Homer compares a young warrior fall'n to a poplar untimely felled.

Th' infernal chieftains, mounting high in air,
The sworded chariot scorning, rushed to gain
The towers and battlements of Paradise,
In the close, daring struggle to engage.
They in the air met foemen brave and strong
Mailed in celestial corslets, wielding arms
That once before clashed with their baffled steel
On Heaven's eventful day. Then battle raged
Fiery and ruinous; the plain below
With broken armor gleamed; as tho' the stars
And blue and lustrous sky were shattered all
By a dread doomsday-bolt and lay dispersed
In glittering ruin wide; full many a knight
Covetous of spoil and glory, drank deep shame
And struggled with his agony; dire foe.

Outnumbering the spirit-guests that blest
With their protection the Elysian walls,
Gained them at length the foe with conflict fierce;
And then with hideous havoc fell the arm
Of Sampson, mightiest of Elysium's sons:
E'en lordly seraphs thro' their shatter'd casques
Felt, shrieking and with dim and swimming sight,
His force tremendous. Yet still on, rejoiced,
The embattled legions of the Apostate moved.
When storms move up the mountain-side, tho' check'd
By many a sturdy, wrestling oak, the winds,
Triumphant in prevailing might, still on
Sweep restlessly, till stopped by grander power.
Then pain (as some have ventured to surmise,)

Then pain was known in Paradise, but soon
In her sweet balms forgotten; while the wound,
Fashioned anew by Nature's motions bland,
Soon yielded its defacements to the grace
Of her original beauty. The fell strife
Lasted not long with this disastrous phase;
For while with air of triumph Satan saw
The gorgeous city almost made his prize,
Afar in the glimmering haze appeared to shine
Some host with burnished arms. Elysium saw
Throughout her trembling plains that omen fair,
And uttered her thanksgivings. Soon the hum
Of myriad wings had greeted every ear
Had not the din of conflict clattered loud.
Amazement filled each eye, beholding how
Throned upon mighty cherubim and girt
With the tokens of a King and God, the form
(If form it might be called that spirit seem'd,)
Of David's promised Son, Messiah, shone.
Murm'rings of wonder, love and grateful joy
Ran thro' th' Elysian hosts: As when at night
A ship, long racked by gusts, by furious waves
Assaulted, dismal groans compelling oft,
At length, in unexpected moment meets the gleams
Of a well-known light-house and lit harbor-shores
Piercing the scudding spray and mists;
And all in transport shout;—so joyed the throng
Who on that advent gazed; or, as a band
Of souls contemplative who 've sought the shade
Of some deep cavern, lost amid its gloom,

Beset by horrors thick, black mists and rush
Of wild, meandering torrents, grisly ghosts
Shaking their glaring serpent-locks, and hell-born beasts
Howling with hideous din, leap up with joy
Unspeakable to find again, by chance
The cavern's sunny and unhaunted mouth ;
So at this fortune glorious joyed the hosts
Of Paradise, by horrors dire besieged.
As He drew near, the bells their chimes
(For such sweet sounds Sabbathic there are known,)
The bells their chimes pealed loud and glad.
Not riding now as erst upon his car
With wheels thick lightnings flashing far around
Came now the Prince of peace ; but throng'd about
With shining seraphim and angel choirs
Melodiously chanting of his life
And ignominious but momentous death.
Upon his vesture and upon his thigh
A name was written " King of kings and Lord
Of lords." Then joined his angels in the clash
Of war, upon Elysium's verge. The infernal ranks
Were shaken by their shock, until with rage
Infuriate the Apostate sought the spot
Where Michæl's potent arm whole squadrons flung
Smitten with havoc sore down from the walls
And opal towers. He seeing drawing near
His stern, colossal foe; his eye with fire
Of fiercest desperation lit, and frowning brow
Where gathering thunders gloomed, addressed himself
For mightiest battle, and his enemy

Thus briefly counselled: "Satan, thou shouldst know
Thy might once worsted; and not rush again
Upon the everlasting rocks. Unto thy proper place
Withdraw, or taste thy folly's fruit."
So said the Archangel whose majestic form
Tho' bathed in heavenly glories bright and fair
Yet veiled most fearful might: he, like a cloud
Piled up in golden grandeur which within
Tremendous elements of power secretes; or lake
In skyey beauty drest and lovely peace
Most wontedly revealing in its face,
Yet hiding in its depths the force to sweep,
When burst its barriers, all the wooded vale
And deep-embedded rocks to chaos wild,
He, like to these, tho' beauteous, hid
Puissance terrible. The Prince of Hell,
Unterrified, advanced his haughty front:
"Why call'st thou that a 'rock' which this strong arm
Has dashed unto the ground by one fell blow
As if it were a sparrow's fluttering young?
My 'proper place' is where my conquering hosts
Have fixed my banner and a kingdom won."
So saying to the heavenly chief, he swung
At his rich, plumy helm his battle-axe
With fearful might, that, had not motion quick
Evaded, would with mischief foul have crashed
Thro' triple gold, and hurled that high prince low;
To which responding, he with mighty sword
The fiery strokes of justice wing'd: Then shrank
Appall'd both spirits blest and spirits damn'd,

Unwonted to behold such awful fray ; they long
With dreadful zeal had fought (so nobly matched,)
Had not the Son of God, tho' doubting not
The issue sure at last, to lull the fears
Of his elected, and display his power,
Flung from his fatal hand one lightning-bolt
That closed the conflict stern. The sudden peal,
Like the wild crack of doom, made all the hosts
Of Hell and Paradise to quake ; and far adown
The caverns of infernal night it roared,
Re-echoing long and loud. All, startled, saw
Gehenna's prince in lurid splendor wrapt
And sinking, stunned, confounded and undone
Into the smouldering chasm. Profoundest Hell
Shook, horror-stricken, to behold her King
Thus from the inspiring verge of victory fall'n.
His nobles, thus disheartened and sore pressed
By new, redoubled zeal, beheld their hopes
Sicken and darken ; therefore, dreading strokes
As blasting and unerring, soon in flight
They sought their safety, while their allies sped
With lawless, rout-like hurry o'er the bridge ;
Bereft of its support, it sank with sounds
Like those some earthquake (soon to burst in fire,)
To warn a careless city muttereth deep ;
While the deep mine, beneath the city's site
Depressed in its explosion and diverted thus,
Tore thro' the bowels of the smouldering deep,
Heaping ten-fold confusion on their flight
With dreadful chaos and confounding din.

Thus this invasion, by one master-stroke,
To utter, shameful overthrow was hurled:
With their proud leader overwhelmed, down sank
Their hope, ambition, courage, force; so when
The pillars of the towering edifice fell
Bowed down by Sampson's Nazarite strength Heav'n-lent,
Down sank in crimsoned wreck the peopled pile,
Burying Philistia's lords forever fall'n.

END OF BOOK FOURTH.

BOOK FIFTH.

With glorious attendance came the Prince of life:
Nor could they therefore wonder; since the sun
Often when o'er the mountain-tops he comes,
Is thronged by many an airy page, in robes,
As Hope's escutcheon, luminously fair.
Unto his swarming bands on Heaven's plains
Had Gabriel spoken: "Spirits deathless! sons
Of God and worshippers of Love! the will
Of our high monarch bids us fly to zone
With radiant band the murdered Prince of life.
Behold, upon the henceforth hallowed cross
His bodily form is stretched; but Nature owns
With shudderings her condemn'd, insulted Lord.
In the dim world of Hell, the fallen one
With all his princes and a numerous host
Assault the battlements of Paradise,
Exulting, as though Victory's seer had sworn
Predictions of their full success: but Christ,
Following the universal law, descends
To dwell awhile within the shadowy realm,
Deliverer and consoler of the chosen."
And not unwilling they; with joyous rush
They speed their monarch to attend.

The dark
And awful barriers of Hades shook
When stole Messiah's spirit on their bounds
And penetrated to their secret depths.
His followers with their heavenly lustre chased
The shadows of that clime, 'till reached the gates.
Elysium with joy received him, known afar
And welcomed with exulting melodies.
As when (the sacred image once again to seize)
The day-god o'er the Eastern hills appears,
The vales, late wrapt in chilly shadows, glow ;
And honeyed, merry voices fill the air.
Spirit of tenderness ! my soul inspire !
Immanuel 'midst his people bows his head
The kiss of love and reverence to receive.
Long waited for with eager heart, he treads
The lovely realms of Hope's bland clime. And Him
The First of men with salutations warm
Welcomed to Paradise in name of all.
And Eve with wonder, awe and love beheld
Her promised seed ; and dreamed she shining saw
New harvests of delight 'neath Heaven's smile.
Nor with less joy did all the prophets clasp
In their embrace the Treasure whom their lips
Foretold in types and in dark sayings strange ;
And hymned in new, majestic strains the Lamb
From the world's foundations slain and just consumed
Upon stern Justice' altar. He meanwhile
His mission to the unblest climes prepared.

When on the verge of Paradise, his choir,
Who moved before Messiah, saw the chasm
With sullen fire and smoke alive, up rushed
The radiant, white-robed band in air
With their celestial harps and warblings sweet
Charming the savage ear of Hell, and all
The growling, sombre elements around
Soothing to peace. As when Apollo's son
Descended to the infernal shades and lit
The gloomy eye of Dis himself with joy ;
Such mellow ravishment his father's harp
Shed thro' those gloomy shades. At Christ's approach
The prisoners of Hell would swift have fled,
Dreading his overwhelming bolts, and sought
In the dark, rocky dens of trackless shores
A refuge from his blazing scourge, had not
The tender flame of mercy's lovely bow
Spanning his regal seat allayed their fears ;
Yet spake he not of pardon or of hope.
Some, fancying he came to offer peace
To penitents, cried out that thought and power
Their own would work deliverance thence,
If ever from those prisons dim their souls
Should rove in boundless freedom, with high state
And happiness familiar grown. And some
Conspiracies desired to form to bind
Their heavenly guest a prisoner for aye ;
A thought as vain as rivulet's foam :
What chain can bind the subtle breath of heaven
When it goes forth ? Or who can sunbeams seal

Within the dismal caves of night when God
Bids them illuminate the world ?
His foes were taken : They, now captive led
By mystic bands, attended his fair train
That His great victory celebrated. Wrapt
In chains, the Prince of Hell himself confessed
The mighty victor's power ; tho' pride still reigned
Upon his lowering brows. And by his side,
Beelzebub and Moloch walked and gods
Far-famed in Earth and in the Orcan shades.
Nor solely these His triumph there to grace ;
But Death the shadowy king, confess'd his might,
And wailed his shaken throne and rescued spoils.
(For, in those murky climes, in deep recess,
The grisly monarch had upreared his throne.)
Thence sped his arrowed angels unto Earth,
Charged with the doom of men. O'er all below
He claimed dominion. 'Round his sombre throne
The phantom's ministers in honor stood.*
There War, in glistening armor, frowned, and gained
A place at his right hand ; and Bacchus claimed
A near, exalted seat, wlth ivy wreathed
And vine-leaves wrought in gold. There, too,
Licentiousness with flushing cheek and brow
Radiant with jewels matched 'gainst sparkling eyes
Illustrious favor won. But Fashion (shape
In gorgeous decorations draped) preferr'd her claims :
" I know," she cried " O Sovereign, that my power

* *Vide* Porteus' court of Death which Peale illustrated on canvas.

As yet can claim no conquests dire as Mars':
But in prophetic glass the proof I read
Of my wide, strong dominion. With choice lies
I will hereafter ply the mortal ear.
Beauty shall then no longer seem enshrined
In matchless outlines, or in forms
Praxitiles and Phidias sculptured: crushed
In close, ridiculous prison, lungs and heart
In woman's breast shall labor, while disease
Gains deep and potent empire o'er life's seats,
Feeding the grave with premature decay.
Thus shall full many fall; and War behold
With jealous eye my triumphs, while my seat
Built up of skulls and bones I mantle o'er
With crimsoned, gorgeous draperies deeply dyed
In th' crushed hearts of youth and loveliness." *
To her the spectre with approving smile:
"O lovely spirit of the light! I know
Thy loyalty unto my crown. Tho' Mars
And rosy Bacchus with full sacrifice
Their ministry perform; yet scarcely they
Shall higher honors in my court receive,
Above the dignity of Gluttony
And yawning Indolence preferred." Thus, near,
In palace dim but glimmering with the spoils
And treasures of lost cities swallowed quick
Into Earth's dismal depths, and with the gems
Lost in the ocean by a thousand wrecks,

* Bp. Porteus does not, as I am aware of, introduce Fashion into his court of Death.

The ministers of the sable phantom dwelt.
And him, tho' loth to yield, Messiah's bands
Brought captive to His train: in time, to writhe
By his own arrows pierced; his prisoners freed
And all his spoils disgorged, himself shall feed
His vast, devouring craving and become his tomb.
When this triumphant host Hell's verge had reach'd,
A marvel opened on all eyes; a bridge
Magnificent in size and form; in rich design,
Like arch and monument of victory,
Spann'd the dread chasm. Living cherubs smiled
From arcs above their heads; and shower'd flowers
Redolent of the sweets of Heaven; and waved
Long, glittering streamers, with the symbols wrought
Of Christ's salvation and triumphant power.

The First of men the Conqueror received
With due congratulations: "Heavenly Prince,
Messiah; Son, (yet Lord!) I breathe for all
Devoutest homage and extatic praise.
Thou hast our goldenest hope fulfilled and given
To Earth the pledge of her deliverance glad,
Thyself the star prophetic of her day
When Peace and Righteousness shall kiss; and deep
Eternally from sight, like serpents chased,
Shall all the forms of Error wind away.
Th' infuriate hordes of Hell thy power confess;
And thy dread presence stills the rush
Of her chaotic elements, to silence soothed.
The crown rekindles on the brow of Hope

Who fills again her rose-y' cinctured seat
And sheds her genial glories o'er our realm.
But thou hast won a nobler victory. Our eyes,
O sight delightful! see a rescued throng
Else mourned as ever lost, ourselves and friends
Who wandered with us thro' like scenes on Earth,
'Neath the same vineyards pressed the luscious grape,
And in the same, still, solemn forests wing'd
The feathered messengers of death.
To them and us Thou art a glorious Sun,
The very gate to heaven and happiness
Whereat Love beckoning stands and points to climes
Where light and immortality pervade
The mansions of delight. And there our God
Will greet His children with a father's warmth,
And thro' the blood-stained portals of rich grace
By thy fresh smoking sacrifice their souls
To everlasting joy will welcome."

These,
Or words not much unlike, did Adam breathe
In welcome and in honor to the King.
Elysium's people meanwhile rushed to greet
The mighty Savior and his glorious guard.
His presence and His promise raptured joy.
Then mothers clasped their children to their arms,
And with ten thousand kisses blest their lips;
And children sires with melting pathos clasp'd.
The lover, too, smiled on his earthly love,
And with assurance full beheld her now

Washed from all stain " like stars from out the deep " ;
Tho' Hymênæus torch no beam so far
Cast from his earthly shrine, yet fondly there
The lovers from our distant orb renewed
Their former kindnesses and blent their joy
As perfumes mingle o'er the flowery beds.
Congratulations o'er, Messiah told
The history of his human life, his truths,
His griefs, his wrongs, his death : before their eyes
He pictured Israel's sanguinary doom ; and long
And wide captivity, wherein with hot
And vexed impatience they, like fish ensnared,
Would toss with many a struggle. In clear light
He set before them his new star, whose beams
Would ruin dart, like lightning, wheresoe'er
The monstrous shapes of superstition rose,
Tho' guarded by the strength of giant states.
Satan behind th' imposing show divine
Of mythologic lore and heathenish pomp
Would lend his cunningest arts, and blow with rage
Demoniac influence ; hence unpitying fires
Enkindled by his breath, the heart would prove
Of a cloud of followers and their zeal refine.
But zeal at length would flag ; and purity,
Like summer's azure stained with murky fogs,
Be clouded by gross frauds and errors dark
'Till, (after partial restoration,) God
Should topple down into one red abyss
The leaders of corruption, and defile
Their gorgeous strongholds with black ruin's scars.

Meanwhile His Israel He would recollect,
Restoring glory's early seat and realm;
But to His slumbering children and the few
Remaining on the earth immortal forms,
By quick, mysterious change would give;
So they, 'neath triumph's canopy enthroned,
Might smile at Death and Time for evermore,
And walk in bowers of happiness divine.
Thus He set forth prophetic the career
Of his blest truth and power; whereat they joyed;
As one who sailing in his globy ship
Thro' chill, ærial oceans, long bemazed
'Mid clouds, at length discerns with joy the light
Of sunny skies and cities sparkling and the meads
Waving in flowery loveliness. Nor least in joy
The sires of ancient wisdom, at whose feet,
In classic groves, or in far Orient bowers,
Delighted followers listened; as in night
Lengthened and sunless of the poles, the stars
And twilight lingerings of the once shower'd blaze
Are duly prized until the sun appear:
So they unto their glorious teachers turned
With reverence and delight; and these redeemed;
By love divine from the dark thresholds snatch'd
Of Hell's grim prisons and the caves of Night,
Extolled his matchless name. Like sages true,
With no disdainful, self-sufficient mien
Turned from the golden lips Divine, but sat
Drinking immortal thoughts at that blest fount,
With all-eclipsing happiness.

And then in silvery majesty arose
A seer of noble worth, (tho' history ne'er
Hath lisped a syllable of his visions true
Declared in days of old :) " Illustrious Prince
Thy coming from afar we've watched, the scrolls
Of dark predictions searching with a gaze
Of earnest interest ; for thee we here
Have longed, as have the cold and dewy vales
Yearned for the sunny smiles of risen day,
Whereat the flowers their tearful eyes do ope,
Forth breathing incense sweet unto the light,
With lovelier colorings flushed. So joy
And hope and love have at thy presence glowed :
As longs the bride (incarnate hope and fear ;)
Soft veiled in flowing, emblematic white,
To see the bridegroom with triumphal blaze
And virgin choir approaching ; so have we
For thy appearance burned with deep desire.
Thou tellest of thy sacrifice fulfilled,
Bloody and sad, but fraught with joyful gifts ;
Thou tellest of the Spirit's deathless glow
Shed from the Father's hand and bought by Thee ;
Which in our souls with bliss exultant now
We recognise : And now we see
How type in antitype is fill'd ; how God,
Leaving so many down to sink in doubt
Awakened with surprise in Hades' shades,
Hath left the cloudy volume of the present
Unfolding with celestial splendors clear,
The prospect of eternal life to show.

Triumph and love and angel-guards thy name
Do well attest; while in those ghostly palms
And on that pale, scarr'd brow we read
The story of thy wrongs: But agony,
In holy virtue's cause endured, the gates
Of glory's palaces unbars; the blessed springs
Full swelling of the Love Divine, and power
Of tenderest eloquence into the cause
Thus seal'd inspiring. Now we see
Not ever in this twilight state doth Fate
Command our lingering, with distant glimpse
Of spotless happiness and fadeless light:
(As, in our mortal state, high truths appear'd
Beyond the reach of comprehension's wing
In marvellous brilliance guised.) Now Hope
To golden certainty matures at once
'Neath thy blest smiles; we may expect
That loftier intellect shall yet unveil
The mystery of that double nature guised
In Adam's form; and, likewise, all the strange
Machinery complex of thy providence,
In the wheeled visions of Ezekiel shown.
But lovelier prospects still our souls delight:
Before th' eternal throne we yet may bow,
Unwithered by that emblematic blaze
Now dazzling white as Justice' brow,
Now smiling with the roseate hues of love;
As our wing'd visiters in the past have told.
And we shall hear the story of thy life
In the far and hoary days of Time,

And history's voices of the eternal age,
Ere Earth was swimming in the Sun's glad light;
When Thou a glory with the Father knewest;
And of the sparkling orbs in heaven that roll
The life and chronicles we then shall see:
But we shall be more blest by far to feel
Thou dost with condescending love embrace
Redemption's blood-wash'd children, in Thy joy
Deep drinking, in Thy love immers'd, and all
In the wide folds of Thine own glory wrapt.
To Thee, O Son of God, be love and praise;
All dazzling triumph, power, be Thine for e'er!

And meantime sped afar the buzz of speech:
Thousands in earnest converse group'd, set forth
Their observation of the fray's dread scenes,
The desperate onset of their reckless foes,
Their partial, momentary triumph, their defeat;
The wounds of valiant warriors which the touch
Of leaves medicinal or the Conqueror's hand
At once to soft and blooming health restored.
The Conqueror, too, their wonder and their praise
Abundantly drew forth: His mien divine
Where earthly sorrows showed their touching lines,
Like mists from earth upon the morning's face;
His warm, benignant air and kindling tones
Telling of God's high glory, and, upon the earth,
His future conquests and the golden morn
When all His children in Death's dim domains
Would hear His voice, to a new body called;

Would soar to heaven as thick as tiniest drops
Rise in the air when summer-dawn shines forth.
The Mother of all living, with delight,
Beheld her long-expected seed; nor turned
The Prince Divine from her affectionate lips
With the pure, honey-dews of grateful love
Both filial and parental filled: "High Son
Of God most high," she said, "yet child forth sprung
From woman! in Thy presence clear we read
The pledge of all Heaven's promises, tho' strange
And vast and glorious be the dreams they prompt:
No prospect now too great or fair shall seem;
No wonder prophesied too strange and high,
Since Thou, the crown of glory, and the living heart
Of mystery Divine, hast proved below Thy truth
And kindled faith to rapturous assurance." Thus
While Eve discoursed, the penitent thief (now one
Of the blest dwellers in that spirit-world,)
Rehears'd to eager and excited groups
Christ's sorrows, prosecution, death, and all
The startling miracles which th' death-honors paid
To the Incarnate Word.

"But why," (said one
Fresh from the scenes of earth) "this fierce attack
Which the stern chivalry of Hell in vain
Urged with their flaming enginery, and rough
Heaven-daring insolence against our realm?"
To whom another: "I, as one who've flown
Through that unblest tumultuous clime, can well

Declare the cause of their hostility :
The hate of what the stamp of virtue wears ;
The envy deep of privilege ; of revenge
The thirst long cherished,—these explain th' attack."
"Revenge !" cried one, "of what ? for, surely God
His sceptre with forbearance kind hath gemm'd."
"Most true ; but justice unto such seems ground
For anger and rebellion. All have heard
How, ages since, when men had grown corrupt,
Gloating in violence, in war, and crimes
Voluptuous and the flowery way to death,—
The Almighty oped His watery reservoirs,
And afterwards poured cataracts of fire,
Stifling the scoffing sons of shame. But they,
Cast out from their frail, fleshly tenements
By such ejectment strong, in rage long chafed,
Dreaming and vain essaying vengeful plots."
To him the other then replied: "It seems
That this assault was prompted by old fires
Long rankling in the soul, in part restrained,—
At length with fury of volcanic force
Spitefully rising. Canst thou picture forth
Those dread events by Heaven's high justice marked ?"
"Surely I need not tell that vice then ruled
Th' inhabited world. And you must know
The Protean then, as e'er, assumed
Every attractive and exciting shape. Pursuit
Of crimsoned glory's glittering bubbles, gold,
Authority and pleasure witching men ;
But not sweet virtue or ennobling truth.

Her mossy bowers were decked with roses gay
By Pleasure, goddess of their ardent rites,
With constant sacrifice invoked. The Moon,
When thro' her shining troop she floated, seemed
To their forgetful minds the Queen of Heaven,
A bright Divinity in silvery robes.
Thus wickedly oblivious of their God,
They kissed to her the hand and breathed aloud
Their adorations towards her azure fane.
The Sun, too, when amid the fields of day
He marched and shot his sparkling shafts afar,
Dealing the gifts of plenty, health and death,
Seemed a puissant god; of marble shrines
Inlaid with golden beauty and of lambs
And fruits and every fatness worthy. Thus
Provoked they by their deeds the God of heaven.
The incense-cloud which in their temples soared
Honored with its rich smoke no powers divine;
But fallen spirits claimed their guilty rites.
Wrath on the brow of Heaven in darkness sat,
Which now frowned on them with terrific gloom.
The rising Ark was a prophetic shape;
But this in unbelief's insanity they scorned;
Till the dark threats of justice were matured
In fury of resistless floods. The Prince
Of darkness gloried in the chaos wild:
Himself the violent course of passions urged,
(The ominous precursors of the floods
And fitting types of their destructive rush.)
What wonder that he triumphed in the wreck

When the rude, boist'rous waves dash'd 'midst the shrine
Glittering with precious things of Art, where drank
Laughing and bright-eyed beauty Pleasure's cup
Sweet with forbidden joys. The palace proud,
Where the wreath'd conqueror warmly wooed delight,
Sank in the deep, o'erwhelming wave like snow
Sliding from icy crags into swift tides
Tossing and warm in channels far below.

Messiah with the sires of honor'd name
In deep and shadowy recess held commune.
Meanwhile as Time on downy wings bore off
The happy hours, in converse of the past
They still engaged. And some, who later sought
Those ghostly shades, enquiries urged on those
Who in antiquity's most hoary scenes
A part had known: Then when from various lips
They'd gathered many an incident that waked
Absorbing interest, there stood forth one,
An angel visitant; and thus he spake:
While hovering o'er Hades dark, I heard
The story of a life; and this will show
The face that world which we call 'Earth' then wore,
When he who told it lived. You know, he said,
How from his innocence our father fell,
And misery sowed for all. You've heard
How from th' embowered and sunny bliss, the flame
Of swords cherubic severed him: how flowed
The taint of his fall'n nature to his race;
Corruption's poisonous leaven o'er the world

Was spread, you all have seen; and death on all
License received to prey: and aches and ills
Of various venom made man's frame their own
In that unhappy age when Noah showed
His luminous example, 'twas my lot
To know the pulses of our mortal life.
Where lived within a city's walls a man
Whose head was silvery, and about whose name
The precious honors that great virtues give
Were clustering thick. His beauteous wife could claim
Not more of beauty than of praise. In times
When e'en the matrimonial covenant seemed
The confirmation signed of full contempt
Of virtuous precepts honorless before,
She walked the pattern of a blameless life,
With sinless day-dreams: Hence was wooed afar.
One day, he gathered all his stores; and noon
Their brief and moving shadows cast on paths
Which from the city led. He sought a home
Far in the lonely forest wilds, where sounds
Of popular turmoil, jests profane and lewd,
The ever-brawling torrent of rude words
Might ne'er upon the pleasant air of home
Burst in with ruffian freedom. Just at eve,
When by a rocky verge they moved and charmed
The purple hour of day's decline with hymns
Of praise and gratitude to God; with yells
And flash of straight swords drawn, a robber-band
From the dense thickets rushed. (E'en judges winked
At such atrocities, intent to share

The plunders of their violence. And these
Their informations gathered from the hands
Of highest officers.) The eldest Son
Sprang towards the robber-band with noble zeal.
At first they scorned the youth: but when he struck
With weapon rude their chief, they reckless hurl'd
Th' unhappy boy adown the cliff! Then shrieked
With wildest agony his mother fond:
The vultures flew with eager haste to glut
On his torn flesh their hunger. Then the thieves,
Binding the old man to a tree, essayed
Their skill in archery; 'till pierced, he groaned
And breathed his soul on waiting seraph's breasts.
O Horror! to his consort, 'twas thy hour,—
With thy most maddening anguish fraught!
Down sank in dizzy, blinding swoon the wife,
O'erpowered with poison dregs of woe's dark draught;
Her reason shrouded in the stormy cloud
Of stern afflictions. And, perchance, she ne'er
Awoke from her dim swoon to know again
Herself bereaved of husband and of son,
Her children vagrants in the perilous wild,
And she a prisoner in the rock-bound night.
Gathering my father's stores, they dragged away
To subterranean caves my mother loved;
And drove us from them with unpitying hand.
We wandered long amid that forest vast,
Where we had buried our reveréd sire,
With childish hands his shallow grave,
Having with many sobbings dug. On roots

And berries we subsisted : but soon pined
My youngest brother ; and with piteous cries
He mourned the mother whom we sought in vain.
His sufferings soon were stifled ; for, the boa
Seized him constricted in his fatal folds,
Springing from heights unnoticed : who can stop
The crushing wheels of fate ? One stormy night
The tiger snatched the other from my side,
And to his bone-strewn den with menacing growl
Bore him with rapid strides. I sank as dead ;
All strength forsook me ; and I wept 'till sleep
Soothed me with visions of his company.
Next morn, while birds were singing, I awoke,
And called, ' come, brother, rise, I know where figs
Are ripe enough to drop ; and where wild grapes
Make the young sycamores where they hang to bend
Almost unto the earth ; I know where quails
May by our cunning noose of hair be snared,
Rapidly running 'twixt the grassy tufts.'
But none gave answer : then I sought a trace
Of him I mourned ; the forest grass was flecked
With crimson spots : the memory dire awoke
With woful vividness : I walked forth alone !
But this heart-sickness fainter grew in time :
The forest life increased my vigor : swift
From my rude, withe-strung bow, the arrow sped :
The ring-dove often fluttered at my feet ;
And e'en the wild goat, when my bow-string whirred,
Fell on his breezy precipice. One day
I found and visited the spot where sank

From love's appalléd sight the first-born son
My mother in her bosom couched ; and there
Among the rocks, his bones I found, all white
By the blaze of many summers. There I vowed,
(While my dark eye drank yet a fiercer fire,
Gazing into the sky, in splendor drest,)
That I would yet a vengeance know. I heaped
The earth about him, and sweet wild-flower roots
Pressed in the mellow mould, that, thro' all time,
Their perfume 'round his grave they might exhale,
As gentle sighs and grateful memories haunt
The name and vision of the one we 've loved.
A hunter found me in the woods, and made
His distant hut my prison. There I toiled
In drudgery abhorred for years. At length
I sought excitement and my cares where sounds
The hum within the city's walls. I nursed
The early, hot-flush'd dream of vengeance fierce :
My stealthy questionings I pressed ; I found
That knowledge for the which so long I burned !
In deadly feud, one of those robbers fell :
A giant, mouldering tree, when winds were wild,
Fell by the highway, rending four with wounds
Fatal at once to two ; and to the rest,
Ere many suns had set. Their chieftain, moved
With sudden weariness of brigand-life, or new
Contempt of such loathed outrage, came to spend
Life's strong-nerved prime within our city's pale.
Excitement in more honorable schemes
With villany still, tho' secretly impressed

He now pursued. I vowed again my vow:
But had I left my vengeance unto God
Whose providence and judgment-throne dispense
Immaculate equity, nor rashly seized,
With sacrilegious hand, the hallowed rule
Which Justice holds, then still might all
E'en to this moment, have been well. But no!
There yet breathed one whose hated arrow drank
The life-blood of my venerated sire;
At whose command adown the jagged cliffs,
The eldest of my mother loved was hurled;
And who had such loath'd violation shared
As made my blood to boil as with Hell's fires.
But I was changed; he knew me not.
One Eve, as sank to rest the blushing Sun
With hurried steps, excited, I passed thro'
The quiet, shadowy streets. Upon the boughs
The Western radiance lingered, and there blent
With gleams of burning lamps within the halls;
(As glows of earthly love with heavenly joined.)
I entered; 'twas his bridal night; the scene
Betokened high festivity. His slaves,
In crimson drest, with silvered sashes girt,
Richly embroidered with gold-thread and blue,
Held high the torches shedding pérfumed smoke.
The white-haired priest, in robes of brilliant work
Chanted a bridal hymn and praised the gods.
The virgins clad in white their smiles exchanged,
With envy gazing on the happy fair.
I forward rushed: "Villain!" I cried, "thou diest!

My brother, down the cliff, thy hand did hurl;
Thy dagger pierced my venerated Sire;
Thy base atrocities my mother's heart
Wrung with fresh agonies, 'till, doubtless, death
Released her spirit from your robber-den,
As the bright spark, beneath the crushing wheel
From rocky bondage freed. Out on thee, knave!
Long years have passed; but vengeance now confronts
Thy basest mind with memories of those hours,
And bids thee give thy latest glance on earth.
Nay! shrink not! thou art mine! down! down!
And gasp thy fiendish soul away." Some rush'd,
When passed of their surprise the early shock,
To seize my hand ere from my robe it drew
The dagger which I plunged e'en to its hilt
In the base ruffian's heart. The beauteous bride,
Swooning in deadly pallor, was borne off
By wild and weeping friends who wailed aloud.
(It was as tho' some rose in opening bloom,
Flushed as with passion's glow, and climbing high
On a dead aspen, were by sudden blast,
Flung prostrate, with its worthless prop to earth.)
Some drew their swords in heat and would have made
The walls to ring again with female shrieks,
And images of the gods to frown anew
At sight of yet another crimsoned scene:
But some the deep heart of the fallen knew,
And their swords flashed between. To dungeons dim
They hurried me away; and there I pined
Till artifice, one happy night, reöped

A boundless range. In distant cities now
I mingled with the multitude, and saw
How sin's fair, poisonous apples riper grew;
And the luminous corruption, how it gained.
But God decreed destruction. Noah was chosen
To fill again the earth: As sunbeams rest
In fairest brightness, lovingly and long,
On the pure, heaven-kissing mounts, and glow
In richer glory at Eve's hours,—so dwelt
God's love and blessing on his virtuous head
Towering in moral worth; smiles, beaming oft
Brighter at life's last hours. I saw the ark
Destined to save him, gain from year to year,
A warning to the world. It came at length,
That awful day of wrath! What cloudy gloom
Mantled the skies! what moans, what sighs,
When in the streets the foaming torrents raged,
And human habitations sped away,
As leaves upon the blast! I sought the hills;
Thither full many fled. The land, I think,
Subsided, and the ocean rushed thro' caves
Beneath the ground, and rose upon the world!
We saw the ark afar, the abode of peace,
Floating upon the watery waste, (like a heart
Tranquil and peaceful, thro' its holy glows,
'Mid surging passions' strife without.) Fierce beasts
Upon the hill-sides gathered, waged wild war
Against the weak and fainting. I escaped
'Till one sad eve, a hungry lion spied
My hiding-place beneath an ample thorn.

Stern horrors! what a moment that! With roar
That would have made the boldest tremble, swift
He sprang upon my breast! I, frantic, screamed:
I felt his ravenous teeth meet in my throat;
And all things swam around me; earth I knew
No more; these sombre scenes oped wide
Upon my spirit's view!" "'Tis thus we reap"
The listener replied, in words like these,
"The miseries of sin; 'tis thus she spits
Her venom o'er the flowers of bliss; they fade;
They bloom no more; abhorréd blots." "Most true;"
Answered the other; "but tho' bliss is merged
In deep, deep gloom, yet there remains the hope
Of vengeance for the wrongs we 've known. The vow
I made long since, swearing by Heaven's great throne,
I here renew with fervor. Thou, deep Hell,
If fury can a new and mightier power
Pour thro' my spiritual frame, shalt witness scenes
With agonies of maddening fierceness rife,
And to the frowning genius of revenge
Made sacred! They who heaped on us those wrongs,
Their cup of sorrow o'er again shall drink;
Poison with bitterness shall mix, and 'mid the cloud
The blasting fires of vengeful hate they'll meet."
"Thus heard I, as o'er Hades dark, I strayed;
Most melancholy and forsaken clime! where smiles,
(The pleasant morning of expression's day,)
And love, the sunny angel on whose rosy wings
Heaven breathed such grateful secnt
That she might make delectable the air

Where'er she lingered,—smiles and love, I say,
Seemed there to be unknown." Then patriarch Noah
Allusion made to scenes like those just sketched,
Confirmed the unflattering story History told
Of that corrupted day: When Lot (now joined
Unto their company) thus spake: "I, too,
A tale of lust and insolence could tell,—
Of turbid violence which vexed my soul,
And struck the sinless eyes of Heaven with grief;
Such gluttony and pride and grosser sins
Did everywhere abound, that God in wrath
Bade Justice ope her reservoirs of fire
And cauterize the rotting wounds Earth bore.
I saw the flashing torrents rush from Heaven;
I heard the dismal shrieks the doomed gave;
I saw the awful, night-black smoke blot out
The brightness of the day when morning rose."

To him, response was given by Lida venturing
In words like these: "You have indeed beheld
One of the scenes most fearful Earth e'er knew.
Thus vice tho' fair with dark-hued wo must wed,
Sooner or later; wise decree of Heaven!
These direst warnings with benignant power
Upon the eyes of erring men long gloom,
And motion to the paths of right and peace.
The deeds of heavenly justice, like thick clouds,
Tho' dark as the avenging angels' wings
To eyes which men do see with, yet are bright,—
Bright with a brightness higher than our glance,

While darkly veiled,—inspired with wholesome power,
And kindliest meanings as with justice stern : *
Or they may be compared to caverns deep
Where treasures rich, and clear, sweet fountains flash ;
But gloomy are they, dismal to the eye
Of him who passes by the entrance grim.
" 'Tis true," responded one, with angel form,
" E'en Sodom's ruin, as a flaming torch
Held in the hand of some good angel, warns
With kindly meanings as with stern, mankind."
" Ah ! I could tell a tale of horror " (spake
The angel who stood by the group,) " of scenes
Within the gates of Sodom. When the first,
The strange and fearful roar of kindling skies
Fell on the ear of Pleasure in her halls,
What trepidations chased their gaieties !
Dropt from her hand the timbrel and the lyre,
And on her cheek the sunshine faded back
To twilight grey of fear and woe.

Then oaths
Insulted Heaven ; and wild shrieks and moans
Were heard on every side. Some sought to drown
In purple seas of wine their wo, and died
Snatching at pleasure with a desperate grasp,
As mariners upon the sinking deck. †
But down the fiery tempest rushed, and seared
All germs of life in that death-dooméd plain !

* I have met with a similar image in Richter.

† " With draughts inebriate on the sinking deck."—Byron.

But that dread homily on the end of sin
Men will not listen to: the race of crime
Is still with reckless feet of myriads thronged:
Tho' born with gift of heavenly light, like stars,
Men love the darkness, wandering in the night."
When these had spoken, others, (ancients) drew
A graphic picture of their time, and traced
The course and spread of sin's pernicious stream,
Marking along its way the mournful wrecks
Wherewith its torrents strewed the sterile shores;
Till at the day of Christ they left the theme.

Meanwhile, amid those bowers, the Son of God
Tarried awhile; soon from his presence flowed
O'er all rich happiness; his words the scent
Bore to their hearts of Heaven's sweet, soothing balm.
Now, in the sombre courts of death there stole
Some gleams of morning from the forehead cast
Of God's resistless Son; the fearful chill
At once was softened, and fair flowers sprang
And twined the gloomy marbles of his porch;
And as their blossoms wooed the blesséd light,
Their seeming disarray these words portrayed
"There's stainless bliss in Heaven for evermore."

Then with the swelling voice of song, whose joy
Was mixed with soft regrets, (hast thou not seen
Smiling with dreams of wedlock, yet with tears
Bathing in crystal tides her dark-blue orbs,
A maid lamenting the sad partings nigh?)—

Then with the voice of song the Son of God
Arose, the garden of Gethsemane
In haste to seek; His form to reassume;
That darkened temple with eternal day
To light, and cheer His drooping followers;
And thence, (the high commission given,) to win
With seraph-guarded flight the golden gates
Of Heaven's imperishable towers: There soon
The mystic fires to pour on saintly lips;
To soothe His loved ones with a joy divine,
To flood the faithful bosom with His peace,
And guide with providential rule His ark,
The holy church, thro' life's tempestuous seas,
To His broad haven of triumphant rest.

Ere His departure, of His ancients some,
Arising, their illustrious guest addressed:
And, first, the patriarch Noah an audience claimed.

O first-born Son of triumph; Thou who wear'st
The wreaths not only of victorious deeds
Achieved o'er mystic and immortal foes
Clad in organic forms; but o'er those powers
That scorn all shafts and chains, the passions strong
Which hold tumultuous sway within the heart.
Hail, Thou whom Love's serene, resplendent heaven
Acknowledges its leading star, to Thee
We look as unto glory's Prince: Thy *care*,
An ark of grateful safety 'mid all storms;
Thy *power* shall shake the fastnesses where vice,

Her gloomy systems and her fatal powers
Have long been reigning, as the mighty seas
Shook and o'erthrew the barriers of Earth,
And the world's pomp and pride in wrath's dread day.
Thou to the haven blest of endless rest
Thy followers shalt guide: and there, at length,
No *shadow* of a trembling hope, but glad
And stainless confidence, like a radiant dove,
Shall visit us, (life's turbid waters passed,)
With the green olive of immortal peace.

Then Adam interposing, with grave voice
The Son of God addressed: Illustrious Son,
The first-begotten of the Great Supreme,
That with th' indwelling splendors of thine ancient life.
Hath dignified the form and mind of man,
Wherein Thou veiledst it, and hath the estate
Of future life, heaven's loveliness, revealed
By shadowy type, (as in Thy bland, meek mien
Thy heaven-born excellence was imaged forth
Among the sons of men),—to Thee I breathe
A father's blessing and a child's warm prayers
Thou dost the sad decays of sin repair,
And givest the golden fruitage of life's tree,
Wide opening lovelier climes than Eden knew,
Where Satan never in delusive guise
Shall charm the listening ear with specious lies;
Unto Thy majesty and righteousness
The honor due we freely, fully give.
May Heaven her portals with triumphant swell

Of praise and music ope, at Thy return ;
And her immortal flowers (if such there bloom,)
Thy brows with crowns of fragrant beauty wreathe ;
With glory's pomps in rich profusion showered !
Stars of unquenching fires, (emblems of souls
By Thee redeemed and saved,) shine forth and gem
Thy diadem of honor ! The full, thick waves
Of love's eternal sea, from every clime,—
Upon Thy bosom and Thy throne of power
May they forever flow, the offering meet
Of those by Thine atoning favor freed !

To them the Son of God gave answer fit
With love's sweet tones,—adding His blessing rich.
Then of His Father's house, its mansions vast,
And of th' eternal founts of life and joy,
He briefly spoke ; and breathing full on all
His holy influence, He cleaved the skies,
Soon lost amid the golden mists of heaven :
So from the soft and mellow East, the Sun,
Soaring on high, 'mid seas of wavy clouds,
Cuts, on his heavenly voyage, his sparkling way,
'Till, to the sight, his glorious form is lost,
Amid the glowing vaporous volumes veiled.
Meanwhile the listeners heard afar the song
Dying with sweet refrains, which angel-bands,
Messiah's guard, breathed as their fond farewell
To those bland climes of hope they left, where Joy
Her soft reflections and fair promise gives.

And then upon the distant sky there rose
Of dense and gloomy clouds an army grand,
Is it, asked some, a portent of the day,
Now near at hand, of judgment unto all ?
Or veils Heaven's King His smile in sombre frowns ?
Or, hath the vanquished Prince of Hell afresh
With numerous hosts, in cloud-like ambush hid,
By war's tempestuous genius roused again,
Forsaken his dark coverts to attempt
Beauty's delicious climes and a new crown
With costly triumphs lit ?

A starry host,
Like night's far company, arose and soared
Up towards a Sun that o'er those clouds shone forth :
But they, tho' fainter grown, evanished not
Before His burning eye. With tremulous flash,
Some hurried towards His court, arising swift
From their dark graves amid the typic clouds:
And *some* in aspect bland and calm soared up
To meet their Prince, with equal swiftness borne.
These orbs of light, heaven-lit and pure, *first* rose
From out their sable shrouds ; and, in the fields
Made glorious by His presence, they began
The triumphs of their everlasting day ;
Uttering such music as made Hades list
With joy as great as wonder ; but anon
The orbs of tremulous flash, of gross, dull light
(Which burned like earthly flames 'neath His dread eye,)
Around the monarch gathered, and were nigh

Annihilated by His glance. Swift fires,
As lightnings of indignant zeal, down leapt
Upon those trembling spheres: they sank! down, *down*,
Amid the black and awful clouds, they sank,
Entombed in bottomless pits, 'mid smoke and night
And the deep, baleful shades the Prince of Hell
Cast from his sombre wings when lurid flames
Revealed him darkly on his night-girt throne.

And soon our common mother thus addressed
The father of our race: "How strange is life!
And with what dignity by mercy crowned,
By many a deed divine! Our eyes have seen
The eternal Son of God: the vivid proof
Hath visited our sight that He hath dwelt
In our own flesh; an orb of light serene
Deigning to fire a dull and murky sky;
Or spirit dowered with peerless dignity
Hallowing a temple ruined and defiled.
To us His voice, rising with mercy's tides,
Hath breathed sweet consolations, true in love
As e'er was cloudless summer-noon in light.
The day-spring from on high is ours; the star
Which o'er the humble shades of Bethlehem burned,
Hath lit our rosy twilight. Angel-smiles
And spirit visitations from the sphere
Are honors less than these. O would that I
Beside His infant slumbers could have stood;
Have heard His earliest prattlings tell of heaven,
Doubtless, of cherubs' wings, and incense breathed

From golden censers, (type of holy prayers,)
Wafted aloft to God!"

And then our sire
In words like these replied: Ah! yes; but would
That we His *manhood's* course on earth had seen,
The mien divine, majestical and sad,
And marked with yearnings of celestial love!
What joy His winning teachings to have heard!
And to have seen (what privilege supreme!)
His miracles, (benificence and truth
Transformed to power!) Of what sad interest
The prophecy of Calvary's scene to have drank,
So eloquent with bland, consoling peace
Beyond death's ravages. Jerusalem!
Henceforth thy sacred dust shall breathe
With a more tender, sweet and holy charm;
A nobler glory o'er thy fane shall float
Than when in morning's cloudless flood thy roof
Dazzles with golden blaze. The leafy spot
Where He with sanguine tears implored, shall men,
The pilgrims to its groves, with sacred awe
And blesséd meditation greet; and tho' superb
And widest domination from Judea
The beauty of its royal state reveal,
Yet holy hearts, with gratitude suffused,
Shall in the twilight vision of a cross
Its noble burden lifting 'gainst the sky,
Beyond the walls of David's city old,
Discern an image lovelier and more grand.

And now the cross shall be the symbol great
And sceptre of the heavenly love.

And then
Fair Eve replied: They say a worthy band
Of women who did love Him dyed their lips
To deeper crimson on His blood-stained feet,
With burning kisses pressed; and at His tomb
With spices they intend to meet. How sweet,
How doubly sweet the spices meet to embalm
God's only and self-sacrificing Son!
Only Elysium's flowers such odors breathe,
And her blest trees alone such spices yield,
And weep such fragrant gums. His body sleeps;
But death must yield his trust.

To her our Sire:
"Yes! as the Earth unto Spring's summoning voice
Must give again the flowers that lie at rest
Within her breast; no longer can death's halls
And Earth's dark bosom hold His awful form
When Heaven shall summon; as the cloud no more
Can hold its lightnings if a spear of steel
Pierces the vapour's depths, nor when, storm-swept,
The mountain with its streams and soaring pines
Drains it of all its dread and blasting fires."
"Yes! sooner could the heart contain its smiles
When youth and beauty fondly speak and smile,
Than could the earth forbear to yield His form
When loving Heaven calls Him," answered Eve.

Then re-assuming, Adam thus discoursed:
" Yes, Death, tho' over myriad forms he still
His gloomy tyranny may hold, must soon
Confess th' Almighty's power; his chilling spell
At once dissolved, and his stern barriers burst
Which hold the mighty Son of God enthralled;
And this our own uprising grand will pledge.
When Heaven shall pour its torrent of bright forms,
Messiah and His angels, down to Earth, then all
Who in His blesséd heart are shrined, shall rise
Embodied in etherial frames; as glittering mists
Spring up to meet the heaven-dyed stream that pours,
By mercy's bow o'erarched, down towards the cold
And gloomy depths below.

Thou, highest Heaven,
In spiritual brightness throned upon that star
'Round which the universe revolves, * ope wide
Thy everlasting gates! receive thy King!
He rises! on His brow, the gloom of woe,
All mortal pallors and the shades of death,
Are scattered by the triumph of that life
And majesty which His obedience wins. †
His throne will be the quenchless Sun of love
That pours its gentle beams upon all hearts
Which His commands fulfill: And while they fall,
Love's spirit-flowers will fuller perfume shed,

* A modern Astronomer has observed a revolution of the systems around a point at or near Aldebaran.

† Is. 53, 12.

Hope's heaven-ward vine climb higher up the cross,
And virtue's principles take mightier root,
And 'gainst temptation's strong tho' subtle powers
Rear up a nobler stength.'

Then Eve the theme
Assuming, thus replied: Ah yes! how true!
And what diviner joy those beams instill!
Yea, not alone from hope, or love, or joy
Flows that subdued but delicate bliss,
(The spirit of a joy,) which now we feel
Flooding th' etherial frame! Did friendship e'er,
Or love, or genius in its rapturous glow,
Or the thoughtful hours of science yield
Pleasure so pure and sweet? To earth's best bliss,
The happiness *its* purest founts dispense,)
The joys the Spirit and its fruits exhale,
Are as that Spirit to the fontal stream;
The pure and quenchless starlight to the glow
Flickering and gross of a terrestrial fire;—
Or incense of Elysium's deathless flowers
Unto Earth's common atmosphere.

"Yea, true!
Bless God, belov'd," (our Sire replied,) "this peace
An earnest is of joy divine; a proof
That Christ's atonement is received." Then spoke
A sweet and earnest being, who, on earth,
Had borne the name of Lida: "I have known
A life, in th' twilight of our mortal state

As rich in happiness, perchance, as e'er
To human lot was given. Amid His bowers,
Where the soft wind from honey-suckles, pinks
And from sweet roses wild took airy tribute,—
The bowers of Love,—from His impassioned lips
I've drank, in the kindling hours of youth's fond prime,
His mellowest raptures; heard His tenderest words,
The sunniest charm of sentiment; and images,
Forged and refined by His own glowing fire,
Their soft, etherial fascinations lent.
The calmer flow of matrimonial bliss,
This has been mine; and friendship's golden bands,
I've felt their tender thralls so sweetly clasp
The heart in bondage; but I ne'er have known
A joy inspired with such a delicate zest,
The soul of happiness, from every stain
Washed in the dews of Love's elysian vales.
Who now can question it? more richly now
Our gratitude is due to God most high:
Let angels in their wings waft up to heaven
The odors of thanksgivings fonder still.
But will these blessings, His atoning love,
And the high benefaction of His grace,
(A pure reviving air unto the soul
Sin sick and sinking unto endless death),
The hearts of men persuade to gratitude?
To her replied the Patriarch: Yes; a few
Will yield the souls to these: but many bound
In the engrossing worship of themselves,
Will turn from God and things divine, to stain

The fair * complexion of the soul to deep
And lamentable ugliness: Christ's death
Some will bereave of sacrificial worth,
Ignoring all its high, atoning power;
Its blood, with them, the sign of martyrdom,
But not of justice and redeeming love;
Himself esteemed as only man.

To him
Sweet Lida answered: Shocking thought! that they
Their Lord and Savior thus should contradict
And proudly scorn His blessings. But our Lord
Is truly man; and as all true it is
That He the only Son, from heaven came down,
So is it, that, in humble cottage of our frame,
The glorious Prince resides. What tender ties;
What surety of sympathy; what bland
And dear embodiment of Deity,
Of e'en the Father dwelling in the Son,
(To meet our yearnings, humbled,) now address
The hearts of men!

To her, from distant spheres,
A spirit pure replied: O true; and now
And ever more, O children of the Earth,
Bow not to things of silver, gold, or stone;
Nor unto airy fancies give the form
Of human majesty and grace, t' enshrine

* 'Fair,' as free by nature, *of course*, from guilt; but not as free from depravity disposing to sinful passion and indulgence.

'Mid blazonry of pomp divine those shapes;
The blinding glory of divinity
Seeking with vain, preposterous attempt
To veil in those unterrifying dreams
Or sculptures wearing man's familiar mien.
Behold, the Son of God, Himself, appears
Enrobed in human flesh, assuming, too,
In union with His own, the human mind,
Glorious but unforbidding! as tho' light
From morning's fresh, melodious skies
Were blending with some taper's watchful ray
And softly stealing thro' the curtain's veil
To cheer some invalid's eye. And do you shrink
From His most holy mien? behold, He smiles!
His human voice with tenderest accents lowers:
"If any thirst, come to the founts of life;
Ye weary souls, to man's deliverer come!
Those fountains spring to everlasting life;
That peace and freedom Earth can never give."
Then Adam thus again gave voice to thought:
Those founts of life man surely will pollute:
Too vile is he to keep unstained a gift:
Disdaining, oft, those streams himself to drink,
He 'fouls them with his feet.' The Virgin pure,
The Mother of our Lord, they, (ever prone
To sad idolatry degrading), will lift up
To god-like majesty; as queen of heaven
With sumptuous rites adoring: numerous saints
Honoring with altars: and with legends false
And lying miracles corrupting truth

With incrustations villainous, the while
The earthly, dim-eyed spirit of error gains
Full many a wink and eulogy and song.
God can not cause a sun to rise and smile
With clear, beneficent splendor on the world,
But man will stain its brightness; lovely wreaths
Rich with white rose-buds and with lilies sweet
He need must trail in dust and slime and blood;
Rank poison stealthily drop in the well
With purest waters bubbling; and the page
Of blazoned volumes spoil with hideous blots.

Just at that instant, with resplendent wing,
An angel form descended; nor did wake
By his descent surprise in Paradise:
Why should the star-orbs wonder when they see
The moon among their shining guard float up?
Or Beauty marvel that beside her bowers
Where jessamines and heliotropes abound
The sweet and gentle birds should stoop to rest
In the fir-trees' grateful shade. "I come," he spake,
"From that endeared spot where slept in death
The mighty Prince who holds the keys of hell.
Thither the Father sent me, filled with power
As meteor 'mid the autumnal sky with light:
Unearthly splendor from my countenance
Glared on the wakeful guard; the rocks were rent,
As though the lightnings tore them; Nature shrank
As if in awe: in pale dismay down swooned
They who had fearless rushed with lifted mace

Where, in the crimson agonies of death,
Valor's heroic sons lay thick as hail,—
Filling the air with groans. Forth from the cave
I rolled th' enormous stone. The power of Christ
Could easily the rocky gate have burst
And scattered all the bold and sturdy band.
Rich, golden chasings edge the precious gem,
Honoring its worth, and centering the gaze
On its superior loveliness and light:
So angel-visitations, pomps and songs,
The blazonry and beauty of the skies,
Have centred honors on the Son of God,
And mark Him as Love's Messenger supreme.
So, as a tribute unto Him who shared
Man's weaknesses and his temptations thick,
(Virtue's triumphant Chief), the Father bade
This splendor His awaking to invest,
This terror to the vigilant guard; this sign
Granted in mercy to the chosen race."

"Then He is risen," said the First of men,
"And o'er the shadows and the doom of earth
He lifts His head triumphant: Now
Her fadeless palms doth Immortality
Place in the Victor's hand!

To us who grieve,
Reflecting on His sorrows; whom the nails
Which pierced His hands and feet, and whom the scourge
Crimsoned upon His shoulder, lacerate;—

Who mourned with Mary o'er His bodily form
In dreamless, lifeless, icy-cold repose,—
To us this news is like the blush of morn
To those who 've kept the weary watch for day.
Who 'd not exult when the rich trumpet-peal,
Echoing throughout the stately, bannered hall,
Proclaims to all the anxious hearts within
That victory with her blushing light has purged
The darkened honor of their flag, and blazed
Upon the escutcheon of their house afresh.
How happy will be *her* relief who mourned
A son to death's transcendent sufferings borne!
How glad the thought that e'en the sable rule
From the grim King is snatched; the awful keys
Placed in Christ's hands, of Hades' shadowy realms!
That, at His throne will suppliant myriads bend;
Heaven's seraph-princes hymns of glory chant,
And sound the honors of the holy Lamb,
The golden gates of glory opening wide
To vistas bright with Power's benign displays.
Yea; we may well be comforted to think
That the sad wounds upon His brow are healed
By wreaths that ever will be fresh. And now
Let all who mourn be comforted; let all
Who writhe in suffering and disgrace take heart;
Your thorny bonds the Son of God hath worn;
Upon His brow the clouds have darkly gloomed;
The steep and flinty paths of virtue show
The blood-stains of his bold, unwearying feet."
Then spake another: "I have seen," said he,

"A warrior issue from his joyous home
Where sunny luxury ruled; I've seen
The bloom of vigor on his manly cheek
Fade, like the daylight. Hunger, thirst and toil
His glowing strength consumed; and fearful wounds
Invaded nigh to life's weak citadels:
But still, reviving, he his steps urged on
Whither war's flaming meteor did point.
He loved his sovereign and the cause which called
Him first from his fond, love-lit, smile-deck'd home;
He, therefore, roused his strength, and 'neath his feet
Trampled temptations to inglorious ease.
The weary march, in time, was o'er; and hushed
The last stern clash and groan on War's red field:
Flouted no more the sky its banners rich;
On battle's cloud the lightning of the spear
Was gleaming with its menacing flash no more.
He conquered. With triumphal swell of song,
In fame's imposing chariot-march, 'mid smiles,
He up to honor's canopied seats was raised.
The King himself placed on his brow a wreath
Fresh with a dewy beauty, graced with flowers
Which winter's withering breath ne'er spoiled;
While on his hand a signet-ring he set,
Emblem and stamp of dignity and place."
While he ceased speaking, a triumphal band
Passed by in spotless robes, each bearing palms;
The air was burdened with rich strains; a crown,
Dazzling and beautiful, above a cross
On high was borne, a type of victory,

And emblem of illustrious power now won:
While peaceful flags, with rich embroidery wrought
(Or what resembled it,) with holy doves
And olive-branches cunningly worked in,
Like to the gorgeous clouds of sunset blazed.
The Son of God, arisen from the tomb,
His followers cheered, (showing His hands, His feet,
His side;) 'till Heaven, in jealousy of Earth,
Snatched the illustrious Victor to the climes
Of deathless bliss and glory. Its bright gates,
Formed of rich, carved and many-tinted pearl,
Oped with the swell of mighty, choral hymns
Poured forth from myriad horns of mellow tone;
While voices sweet and clear as love and joy
Could make them, gushed in liquid eloquence,
A nectared stream. Thicker than the trees
In the wild forest, stood the angel-throngs
To greet the Son of God, Responsive choirs
In music vied. Upon His father's throne,
With burst magnificent from countless lips
And harps of golden song, Messiah sat.
Above Him bent the bow of mercy. Bright
Before him, seven candlesticks of gold
Awaited their symbolic fires. Fair stars
Of princeliest splendor in the ranks of Heaven
Did reverence to the Son; and every voice
Joined in the mighty chorus; while 'Amen'
The living types of providential rule
Responded; and responding, showed that God
By His mysterious acts confirmed the laud

That 'worthy was the Lamb.' O evermore,
All glorious Bridegroom, reign! and grant
To us who serve Thee triumph in Thy day
Which shines like morning thro' the awful clouds
That 'round the present and the future gloom.
Thus to the pealing anthem we here add
Our humble voice; with poetry and breath
Of melody we waft to Thee our praise.
Thus this festoon, wreathed of wild forest-green,
Decked with the wild flowers of the forest-paths,
We bind around Thine altar: even if poor
And void of splendor, odorless 'tis not:
Accept, we pray, the giver and the gift.

FINIS.

NOTE.

The idea of writing a poem upon the subject employed in the Epic found in this volume was conceived quite a number of years since, and was mentioned to the late Rev. John W. Brown of Astoria, L. I., and one or two others. The theme having been warmly approved by one or more to whom I communicated it, and still commending itself to the author's judgment, the poem was begun ; and, in a period of leisure, some years ago, was advanced nigh unto completion. Afterwards, a year or two, perhaps, having elapsed, (not to say several,) it was carried to New York with a view to its being finished and published. I determined to delay publication ; and on returning found that Rev. Mr. Lord had just put forth a poem on the same subject. My knowledge of this came through a criticism in the Churchman. From this notice I perceived that both had borrowed some portion, at least, of the design from Milton. Of Mr. Lord's production I have never seen a single line. The borrowing of Milton will explain any resemblance in general features, if there is any worthy of remark ; nothing was borrowed from Mr. Lord. Milton, it has been thought, may have copied some features, if not the main design of "Paradise Lost" from a Peninsular bard. Can any antiquarian in Spanish and Portuguese literature render this probable, and show the extent to which, (if at all,) the Author of that majestic poem has thence derived the scheme of his immortal production? Scripture language (in the old and new Testament) furnishes so much to him that we may well doubt whether he sought elsewhere. Take the following passa-

ges as proof: "The angels which kept not," &c., JUDE 6th v. 2d Peter, 2d c, 4 v., "And there was war in heaven," &c., REV. 12, 7. "How art thou fallen from heaven" &c., ISAIAH. "Sin, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth death," ST. PAUL. "They sacrificed to devils" &c.. MOSES' SONG. One or two of these only figuratively had reference to the subject, but were suggestive. This being the case, that the Scriptures furnished considerable of the plan, (more than some suppose,) there is no great harm if others, also, should borrow from Milton in turn, if credit is duly allowed as to the source. The passage in one of the Epistles where Christ is spoken of as having triumphed over the powers of opposition, "making a show of them openly," has been thought to shadow forth mysterious events. It, doubtless, refers to his moral victory, while on Earth, over temptation, Satan and the force of persecution; but might be adduced as furnishing a ground of a certain portion of the scheme of this production now made public. That this work may prove one of the many moral and spiritual forces to prosecute that spiritual conquest of the Redeemer in the shadowy fields of the minds and hearts of some is the humble prayer of the Author. Let not critics make comparisons: why should not the lover of nature in any given spot be allowed to describe the romance and beauty of those moderate hills and vales which he, in his limited range has visited, without being reminded how much superior are the mountains of other lands; how magnificently they tower above valleys of sweeter repose and greener loveliness? May not the fire-fly illumine some recess of the thicket without provoking a comparison between his dim, fitful sparkling and the splendor of those vast and eternal orbs which light and warm the universe?

In reference to the "machinery" used in this production, it may not be amiss to remind some that the introduction of per-

sonifications is considered allowable in poems where the scene is laid in the spirit-land, or, at least, is not in such case, strictly forbidden by the laws of poetry. It has been perceived that the beginning of the plot or narration is introduced, as is oft the case, in narrations occurring not in the first portion of the poem. The author is aware that productions of this department ought not to be found deficient either in elevation and greatness of theme, unity of action, variety of character, illustration of tenderer, nobler feelings as well as of the sterner and darker passions,—in Episodical diversion &c. Sound moral and Christian sentiments, if discovered, may, with some minds, atone in a measure for literary defects. Were the Author *now* for the first to compose a poem on this theme which he has taken, he would, perhaps, construct a plot considerably different from that employed.

It may be not amiss, before closing, to subjoin a *protest* against the neglect of proper legislation on the subject of international copyright; and to express the desire that justice may be done to the literary profession, and that their claims to universal and perpetual copyrights may here and elsewhere be legally acknowledged. How long will Authors be compelled to deplore the neglect of their rights and interests in this enlightened nineteenth century! Let us no longer allow the short-sighted and somewhat material views of ages past to rule. To concede the legitimate and wise claims of the literary profession is not only a just duty but public, and for the general interest.

THE DIGNITY AND TRIUMPHS OF MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE ALUMNI OF HAMILTON COLLEGE, CLINTON, N. Y.

If flying back along the stream of Time,
Bouyed by the floating calm of History's wing,
We note what themes of wonder and delight,
Impregnate with a spicy interest warm,
Have dwelt on human lips, and charmed the flow
Of honorary song, we find that strength,
The wrestler's power and skill, the warrior's heart
(That burning dwelling of heroic thoughts
That leap from out the flame to action bold,)
And beauty's wildering charms have all been sung.
Nor has the poet's fire been overlooked,
And been unlike the Parsee's sacred blaze,
Which at a reverent distance is adored.
The frowning majesty of the tragic muse,
And stately genius of the epic verse,
With long historic argument worked o'er
With many a rich tho' chaste embroidery;
These were with full and starry honors crown'd:
And Oratory,—wreaths of noble fame
Fresh from the margin of Castalian springs
Were woven for her high and gifted sons!
Lofty the marbles and deep-graved the lines

Where immortality their names inscribed.
But ah! almost unknown in classic days
Was sacred virtue's flame; the zeal that mounts
Upon the wings of faith and prayer and love,
Scorning the dull and murky air of sense,
And with melodious yearnings seeking heaven.
For, pausing ere her upward, rapturous flight,
True, meek-eyed piety, 'mid incense sweet
And smoke of typic lambs, low-bowed to earth
Where Jordan's and where Cedron's waters flow,—
Where Truth's eternal light streamed down on men,
Like a smile from God.

Of highest dignity
Are the man's moral culture and his mind's.
How noble are the spiritual powers of man!
Glorious by nature and by culture joined,
His spirit's like a fane of marble wrought,—
The rich reliefs and blazonry around
Of loved imagination; temple fit
For high and grand oblation, incense rich
And music wafting (both) Religion's soul
Upon their volumes sweet! (There Heaven claims
That a pure altar shall be raised to God,
The lights of faith and vigilance be lit
To glow with glory quenchless as night's eyes,—
And incense of affection ever burned
And sweetening thro' the spirit-air of life.)
And, like a stately hall the human mind,
Where chambers, galleries, niches are prepared

With Art's enchanting beauties to be graced
And Wisdom's forms august,—bright in the air
Where Music flows with its impassioned swell
Welcome as radiance soft o'er statues great.
As grand the stars, so wondrous are their rays:
The gifts are noble of the mind and soul;
Man's lofty nature they aloud proclaim;
Heralds with golden trumpets, they announce
The dignity and wealth of their great liege.
See! how the powers exalted linger yet
Within that mind by sin and suffering marred;
As though amid some ancient temple ruined
The former deity were lingering still,
At times to whisper oracles.

The mind
Beneath the care of culture grows and grows,
With strength and dignity enriched. How high
In glory then its triumphs are! The field,
How noble! 'Tis this boundless world,
Unto the kindling eye of Science oped
In all its far and strange magnificence.
Thought springs aloft upon the paths which worlds
Pursue in their unwearying, trackless march.
The mysteries of their size, relations, times,
Are sought out and revealed; and e'en the scenes
Decking one orb are known. The living world
Next claims man's eager scrutiny: the high
August philosophy of mind; the fields
In order and mysterious beauty, set

With mental and with moral powers, engage
His observation with delight; the founts
Of great affections that soar up towards heaven,
The tender glows whose objects are on Earth;
The springs of pity and of hope and joy;—
The seat of conscience, monitor from God,
And its high offices benign, all these
Win his profoundest study. Glorious Art,
Her laws and beautiful philosophy
Absorb the mind's strong powers, and triumphs grand
And rich attest the gifts superb. The forms,
Godlike and glorious, filling earth's high seats,
Or honored as the deities, start up,
The wonder of all time; the types of power,
Imbodiments of song, of wisdom, love
And all that men hold sacred.

Breathing life,
The canvass, too, glows with the cultured skill
That summons countless groups t' appear and charm
The eyes of all that see: The Virgin meek
The Anointed Son in every phase of life
Now smiling as the child, now wakening power
Which stills the sufferer's pain; now sitting sad,
(As Lenardo drew,) among the twelve,
Breaking the emblems of the Bread from heaven,
Or, on the cross, or lowered from its height,
Or rising all-triumphant to his throne.
Man's varied occupations; peace and war;
"The course of Empire" and "the voyage of life,"

With all Earth's scenes of grandeur and soft grace,—
And chief, designs that teach us lessons high,
And woo our hearts to virtue and to God,—
All these, conceived by genius and suffused
With truth and grace and hues harmonious glow
In the mimic world which Art creates.

The air!
This soft, etherial element must breathe
Its sweet confession of the power of man,—
Waked by his skill to music. Hark! the strains
Of great Beethoven, monarch of the lyre!
The music of the intellect and heart,
Charming the ear, to wake immortal fame,—
As guised in song's bewildering sweetness, dreams
Of sadness, mystery, lofty power and love
And tearful supplication charm the soul.
And others with a like high rapture filled,
Hymning "creation's" work, and love supreme
Of the Anointed Prince, Te Deum's full,
And varied themes claimed or by earth or heaven,
Have shown how silence yields or discord harsh
To their fine magic,—how the hearts of men
Are captive held by complex bonds of song.

No second place to the bard's triumphs we
Must here accord; nor leave unnoted now
The varied fields of eloquence or verse;
Of "verse" which teacheth wisdom to the soul;
In honied luxury of language, shining fair

Wisdom of heaven and earth,—and sentiments,—
The blossoms of the heart in hours of joy,
And all the odors it doth yield when crushed,—
The fascinating life of passion, dread
And dark, and sweet and fond and pure.

There is a field which, also, shows how high
In dignity the triumphs of the mind :
How noble ! 'Tis the human heart
With all the varied passions that e'er play,
Ceaseless and shadowy, like the unsunned streams
That murmur thro' the subterranean caves ;
The field, too, is the intellect of man.
His thoughts, his schemes, affections, hopes,
'Tis over all that cultivated mind
Beholds its triumphs brighten. As its powers
So finely character'd in the mintage rare
Are the best heritage of man ; its gifts
With seeds and fragrance of etherial life most rich ;—
As its mysterious faculties we own
Noblest and most irradiate with the light
Of the angelic world o'erflowing from
The golden founts of Heaven's eternal fires
Upon these Earthly climes ; as nothing springs
More glorious or lovely 'neath the words
Of man's determined will, by grace aroused,
And by the earnest calls of hallowed mind,
Than the fair frame of holy principle
And virtues great which are thereby sustained,
(Which Heaven in chief commands, and crowns in love,)—

No nobler victories, no more grand success
Our wonder claim than those of hallowed mind,
Arrayed with triumph's fairest blazonries.
How high its dignity,—august, serene!
To Christian virtue it is given to sway
By truth's eternal energies,—(enforced
By the unseen and mystic breath of grace)
The bosoms by the dark dominion claimed
Of sin and Satan. Holy Love! Her voice
With high, impassioned eloquence aloud
Proclaims her great and wondrous verities,
And calls with tender power unto the soul;
Then new designs,—then new and warm resolves
Are formed: gross passions change to pure
'Mid penitential tears; and earnest prayers,—
(Upborne upon the wings of Faith that scorn
This lower world;) then, prayers and thanks
Arise to God: As when on dark, low vales
Where fogs unwholesome brood the live-long night,
The sweet and potent radiance of day
Descends and conquers; up the height
Flaming with heavenly light, they rise and seek
The embracing skies.

And hallowed mind, lit up
With a coal from heaven's pure altars sees
Its triumphs brighten over moral ills;
And the dark harvests which are sown
Are trampled down: The cup of woe is spilled:
Some lurid chambers in the shades of death

Where sin will weep her agonies, are left
Hopeless of tenants ; Heaven prepares new seats
Of dignity and power ; new fruitage blooms
Upon her everlasting trees, to meet
New lips entitled to her quenchless joys :
Her starry company prepares new orbs
To welcome to their bright, melodious throng ;
While fuller music trembles thro' her domes,
And fuller clouds of incense sweeten there

And now I will a Tale rehearse in brief
Which will show forth how great a height
In power and dignity may piety
And mental culture reach, their mien aloft
Bearing 'mid fadeless signs of triumph high.

Within a loathsome den of sin, where want
With fierce and haggard aspect glared, a babe
New-born amid uncleanly straw, was laid.
Ah ! wretched lot, amid such scene as that
At first to ope the eye, and hear alone,
As Earth's first sounds, the gusts of furious strife
And bitter tones of imprecation ! Spring
Waved not her lovely blossoms in its sight ;
Nor warbling birds the sweet air stirred and filled
The innocent's listening ear with music. Soon
When darkness veiled the land, the mother bore
That wretched bird from a branch corrupt of life,
And left it shivering in the damp night breeze.
Disease her miseries with its earliest throb

Had mingled liberally; how could it live,
Abused by chill and reckless winds 'till morn
'Till morn it lived; but life was flickering low:
A passer-by beheld the dying one,
And bore unto the warmth his charge. Then life
To a bolder pulse awoke; and kindly care
Subdued the venoms of disease. Its mind
Oped 'neath the teachings of a generous zeal
As blossoms ope beneath the summer's glow.
Moved by the grace of Heaven and kindly words
And his own prudence, he began to tread
In virtue's mountain-pathway, scorning crime.
In time upon his noble brow thought reigned
And lofty graces brightened there: And they
Who saw their tokens, with profound esteem
And admiration glowed. They could but give
Honor and station. Now the crowd he swayed,
As the winds from the mountain-gorge the woods
In the vale below it sway; or, as the light
Of summer's kindling skies the harvest rules,—
With generous virtues and substantial good
Bidding the corn and fruits to swell. A throng,
Won by the truth robed in his eloquence,
Bent to the same bright founts to drink
As those which had sublimed and cleansed his soul:
And God from his far throne of glory smiled,
And loved the minister of his "saving health."
The beautiful and lovely of the earth
Their smiles, too, lavished on that noble one,
And paid their homage at fair virtue's shrine,

Lit up with priceless thoughts. And when at last,
Beside his couch the King of terrors stood,
And breathed his chill and dizzying blast that still'd
Soon, in his pulseless apathy, the play
Of life's mysterious motions, thousands mourned,
And bade rich music sound a deep lament;
Her stately halls of marble Justice veiled,
And Power her courts magnificent did shroud;
In the dim temple a commanding tomb
Honored his name with forms of glorious grace
Starting to life from their cold, marble sleep,
Beneath the touch of genius, to proclaim
Those lofty virtues and a nation's grief.
In a still, holy night, I had the grace
His glory in a heavenly world to see;
Futurity her awful scroll unrolled,
And lifted up her thick, dark curtains: High
Seated in triumph 'mid eternal light,
I saw his spirit on a snowy seat,
Girt with the bright signs of seraphic power;
And angels (once the pure and blest) there heard
Their everlasting judgments from his mouth; *
While the once-crucified, illustrious King
His sentence dread approved. Before Heaven's throne.
I saw him 'mid high seraphs stand august,
And myriads listened to his princely lips,†

* "Know ye not that we shall judge angels."—St. Paul.

† Thrones, dominions, principalities and powers.—Col. 1, 16. Ep. 1, 21. Rev. 3, 21, 2 Tim. 2, 12

And flew afar to execute his words,
His banner bearing to creation's bounds.
The fountains of immortal life their spray
Flung near his palace-walls ; the ancient great
Acknowledged him their compeer ; and Heaven's works
To his bright, searching mind their secrets gave ;
And in those revelations deep he drank
Such joy as only loftier minds and blest
Can ever know. His mystical 'white stone'
With a new name engraved thereon, the King
Gave as a precious badge of honor ; full
With the "hidden manna" were his stores ; and thou,
O bright and morning Star of Heaven, thy beams,
Thy lovely smiles were his ;—his soul
Flooding with truth and deathless happiness.
" But this," you say, "is fiction :" It is truth
Arising in imaginative guise.
So far as their career to mortal eyes
Is made apparent, see th' exalted course
Of some who have in sober truth the earth
Trodden in visible form. Behold
A Leighton, Paley, Chalmers, great in fame,
Whose intellects and virtues still their light
Shed o'er the paths of human life ; the way
Which Heaven hath opened to the founts of life,
Though cramped and thorny, yet with flowers besprent,
With holy eloquence declaring. See
" The mill boy of the slashes " risen on high
By the strong power of mind and morals borne
To a grand, glory-circled seat of fame ;

Thither flow christian sympathies, and rise
The honors which, to cultured genius, man
Wafts with the ardent breath of admiration,
Circling these eminent orbs with golden clouds.
Nor unforgotten, mingling sacred life
With the strong labor of their mental power,
As dawn's soft splendors with Spring's swollen streams,—
Behold the Revolution's Chief ! and see,
On whom the mantle of his glories fell,
In later times, an Adams and a Randolph, join'd
With Jefferson the patriot and the sage,
With other names that unto various fields
Have been associated with high praise,
With noble music from the golden trump
Thro' which Fame's star-crowned genius pours her breath
And bids her song reécho down the years.*
Or, looking to an earlier day, the names,
Confessed illustrious and sweetly-voiced
Upon the lips of sacred fame, may here
Your memories supply, and wreathe with those
That to our time belong ; a Taylor, Clarke,
And Butler, Locke and Calmet, Wilson, Keith,
And those of earlier date e'er yet more known ;
And Wordsworth, Southey, Hemans, Browning,—names
That we may link with those whose hallowed lives
Burned brightly in our climes, or still burn bright,
And married genius unto sacred love.

* Among recent incidents brought to light in regard to Jefferson, my impression is that he was observed in his later years, in his retirement, going forward to the Eucharist.

Then, if such radiant honors rise to greet
Those who esteem that treasure in the mind
Which Heaven has given them, and seek to fix
Upon its powers, of cultured taste the stamp,
And offer up its energies refined
(Ambrosial fruits, with deathless flowers entwined)
A sacrifice upon the altars high
Which pure religion rears,—if such
The honors that to those arise,—how well
May strong desires assert a fiery rule
O'er the heart's empire, and thus prompt our minds
To follow where the noblest sons of earth
Have gone in hallowed industry, the path
To virtue's deathless glory passing o'er,
There leaving prints which Time admiring spares!
But, chiefly, since the voice of duty calls,—
Bidding us wash our souls in that blest fount
Where human guilt is purged away, and clothe
Our spirits purified in vesture sweet,
Modest and beautiful, of holy deeds,
And garnish them with wisdom's noblest thoughts,
Gems of undarkening lustre from Truth's mines.
Now, of that company of virtues fair
That spring from principle in life and power,—
A chosen three there are which sacred lips
Have honored in one breath, "Faith, Hope and Love."
With pensive countenance doth Faith
Lift up her holy eyes to Heaven, and sees
Thro' prophecy's mysterious glass the scenes
Which brighten and aggrandize future time.

Subduing prejudice, her willing mind
The potent truth receives, as doth the soil
Kindly and warm embrace the living seed,—
Or, as the mirror of the eye receives
The grateful image of the friend we love.
She welcomes Him whom prophecies and powers
Attest as mightiest Prophet, Priest and King.
The animation of her soul e'er prompts
The hand and lip to action; holy Trust
Is purified by sacrificial blood,
And walks in stainless beauty, justified
By Him who on the holy rood stretched out
Both arms abroad, as if to embrace in love
All faithful penitents whom Heavenly grace
Wooed to His piercéd side.

Fair, heavenly Hope;—
She, too, a place of eminence receives;
Who, nurtured by the hands of faith and love,
By a bright, golden power y' sways the heart:
She dreams delighted of rewards to come;
To that grand, hallowed kingdom, future yet,
In which the saints begin their triumphs,—Hope,
Points with irradiate smiles, encouraging,
And winning man to persevere till death.
How fond and sweet in hues the scenes she paints!
Then, last and greatest, Holy Love appears,
With looks that glow with kindly power,
And lips whence amiable words flow forth
And truths most precious and most sweet, as gush

The nectared drops refulgent with heaven's light,
From lips of opening flowers. Her hands
Are decorated with fair gifts, which soothe
And cheer the sad; the famished bless her steps
And circle her with grateful prayers to Heaven;
So that her name, suffused with rosy light
And fragrant like the blossoms of choice fruit
That call to mind the fruit itself, is framed
'Mid loving memories in the minds of all.
Her feet will press the pavements of that realm
Where Love's great King of many crowns will sit
Dispensing fadeless life and joy: Her eye
Will drink the smiles of that abounding day,
And her voice join its melody! These three,
Radiant and beautiful, should chiefly draw
Our heart's best yearnings, and command our powers,
As the three lovely hues of light draw forth
Nature's green, bloomy offerings in Spring.
By faith and hope and love; let us our souls
Address for labors noble and success;
The varied marble of the mind to grace
And dignity y' polishing: Thus, mighty power
For influence on earth, rewarded in that world
Which still the Future's cloudy curtains veil,—
Thus, mighty power is won and strengthened. Slow,
As in their work the patient builders toil,
From day to day, layers on layers rise;
Each summer, as the early rising sun
Looks thro' the golden casements of the East,
He sees the temple's fabric soaring higher

Till the last sparkling crest is fixed
Upon the lofty towers: So rises strong
And grand and beautiful the form
Of the minds' noble fane,—built up and rich
With christian piety and mental power.
As mists, faint-outlined, 'rising from a lake,
Gather, from hill to hill, new wreaths of cloud
And summon mighty winds to bear them on;
Unrolling, *now*, in noonday's blaze their folds,—
To charm the eye and beautify the scene;
Now, hurling to the ground the forms decayed
Of monarchs in the woods, as darkly on
They rush tumultuous, darting their dread fires,—
So grow the powers of mind; till strong and grand
In noble glory, they delight the world,
Diffusing light and gladness far around;
Or, on the mission of destruction winged,
The hoary forms of error, weak at heart,
Confess the lightnings of their power and zeal,
And sink to ruin. Then, in the faith
That to our steady perseverance, mind,
Its rudiments of marvellous power aroused,
In strength superb will grow,—the soul
By God's good help will whiten and shine fair
With brightning hues of piety, let us
For duty's sake, for honor's man's and heaven
(Which from afar the shining guerdon shows,)
Resolve with cultured graces and with power
In thoughts' mysterious laboratory fined,—
With principles and feelings pure and quick

With the soft, fluttering life of love, the sweet
And holy, to inform our souls, and thus
The spiritual edifice built up.

Faint not!
The pinion of the eagle young, though now
But feebly fluttering in the dust, may yet
Float high in majesty, battling the gusts
On th' stormy verge of th' dizzy mountain's crest.
I saw, in visions of the day, choice gems;
And men of curious skill did polish them.
They grew as doth a thing of life, and shone
As if lit up within, the while their art
Was spent upon them. Like the wond'rous lamps
Which light the halls of some fair, rapturing dream;
They dwelt upon the sight. In learnéd courts
Of Justice and of State, some shed their glows;
Fixing the eyes of all,—in splendor strong:
Some in the temples of religion were lit up:
And some in Learning's curious, pensive shades.
I saw a scar-marked hand from upper air
Reveal its shape distinct, and touch their fires
With what did brighten them; (that kindly hand!
Whose very scars did grace its beauty, as
The crimson spots burnt on the lovely cheek
Of some ripe fruit its loveliness enhance;
Or, as purple stains enrich the morning sky.)
While thus new heavenly influence glowed in them,
A wakening, quickening, and yet softening power
Went forth on forms whereon the radiance fell.

The mien and aspects thus suffused were changed,—
Anxiety awoke, and lulled to calm;
The stern expressions softened to bland smiles,
Or looks of hope and love. Upon the waves,
Tossing without in turbulence and wrath,
There shot strong rays of that fair, holy light,
And they were lulled; the angry moan was hushed,
Or wailed less boisterous on the castled shores.
And where erratic stars had left their seats,
Vacant and rayless in the sapphire halls,—
Those large and polished gems, of fire-like glow,
Were borne aloft by angel-hands and set
In heaven's cerulean dome to burn for aye:
Whilst thou, perennial Spirit of Song! didst chant
A famous lay to praise their grace and worth
And the blest influence of their wondrous light,
Long lingering in its lovely power on earth.
There are grand triumphs which the soul will share;
There is an honor which will light the sky
Of its eternal future; victories won
O'er death and sin and Satan, and o'er woe.
There is a flower which, watered by our tears,
Buds in our mortal life, but blooms not now.
There is a fruit whose odors we may scent
Which never gushes 'twixt the lips on earth.
There is a flight the soul's mysterious wing
Can never take while in this mortal frame.
There is another land afar, where feet
Which have in sweet and holy pathways walked
While men were pilgrims in this earlier life,

Shall yet be welcomed ; welcomed they shall be
More warmly, joyously, in truth, than he
Who, worn with war and laurel-crowned, returns
To his paternal, bannered hall that rings
The while with music. Hearer ! walk while here
In clear-eyed faith, in trust and love,—
And thou in that land (if to thee a far
And foreign, not a cold, forbidding shore)
Shalt see the King in His grand beauty ; there,
At His bright marriage-supper sit, a guest
Welcomed and peaceful, loved for evermore.

PROVIDENCE.

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE SIGMA PHI, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR SOCIETY IN GENERAL CONVENTION AT HOBART FREE COLLEGE, GENEVA, N. Y., JULY, 1855.

From out the phantom-throng, which to the eye
Of the dreaming poet doth appear when dim
The daylight flickers, and the freshening winds
Of inspiration rouse the ashy coals
Of thought and feeling till they sparkle bright,—
From out the throng of themes I now invoke
One of a grand and solemn mien. Before my eye
August it rises; as amid a crowd
Of gay and smiling aspect, some grave shape,
A spirit from another world, appears,
And shedding 'round a strange, unearthly light,
Unfolds its solemn wings and wins the eye.
Thoughtful and grave should ever be the hour,
When on the "Ways of Providence" the mind
Would dwell; when it would send pale reason's ray
To fly afar as a venturous beam athwart
The dark and clouded ocean of that theme;
When as a mounting cherub it would dare
To rise in contemplation toward that seat
O'erflooded with the blaze of that dread Power
Which in life's ORDINARY wavering course,

Or by a SPECIAL intervention crowns with good
Golden and crimsoned with Heaven's smile of love,
And wings the hopes with joy, or disciplines
With suffering and loss; now, unto power
And dignity, and bliss exalting high,
And binding triumph's arch with wreaths of gold;—
Now, opening the dismal, black abyss
To engulf the hoary pomp of empires, thrones,
And Error's antique citadels bethronged
With her array of frowning warriors stern,
Nursing their tyrannous hate and love of wrong.
The wisdom and the strength of Heaven rules;
The armies of the skies, earth's habitants,
All 'neath the power of that great sceptre dwell;
Its beams, like lightnings, pierce the awful shades
Where Death's mysterious empire spreads,
And Thought lies slumbering like a frozen stream;
It there maintains unchallenged sway, to wake
By one resistless flash of force divine
The pulseless life of the departed ones
To joy and honor,—or to bid them still
In the untrodden halls of silence rest
In mystic trance, reserved for judgments dread.
Yea, to her deepest heart must Hell herself
Shudder to hear its thunder-peals of wrath;
And e'en the councils of lost spirits own
The awful might of that great sceptre, gloom,
Imprisonment and woes dispensing at Heaven's will.
Doth not His Word affirm it, which declares
Heaven is God's throne, His footstool Earth;

He makes alive and He destroys; He "light"
Pours out in blushing beauty on the night
Of human life; and He that light again
O'erwhelms 'mid "darkness," pierced with wails of woe;*
Shrouding the blooms of life in freezing gloom.
Joy's fine elixir, sparkling to the brim,
The thirsty sand of low despondency
Drinks utterly up, when down cast by His hand.
"He overturns and overturns," to bring
From wild confusion order fair: the frame
(Tho' it had many a storm defied)—the frame
Of many nations "shaking," and the august courts
Of ancient empires hurling to the ground,
With all their hoary, ivy-grown defence,
That other forms of civic might may rise,
Inscribed with mottoes fair of clemency,
The shrines or homes of truth and righteousness!
The tender branches of the living vine
He prunes with keen affliction's edge, that fruit,
Which finely mantles with the hues of heaven,
Richer and more abundant, may adorn
Those branches fed by such a glorious stock.
A kindly shepherd, He His faithful flock
Protects with watchful care; or, with dark storms,
Gloomy with heavenly justice, doth avenge
The wrongs which they have borne. He opes,
Won by the pleadings of sweet Mercy's soul,
The hand which feeds the universe, and thus

* See Isa. xiv. 7; John xv. 2; Rev. iii. 9, 10.

Their cravings cease—in comfort they repose ;
And softly 'round their slumber evening draws
Her curtains light and prompts their peaceful dreams.
The plant of ample shade His hand hath set
(His holy Church,) this will He not forsake ;
Yea ; sooner will their bases grand the hills :
He will not fail, nor be discouraged, till
The course of "judgment" for the cause of truth
And Zion in the blaze and triumph fair
Of "victory" ends—by music of the earth,
And by the choral raptures of the skies
In concord hymned. "The fine gold," now
"Grown dim," shall yet be purified, tho' fire
Its dross shall purge away.

These truths accord
With Reason's teachings : Who shall say a king,
Whose sovereignty and glory shone like day,
Would sit upon his throne and yet not rule
A province when rebellious, while his power,
Exulting and magnificent, despised
All opposition ? Who will say a king
Would not the shields of his protection cast
About his subjects—loving, ever true—
Gladden the brave, devoted hearts with draughts
From glory's fresh, exhilarating springs,
And 'neath the canopy of a rich reward
Sculptured and blazoned with their honors won,
Those who have served him well in plenty seat ?
And He whose providence we sing is King,

Supreme in majesty, the dazzling Sun
Among the lesser, glimmering stars of power:
Wisdom and might confess in Him their source
And awful Shrine of glory; goodness there
And justice dwell at home. The Love Divine—
That goodness which stretched forth the starry skies,
And bade the Sun a golden reign assert
Throughout his group of worlds, and kindly smile
Upon Earth's face, until she smiled again,
And blushed (with loveliness of flowers and fruits)—
That goodness which hath gemmed man's noble brow
With the bright circlet of its faculties;
Which oped the crimson founts for guilt, unbarred
That door to Paradise where Mercy stands
With radiant finger beckoning, the woe
And travail of the worn, disheartened one,
Cheering with Hope's celestial melodies—
That goodness doth assure, that power Divine
Will with a providential influence guide
The spiritual ark amid life's rushing tides,
And in the paths to endless peace direct
The interest of Zion and her sons.
Such, sacred history's grand, momentous voice;
And such the voice of Nature: moral rule
Is taught by law's dominion through her realm.

And mystery's veil that Providence may wrap;
Nor need we wonder, when we see how dark
And mystical the movements are which Heaven
Has ordered in rich Nature's wondrous realm:

What mystery in the forest-tree resides,
From its first flower unto the leafy pomp
Which wins the romping peasants to the shade,
Made doubly grateful by the noonday chant,
Voiced by the birds which rest at home above.
What mystery dwelleth in the rose, transformed
From bud to blossom, yielding to the seed,
Which sprouts and grows, until the eye again
Is charmed with grace, the sense with fragrance rich!
And what dark mystery envelops life,
From its dim rudiments to its forms mature!
The egg, beneath maternal plumage warmed,
Changing to shapes instinct with passion, sense,
Intelligence, which rise and float with grace
And lustrous beauty in the air—this bids
The mind to ponder how God's "thoughts are deep,"
The perfect gems which low, 'neath ocean lie,
"Though the unwise doth not consider this."
With divers fragile forms that wing the air—
(The tinted, delicate vignettes in Nature's book,)
The "gray gnat" and the butterfly proclaim,
While in the summer breeze they float at will
In sparkling coquetry with leaves and flowers,
A lesson of the mystic wisdom seen
In their strange, charming changes.* How doth man
Move as another glorious evidence!
That polished shrine, with fire of genius lit,

* The "grey gnat" undergoes two changes; in two states, it is a water insect; what is its head, in one aquatic state, becomes its tail in another; and *vice versa*.

Was once but as the quarry-fragments rude.
Such are the mystic changes Nature knows:
And such the depth and mystery which pertain
To the beauteous problem in her book displayed.
Mysterious darkness; there the sage's lamp
Emits a ray that deeper makes the shade.
We need not wonder, then, if shadows dense
Should o'er the plans of Providence repose;
That man its means and operations dark
Cannot explain; or that his lantern dim
Should fail to light that vast and awful realm
Of mystery.

By *natural law* 'tis oft
(As all can witness at their will)
That Providence works out its wise designs,
And by its *ordinary* moral rule.
Behold the invalid, with trembling steps,
And languid eye, forgetful of the fire
Which once did dwell and revel there; man reaps,
(How oft!) in watchfulness and pain, the fruits
Of crude imprudences and sins that laughed
In free and riotous recklessness, in years
Long past committed. Hours and days,
By follies wasted and consumed, are borne
(As torn and scattered pages in the blast,)
Resistlessly away unto the grave
Of past Eternity, which swallows all;
But pallid sorrows, like avenging ghosts,
Which scorn the prison-house of death, pursue

And overtake their victim—bid him look
On memories saddening, and upon the page
Of Hope, once fair and pictured, now defaced
And blotted with sad stains and tears ; his frame,
Meanwhile, with fevering pains and varied ills
Often harassed. The inebriate mark ;
And in his trembling nerve, his morbid flush,
His tyrannizing craving, phrenzied mind,
His blighted happiness, extinguished love,
His shattered fortune and tormenting ills
Maturing early, it may be, in death—
Behold in these how Providence o'errules,
Thus hallowing Nature priestess of His wrath,
To warn and punish. Such the mournful course
Of one who yields unto the wayward force
Of appetite unchecked : as when the stream,
Laughing in sunny freedom, sparkles on,
Inviting prophecies of a long career,
Amid the fruitful vales where harvests bend
Beside the placid wave, and cities shine
In marble beauty by the glimmering stream ;
But from such destiny turns soon aside,
Its bright tide squanders in the thirsty sand,
Or, with a frenzied, fearful plunge, it sinks
Raving and lost in caverns dark, which man
Hath never with a mortal foot explored :
They who beside its rivulet's bank rejoiced.
In horror start : its waves, in yonder vales,
Shall bear no precious freight, nor by its glass
Shall loveliness behold her smiling charms,

And weave her tresses with the wild-flowers sweet.
But in the pleasing picture opposite,
Behold how industry and temperance,
(With wheaten wreaths and dewy roses crowned)
And noble, hallowed virtues, gain the meed
Of blest prosperity, and win her smiles,
And enter, e'en in mortal guise, the courts
Where happiness in flower-wreathed beauty reigns!
Yon star of clear and kindly beam that floats
Upon the dewy verge of heaven, shall know
No sudden downfall, no perplexed career;
But, in the silvery triumph of its course,
Shall grow familiar with the heights above,
And add its glad notes to the music there,
And burn its golden lamp in the azure dome.
The imprudent recklessness of Nature's laws
Sows disappointment and sharp misery oft;
And, hence, disease and death; which, pitiless,
Prey, now upon the form mature, and now
Seal infancy's sweet eyes in marble sleep,
And cloud in pearly whiteness those rich glows
Of dawn-like beauty lately on its cheek.
But, ere we note that Heaven o'errules for good
The deep shades flitting o'er the path of life,
And oft, *by special intervention*, dims,
The face of happiness by sad eclipse,
And agitates with vexed disquietude life's calm,
I will a tale rehearse which tells a strange
But not *unfrequent* incident in life;
It is a chapter whose marked picture oft

(Though modified) recurs in life's full book :
Such sunshine and such shadow often fly
In hurried chase across man's varying way.

The morning-gleams unclouded flash
  Athwart the voiceful skies ;
And glad as childhood's laughter, dash
  The waves in glittering dyes.
Unloose the cable ! this bright day
Invites us to our watery way,
  Where morning spreads her golden sheens :
O lingering friends, a fond farewell !
We go, swift-borne o'er ocean's swell,
In distant climes awhile to dwell
  Amid their storied scenes.

A fond farewell to all we love,
The pomp of western skies above,
The grandeur of the woods below,
The dizzy crags and mighty flow
  Of kingly Hudson's stream.
Adieu unto the scenes, where first
Our infant eyes the blossoms saw
In April sunbeams softly burst :
Adieu unto the spot where erst,
In after times, we fondly swore
To cherish one for evermore ;
And to the hallowed scene where Love
Connubial fondness pledged to prove,—
Admired all other scenes above,

Upon our native shore.
Farewell the city's crowded ways,
And our familiar haunts;
The gardens where the bird and breeze,
Like playmates revel 'mid the trees,
And charm the ear with rural lays;
Adieu the holy shrine where prays
The loving, that we may not want
Heaven's kindly arms around us cast,
When we are rocking 'mid the blast,
Upon the furious seas.

The shore retires; they onward sweep,
Borne by a rushing power sublime;
And, lost amid the circling deep,
Down sinks, behind, the highland steep
Some loved in burning youth to climb.
Then nature's leafless waste was lit
With social merriment and wit,
Which nought for days did intermit;
The lovely there were with the gay,
Marked warnings that their hearts be wary;
For, the fair, I trow, were not, that day,
When floating on their ocean way,
'Mid the native foam where Love arose,
Quite thoughtless of her genial glows,
Or of their smiling witcheries chary.

And some lay down at night to dream
Of Europe's legendary lands;

And in the entrancing hour did seem
To tread upon the strands ;
They saw her ancient cities rise
With hoary towers towards the skies,—
The crumbling pomp of ages gone ;
They heard the nightingale at eve
Chant from old walls where ivies weave
Romantic garlands fit to wreathe
A poet's funeral stone.
And some within the abbey's walls,
(Death's statue-ornamented halls,)
Fancied they stood, where spirits glide
Of mighty bards and kings, who died
To rest 'neath glory's palls.

Some saw in dreams the sacred spot
Where rests the honored dust of Scott,
And where Childe Harold's bones.
They saw the Norman relics grand
Start up to Sleep's mysterious wand,
Where knelt of old the knightly band
Seen sculptured on the stones,—
Whose chivalrous glory, like the dash
Of waves upon the *risen* shore
Which once in plumy light did flash
Like warrior's streaming, silvery sash,
Is gone forever.
And some to whose enthusiast soul
Art's beckoning glories called from far,
Beheld in dreams of sweet control

Her wonders to the eye unroll
And glow like morning with her star.
They saw in Holy Mary's fane
The ancient gods of Raphael shine,
Great Jove with awful mien divine,
And Mars, who now to saints resign
The honors of their reign.*

They saw, by modern genius lit,
Bendeman's seer 'mid ruins sit,
Zion's heart-breaking fall to mourn;
And Delaroche's prison-view,
And Scheffer's sweet and glorious group,—
Jesus consoling all who stoop
For his pure blessings warm to sue,
The slave, the sick, the chained, the worn,
Athirst for heavenly dew.
In visions, by the midnight brought,
Antinous with lofty port
In thoughts' commanding grandeur stood;
And Psyche's head divinely wrought,
With the soul's pensive beauty wooed;
Again; and Love, upon her lip
The essence of his spirit gave,
While she, the enrapturing gift to sip,
Unto the god in fondness clave.

But some in tenderer dreams than these,
Beguile the silent hours of night;

* An allusion to a design of the Great Master.

The hands of parted friends they seize,
And weep in luxury at the sight:
O, sweeter than the flattering song
Which wakes a maiden from her sleep,
And doth its melting verse prolong,
And in the soul of passion steep,—
Is the rich gush of joy that fills
The heart abroad when kindred meet;
Strange and cold scenes are 'round, but thrills
Of bliss and love their accents greet.
'Tis like the joy the Warsaw maid
Knew when the crimson day was past,
Beholding her brave lover's blade
In triumph o'er him cast,—
Himself the nation's anthem singing,
In hope that Poland now was free,
Since the fierce strife, whose praise was ringing,
Had foiled Diebitsch and caused to flee
The Russian's swarming bands.

But hours passed on: the giant swell
Betokened danger on the wing:
And the cold blasts began to tell
In their far muttering,
The story of their strength and wrath,
And foaming glory of their path;
Now rush the reinless steeds of heaven
Before the whirlwind chariot driven,
As maddened by the thunder's crack

And swift upon their wreck-strown track,
As falling stars at even.
An awful crash! the slumberers start,
And spring upon the flooded deck;
When the wild woe of woman's heart
Was heard above the wreck!
What glassy tower above them rose?
It was the iceberg's fearful bulk;
And like an avalanche of snows,
It whelmed the crashing hulk.
One moment shrieked the pallid crowd,
"O God of love, in mercy save!"
Another,—and vexed billows loud
Roared o'er their hopeless grave.

O thou of pictured dreams,—the bride!
Where now the visions soft you saw,
Flushing in beauty, like the tide
Beneath the morning's splendors wide,
Lovely and winning as the blush
Which lately on that cheek did flush,—
As fair as truth e'er wore?
Sweet art shall wreathe domestic bowers,
And fountains deck with lovely flowers,
But not for eyes of thine:
For, friendship yearning after thee,
When fear shall turn to certainty,
With its hot, tearful eyes shall see
(How hard that loved one to resign!)
Far in the caverns of the deep

Thy bridal beauty in the sleep
That none except the Lord Divine,
Can rouse with new vitality.*

'Tis thus th' imprudent, eager haste of man,
Intoxicate with dreams of sudden wealth,
And flushed with hot and prayerless thirst of good,
Is bitterly reproved; his recklessness
Of life's high value, by the dread results †
Which leave their legacies of memories dire,
Is branded with its guilt,—the lesson taught,
That happiness is but a flickering light
Which dances on the sullen waves of Time,
And life itself, in all its full-blown strength
With crown of flowering hopes, is as a rose
Pluck'd in a moment by a passer's hand,
And scattered on the hurrying current's wave;
A sparkling chalice brimmed with wine that's drain'd,
E'en in an instant, by the quenchless thirst
Of Death and sable-stoled forgetfulness.
Mourn! in thy lonely chamber, mourn, and tell
Bereavéd one, thy sorrows by thy sobs
To Nature's ear, till changeful April sweet,
Weeping to miss the flowers that last year bloomed,
Which died and were not sown again,

* This piece was written with reference to the steamship "President;" a bride was among the lost.

† These disasters are here attributed to their usual cause, unfitness in the appointments personal or material, permitted thro' a mercenary and reckless spirit in owners and their employees.

Refrains her grief at sight of woe like thine ;
Mourn sore, bereavéd one ; but now confess
The heart's devotion should be trained towards Heaven,
Not wreathed profusely 'round earth's fading forms ;
Before its crumbling shrines the brightest fires
The breast e'er knows must not be lavished thus.
Through special intervention, righteous Heaven,
Which, tho' in bright and spotless vesture robed
Of awful justice, oft decrees in love,
And with its nectar sweetens all the draught
Which bitterly is mingled for the lip ;—
By special breath and word of Providence,—
By the assault of woes which do not dog
Always the slimy steps of vice and chafe
The dangerous ease of lukewarm souls,—by these,
By dark afflictions winged upon their path,
Speeding on pinions wet with poison-dews,
Or, rushing as upon a tempest's form,
Darkening all joy beneath the awful shade,
All-wise and righteous Heaven, th' adored and blest,
Reproves, and warns, and purifies.

But hark!
What murmurings from afar, from History's dim
And shadowy vistas steal upon the ear!
The muffled thunders from a time long past,
O'er which hang thick the webs of dusty age,
Still reach us with their solemn, earthquake tones!
We hear the tumult of a world o'erthrown,
When from the frowning blackness of the heavens

The ground affrighted sank, and fountains deep,
Fed from the furious skies or distant seas,
Disdained their earthly barriers and rejoiced
In their dread license ; as some fev'rish dream
That hovers o'er the sick man's couch, lit up
With wild, impassioned scenes, dissolves away
Extinguished in the blank and frozen night
Of death's long sleep,—so, soon, the pomp of power,
And glittering shows of pleasure's haunts, and fires
Of turbid passion and the clash of strife,
Were quenched and tombed in ruin wild and dark.
More dread and fearful was the flaming woe
Which on the wings of smoky clouds came down,
And brooded with a suffocating plague
Where couched the ancient cities of the plain.
Then, checked in her career of strife and lust,
The blood-stained eye of vice beheld the threats
Depictured in the angry skies, and heard
The rush of fiery torrents ; Pleasure's cup
Conceived a venom in its ruby depths ;
Dropt from her hand the timbrel and the lyre.
And on her cheek the morn-glow faded back
To twilight pale of fear, and grief, and woe.

And Egypt's pride, and tyranny, and chain
Of gross idolatries drew down the bolts
Of Heaven's avenging lightnings. Judgment oped
Her gloomy book of wrath, and turned
The leaves of many chapters written there,
And read their sentences ; till white and cold

The foam lay on the breathless lip and cheek
Of Egypt's monarch, and the sea-weeds bound
With their salt wreaths the noble's brow;
The horseman and the horse alike slept low
In twilight caverns of the Red Sea's flood.
As when the falcon with swift, eager wing,
Pursues some trembling bird which has escaped
With ruffled plumage his remorseless clutch;
Now in some narrow gorge the affrighted thing
He shadows with his swooping form, when quick,
From unseen hand, an arrow shot, his breast
Fatally pierces: down he drops and beats
The stream below with quivering wing, and stains
Its limpid waves with crimson: free and glad
His victim flies afar to peaceful groves,
And there his rapture chants at close of day.

So Providence, again, with high control,
Aiming at justice and at warnings, called
The raging tide of battle forth, and poured
Its fury on the Amorites: as dark
The frown of Fate and ruinous: it stormed
Against those principalities corrupt;
And they before the torrent strong dissolved,
And night's eternal shade their glory quenched.

Ye harps, that in the desolated halls
Of Zion's holy land still mouldering hang,
Your potent melodies in silence wrapt,—
Awake! and tell how Israel's glory bloomed.

Beneath the smiles of Providence afresh,
Or, withered in the shadow of its frown,
As either their paternal virtues grew,
Or, pride, and covetousness, and unbelief,
As poisonous fruit, hung on their ancient vine
And breathed their sickening, fatal odors forth.
The fruitful pomp of autumn, victory, peace,
Were to their bosoms given; or, plagues and war;
While Famine's pallid, shivering shade enforced
Her awful rule, the tender light of love
And joy domestic darkening in their shrines;
With living spectres peopling every home.
How did corruption in Achaia break
In fevering and sore-vexing civil strife;
The inward fires, out-bursting, rock the land;
And foreign, artful tyranny o'erwhelm
Her peace and freedom in ensanguined woes,
And veil the triumph of her morning star,
When Greece her early virtues long had lost!
When avarice and reckless lust of power
Had stained th' inscription of an earlier age
With blackened hues of guilt mature, at length
Rome, too, the poisoned chalice from the hand
Of Justice took and drank the fearful woe
Which pestilence and rapine brought; and see!
Her purple robes were dyed afresh, in blood.
The once bright blaze sank in a dark red cloud:
Th' imperial crown, by lightning struck, down fell.

But individual rewards the Power that rules
Scatters throughout its empire ; as, when bowed
In penitential sackcloth, David sought
The life of his young innocent in vain,
And plead against the solemn voice of Death
Which called that fluttering, tender soul to rest
In the dim, voiceless chambers of his vast
And peopled prison-palace ;—or, as when,
Struck by the arrows of the bow of Heaven,
And bleeding with the spirit's viewless wounds,
All sightless and in chains, Manasseh mourned
His kingdom lost,—by penitence regained.
As when the parent, chastened by His hand
Who doth " rebuke and chasten whom he loves,"
The death-struck happiness of home deplores,
Or, health and fortune blasted ; till new smiles
Of providential goodness do reward
The growth of faith and faithfulness restored,
And home's sweet, joyous music wakes again,—
Its leafless bowers leaf out and flower anew,
And hope's late moulted wings are fledged once more,
And with their pristine lustre buoyant float.

Our own free country,—what shall be her fate ?
As sure as desolation marks the track
Of th' locust cloud which blotteth out the Sun ;
As sure as droop the flowers and blooming shrubs,
And dies the gorgeous beauty of the groves
When northern winds blow icy cold at night,
So surely, if effeminacy, vice,

And mindless superstition wide prevail,
Will sad decay invade the strength august
Of national prosperity ; the nation's powers
(Her noble crown of dignity downcast)
Suffer deplorable eclipse, and harmony,
Justly we dread, in furious strife be lost,
As th' skies' fair image in th' awakened deep :
While knowledge, virtue, piety will blend
The fabric fair of freedom and of power
To strengthen ; nursed beside such streams,
Fed by such living founts, the stalwart tree
Will deeply strike its roots and raise on high
A form majestical. The unseen Hand,
If Error's grovelling serpent-brood are nursed
Amid the filth of vice, will be upraised
Against our peace ; and there will be ordained
In Justice' chambers dread the scourge, and fire,
And thunderbolts of wrath to scathe and waste ;
But plenty and protection shall be given,
(As shields of gold filled high with Ceres' gifts,)
Where virtue, righteousness, and wisdom rule.

In the soft beauty of the twilight hour,
When the deep hush of night with witching power
Came with the shadows gray to veil the flush
Of evening's tender gleams and purple blush,
As when from locks unbound some maiden throws
A shadow deep across her cheek's rich rose,
Or, as when o'er her pleasant love-dreams fair
A thought of tearful sadness comes to bear

The rosy light of hope and bliss away,—
At that dim hour, devoted to the sway
Of the fond power of dreams that shun the day,
At thought's still Sabbath, came again the theme,
And with it, of the future scarce a *dream*,
Rather a *vision* which had features caught
Of what the seers of olden time had taught :
But, first, a form symbolical I saw,
Rising majestic from the cloud of war ;
The crimson glory of the western sky
Shone o'er its wings and lit its piercing eye ;
Fresh was its vigor, upward swift it soared,
'Till in the starry blue its form careered ;
It seemed the monarch of that western sky,
A type of victory, power, prosperity.
Full many a captive chained, with eager eye,
Beheld that form in boundless freedom fly,
And longed to rise and soar where neither chains
Nor stormy thunder-clouds the flight restrain.
Full many, gathering boldness from the sight,
Unfurled their wings to take that noble flight ;
But Tyranny's fell lightnings then appeared,
The fresh, fair hopes of Liberty were seared,
Their strength was blasted by the rage of Power,
Their dreams of glory darkened in an hour ;
Except that some, despite the fiery shower,
Arose to partial freedom, then to show
That ignorance and vice must ever throw
Clouds of embarrassment and mutual strife
Around the pathway of a nation's life.

Then, in the vision, I beheld, in time,
How Justice hurled her burning ire sublime ;—
How Tyranny, rebuked, relaxed its hold,—
Tho' Error raged within her ramparts bold,
And still her crimsoned lance held poised to pierce
The heart of Truth disdained with accents fierce,—
Till, by convulsion dread of earth and heaven,
The fatal blow by power Supreme was given ,
And in the abyss of deep, eternal night
The stars of fire malign were gulfed from sight.
The smithies murk where chains were forged to bind
The eagle-pinions of the human mind,
The prisons, armories, and forts, and tower,
Where victims wailed, and blood-stained steel the power
Remorseless of the three-crowned Error told ;
All these, both palaces and strongholds bold,
Were in a fiery gulf of ruin hurled,
Amid the joy and terror of the world.
The birds obscene in undisturbed repose
Nestled their young where Rome's old courts arose,
And silence brooded there, (save when from far
Of Truth's and Freedom's hymn of joy the ear
Of Nature listening, genial strains to hear,
Caught the last swell of some full chorus grand ;)
Wild life and solitude possessed the land.

The rich and glorious calm of joy and peace
Followed that day of strife ; release
From all the fevering woes of war was given,
And health and plenty, too, with truth from heaven.

The harp that twanged with notes of discord wild,
Renewed the song with strains of sweetness mild;
And He who whelmed in death the scornful foe,
Who once himself was slain in bitter woe,
And had by just decree been clothed with power,
As is the sun with glory's matchless dower,
(Peerless, except that he shall see that day,
"Ashamed," an orb of purer, brighter ray,
Who, 'midst the envious clouds whose hate oppressed,
Went down bestained with bloody steams to rest,
Only to rise upon a cloudless morn,
And ope of brightest day the glorious dawn)—
This orb of power, in majesty divine,
Amid the throng around him called to shine,
Unchallenged reigned. His might the slumbers broke
In death's dark courts, and tore his grievous yoke
From off the children who yet drew their breath,
Living to love, but subjects unto death.*
O, Zion's mount! no more thou'lt bear thy shame;
Renew the splendors of thine ancient name;
Shake off the foes who have thy ruins trod,
And smile to welcome thy descending God!
More brilliant than an Eastern poet's dream,
Or than Hope's morning visions, then shall seem
Thy glories and prosperity. Ye skies!
Whose wondering orbs saw Bethlehem's star arise;
Who 'round its infant beauty softly bent,

* "Subject to bondage." St. Paul. Subject *i. e.* to the tyranny of the fear of death. Living believers ("we who are alive") "shall be changed" at His coming, &c.

While with its beams were love's red watch-lights blent,
(Like earth-born wishes and solicitudes,
Mixing their glow with light of hopes which brood
With sacred, heaven-born beauty in the mind
Of the Virgin-mother, Mary, pure and kind)—
Ye Orient skies have ne'er gazed on a scene
Like that which ye shall see that day, I ween ;
No festal life and pomp like that your light
Hath ever lit and opened to the sight :
No blazoned page like that in Time's great book,
With its rich, golden scenes, the eye e'er took,
And showed such proof how Providence brings forth
The blessings which it promised unto worth,
And makes the travailing hours of woe to bear
A progeny of never-fading joys. Appear !
O golden age restored ! and victory bring,
And triumph's splendors, unto Zion's King,
Whose throne, upreared where David reigned of yore,
Shall be sustained by love as well as power,
And garlanded, as by celestial flowers,
With clusters thick of spirits glad and free,
Clad in the robes of immortality.

The river which sends forth in yonder vale
Its murmurings in the woods, and hides its stream
In thickest shades, shall sooner ever fail
To find an ocean where beneath the beam
Of undimmed day 'twill spread, than shall the ways
Of Providence, through every misty maze,
To th' period grand of vast awards to flow ;

Yea, sooner shall the orb of day ne'er know,
After its setting in autumnal haze,
A morrow's rising: sooner far delays,
And e'er her nest and cooling eggs forgets
The anxious bird which storm uncouth besets,
And never brings to perfect life and form
The lately-cherished charge she kept so warm.

Wise, just and good, the Providential rule
Demands that we our hearts and lives should school
To reverence, and trust, and fruitful love,
That we may share its great awards above,
As well as here its guardian goodness prove.

POEM.

DELIVERED AT THE HUNTINGTON FESTIVAL AT NORWICH-TOWN, CT., SEPTEMBER 3, 1857.

Wedlock! fond source of pure relationship,
The fountain-haunt of many a bliss, where throngs
Of tender dreams and shapes of happiness
Were by Creative Love designed to brood;
Wedlock! with mention of thy name, and thoughts
Of thy pure influences and concord fond
Well may I ope this strain; so that my verse
Shall be, tho' graceless, like a stream that springs
Where sweet retirement is embowered 'mid blooms
Which breathe ambrosial odors. 'Round that bond
Which marriage ties with silken knot
Heaven throws its sanction, interweaving it
As a thread of gold throughout the bond beloved.
Type of Messiah's union with His Church!
(Comparison with holy lessons rife,
And teaching us how fond and pure should be
The union of the hearts which wedlock binds.)
See'st thou yon river that adown the vale
Flows on in majesty, wherein suffused
The soft and blushing glory of the morning rests
Till wave and sunshine-richness seem dissolved
Into one stream of light and power! So, in one tide

The affections and desires should flow
Of those whom Hymenéal bonds have joined,
Mingling and glowing in harmonious stream.
See'st thou yon stars that seem in heaven to meet,
Blending their rays in soft, unquenching beams ? *
Across that azure sea above they float,
With even movement keeping union e'er ;
The zenith finds them still in commune rapt ;
Their voice according and their light still blent
When down the western hill they sink and bid
The watchers or the sky-charmed sage " good-night :"
So, like two voices, in some song of home
Where music lavishes her tenderest heart,
Should flow harmoniously the wedded lives.
With awe-struck recognition of His laws
And of that mystic union to God's Son,
(In marriage stainless and love-lighted typed,)
And with conviction of the holiness
Which unto wedlock's sweet alliance clings,
Our fathers, of the earlier days, did found
Our wide-spread, populous family,
And here th' eternal truths of virtue taught.
Here, doubtless, to the young, the parents sage
The grand, ennobling doctrines of Heaven's word
Unfolded, telling to the listening soul
Of Him whose Spirit everywhere doth brood,—
O'er the wild haunts and lonely rocky wastes,
As well as where bright Civilization sheds
A flood of luxury and glory o'er

* I do not know who first used this comparison.

The populous realms of life: alike where flows
The murmuring chant of streams that ne'er
Mirrored the snowy sail; and where ships superb
In the crowded river's glassy depths ride deep
By reason of the varied, glittering spoils
Which Commerce from far-distant shores has won.
Here breathed they to the curious mind of youth
The story of the holy men of old,
Who, in the childhood of our race, when yet
Narrow the river of corruption ran
Down Time's grave-margined stream, the turbid tide
Nobly resisted, and for Truth and God
Inscribed and broad unfurled their vessel's flag.
The eventful course of years they told,
And marked their solemn lessons; then the tale
Most woeful, yet most triumphing, they breathed,
Of Him who came to show how God and love
Could in a human heart reside; and how
The fearful gulf which shuts us out from Heaven
Could, by a cross of wood, be safe bridged o'er,
Safe unto all who walk by faith's clear star
And in the love-lit path of righteous life.
Thus in the ear of listening youth they poured,
Doubtless, their solemn lessons, and the stamp
Pressed kindly on the yet impressible heart,
That, with the noble form of virtue e'er,
It might conspicuous prove. And so
In sacred virtue and in industry
The bases of our family renown and strength
They wisely, deeply laid.

I ween,
Like that mysterious tree Ezekiel saw
In fruity affluence and strength, that grew
Beside the sacred stream in Holy Land,—
So flourishes the tribe or house which strikes
The roots of its development in sound
And healthful virtues; while its veins
Are coursed by energy and living hope.
So swells rejoicingly the stream which springs
From broad-based hills that rise to seek the sky;
And 'neath the solemn and the mighty shade
Of ample ranges, takes its seaward course,
While beauty and prosperity smile bright
Upon the shore it laves.

Far o'er the seas,
From where the precious sunbeams light the marge
Of England's storied waters mirroring
The crumbling pomp of feudal walls and gleam
Of ivy-mantled towers and fanes,—from scenes
Where still the genius of her power in strength
August and undecaying rules, they came,
The edifice of civilization here
And Truth's fair form to rear. The ranks of war!
Dreadful and sad the mission which they haste
Upon the fields ensanguined to fulfill;
How sad the light which shines upon the folds
Of Victory's banners,—light, which dying hopes
And the faint, stifling flames of sinking life
Cast with their final flickerings; and which

The fires of ruin dart from crumbling seats
Where Power was throned and from the ashy wrecks
Of Art and beauty overwhelmed!
But fair and wreathed with blessings is the brow
Of Christian Civilization; and the end
Of her advance claims justly songs and praise.

Yet should again
The august genius of our Freedom sigh
O'er her immunities assailed, and call
For brave defenders and for sacrifice,—
The martial genius of our slumbering sires
Would in their sons be seen to wake.

The angry waves,
Storms of the desolate coast, the snows
Burying th' inclement shores in ice and gloom,
Quenched not their courage or their faith. The dream
Of southerly skies and climes might fair
Have gleamed and glowed in the mind's atmosphere;
But bleak and wintry was the scowl which gloomed
Above the shores where tempests drove their bark.
Yet in the cold, forbidding day of grief,
They sowed the seed which, smiled upon of heaven,
When in the after glory of a summer time
It sprouted, grew into flourishing beauty, bloomed
And with a wealth of fruitage decked wide boughs.
As oaks that wrestle with September's gales,
As rocks and crags that battle with the surge,
How many were their struggles with the force

Of wild and wintry tempests and the stern
And yet enchanting rudeness of the land,
O'er which a wierd and dim romance reposed,
Romance of its untutored race, the tribes
Of plumed and painted swarthy men!

The charm
Which was breathed forth from those strange scenes
And from the picturesque and novel life
Which chronicled itself upon Time's chart
In that wild realm of wood-girt hills and floods
Solemn and mighty and of forest-shadowed plains,
Whose silence Civilization scarce had broken,—
This charm was then but as a flickering light
On the dark cloud of their experience
When want and war their feebly-guarded homes
Roughly assailed: They nerved themselves for strife;
As from the marble crude the sculptor shapes
The form of grandeur and expressive grace;
As from the hideous belchings of the mouth
Of flaming mountains and from desolate mines
The builder hews in rock and scoria forms
Wherewith he raises architectural grace,
The soaring pomp of beauty and of strength,—
So reared they a prosperity and name
Noble for virtue, energy and mind,—
Upraised it from amid their trials rough,
From elements in natural rudeness found.
The murky desolation of the sky
Grew bright; a fair-brow'd day was born,

Some still the plough drove in the rugged field ;
Some in the ranks of war, upon the plains
Where streamed his banner like a meteor red,
Drew for their country and their homes their swords ;
And lit with the bright flashing of their steel
A path 'mid dark and thorny fields
To victory and renown. Theirs was a share
In glory's harvest ; to the flowing stream
Of our prosperity and name, their sweat
And their life-currents added : blossoms fair
To the wreath of literary fame which binds
America's young brow, some added ; light
And " orient pearls " of wisdom sowing thick
In the rude soil of the western world of mind.
Into th' enchanted palace and the flowery fields
Of dreamy Rómance, some our footsteps led,
Lighting the scene with graphic charm :
While Art, (soft-hued, bewitching solacer,
Of this our stirring, dusty life,) sweet Art
Wove the rich web of the entrancing dreams
Which spell-bound some ; while Science, too,
With mien august and face symmetrical
As Grecian beauty or a Doric fane,
Commanded reverence and love, and oped
Unto the awe-struck, gladdened gaze of some
Her gates magnificent, to the great world
Of God-stamped wisdom ushering.

But as the wheel of Time kept rolling,
And our numbers were increased,—

To the wide West, rich and glorious,
A young band their footsteps pressed.
Some enchanted, where the Mohawk
In blue lustre seamed the mead,
Near the sparkle of its waters,
Tarried, built and sowed the seed ;
There they prospering were gladdened,
With the joy of home and love,
Zoned with children as with flower-wreathes,
'Till Heaven called of these, above,
Not a few, fond, lovely spirits
Which their gentle radiance cast
O'er the waves of life's swift river,
Leaving thus a hallowed past.

When the cares of home were ended,
When their toils in State were done,
On Religion's breast, they languished,—
Life's light quenched, its courses run.

Others where Lake Erie's billows
Bathed in diamond-light its shores ;
Or, amid New-Jersey's green glades
Found a home. Where ocean roars,

With "sea spray" gemming grassy meadows,
Others in a quiet shrine
Their household happiness embowered,
To science given and art divine.

By the swift Missouri's waters ;
Where the Thames and Yantic glide ;
'Mid New England's northern mountains,
Widely spread our prospering tribe.

As bees unto the hive returning,
Though fair flowers they leave for home,
So unto their olden homesteads
Rich with memories sweet, they come.

As in spring the joyous swallows
Thrilling with their early love,
Seek their peaceful, native valleys,—
So we come our hearts to prove.

As the waters brightly sparkling
That from hill-sides course away,
Gliding on in creek and river
Till they're lost 'neath ocean-spray ;

From that mighty waste returning,
Rising in the showery winds,
Fall in gladdening streams where erst they
Gushed in founts their course to find ;
So, from th' western world's wide ocean,
From its heaving, restless tide,
Hither to their source our kindred
Gather thick from every side.

Hither they've come ; the aged, on whose sight
These storied scenes burst with affecting power ;

They gazed upon them in youth's rosy light;
Now, in life's autumn and its soberer hour
They greet the view again, and they are blest
Here by ancestral homes once more to rest.

Welcome! ye aged; in the name of those
Whose lot and homes amid these scenes are fixed,
Welcome unto this spot where ceaseless flow
The quenchless light and stream of memory's mixed
But clear associations blest; the same,
Though changed, this spot of olden name.

Death has been busy, as we have been told,
Gathering the ripened sheaves to granaries full,
Those radiant in young bloom beside the old
He has not shrunk with icy hand to cull; *
Like miser antique, rich with ample store,
Whose pale and covetous clasp seeks more and more.

But here beside you, are the youthful throng
Of sons and daughters, relatives of ours,
And those maturer; unto whom belong
The features of the lost; as in the flowers
And fruitage of this year, we see the type
Of those that in your youth were fresh and ripe.

A welcome here our friends extend to all,
To youth all glowing with its undimmed hopes,
And those who have responded to the call

* "He reaps the bearded grain" &c.—LONGFELLOW.

To active, thoughtful life of various scopes,—
To all may Pleasure pure a sweet return
Proffer, full-flowing from her liberal urn.

Here may you feast, like bees among the flowers,
Upon associations old, to memory dear,
Gladdened by visions of the vales and bowers
And rushing streams you loved in childhood's years.
Beauteous and spotless to your fancy rise
The forms of lost ones in a heavenly guise!

Here may our contact strike etherial sparks,
Lighting the scene with wit and blameless glee,
Here in this ancient spot may care that carks
And all of bitterness and anguish flee;
May love and friendship smile like Eden's morn,
And sweet and holy visions here be born.

May sentiments of pure and sacred worth,
Breathed forth from prayer, from public thanks and praise,
Or having 'mid our private converse birth,
Like gems which 'mid its sand some stream displays;
May such now find impressible our hearts,
And rich and lasting values here impart.

Here at the ancient hive, may honey true,
And gathered from th' eternal fields of Truth,
With its uncloying sweets our souls imbue;
Than an elixer true of life and youth

More gladdening and enduring in its power;
May sacred beams shine 'mid this festal hour!

So may this meeting favor our advance
In the glad ways of peace and turn the thoughts
As doves unto the ark where brightly glance
The sunbeams of the love divine, and sought
Security of life and pleasure dwells,
And social joy forever freely wells.

In that communion noble opened here,
Through its pure, glowing spirit may our hearts
A foretaste drink of that commune so dear
Which Heaven with its undying love imparts;
The silver bonds of kindred now renewed,
May they there then all of our own include.

As flocks, of the like plumage, scattered far
By harsh alarms, gather again on high,
Cutting with swift and eager wings the air
Till their glad voices mingle in the sky,—
So, tho' afar dispersed by life's shocks here,
May we in heaven's pure air unite fore'er,

The ocean shall give back its sunken pearls,
And every deep the gems engulfed there;
The silenced notes of music wake; the world
Of harmony their strains shall know once more;
The seed which full of virtue fell to earth
In a new growth to beauty shall have birth.

Yea ; even those timid, youthful thoughts that rose,
Rose and then fell, like fluttering, half-fledged birds,
Shall waken yet unto a life that knows
No death-like darkness, if to holy words
And kindly they were joined ; those thoughts in might
Shall revel in th' unclouded realms of light.

But now 'tis fit this strain should know its close :
'Tis fit this stream of humble thought should cease :
And yet, perchance, oblivion's thirsty sands
May not at once drink up this current spent ;
Since from a bosom stirred by love's pure breath
These parting words are voiced.

Ancestral homes !
Tender and beautiful and fond the light
Which floats around ye ! Here affections come,
Seeking the haunts and homes of buried worth,
As life's warm currents seek again the heart,
Or as the many echoes their one source.
Tombs of my sires,* who in yon graveyard sleep !
There is a voice which in your silence speaks :
Amid your darkness and your dust there springs
A fresh and lovely light ; and forms beloved
Start up and beckon with engaging smiles.

* The dust of Brig. General Jedediah Huntington, of the Revolutionary service, and late of New London, sleeps in the vault of his father, Maj. General Jabez Huntington, at Norwich-town. Hon. Benj. Huntington, M. C. and Judge of the Supreme Court, is commemorated by a monument near by ; tho' the ashes of that prominent civilian repose among his descendants at Rome, N. Y.

Scenes eloquent and solemn! ere I part,—
Ere from my mind your picture floats to rest
Beneath a shadow for the while, may hopes
And strong resolves burn bright to meet
The sainted who have found the soul's sweet rest;
Whose spirits, purified and lighted up
With the image of "the Sun of righteousness,"
Have risen at His calling, as the drops
Of dew that image forth the Sun,
Rise at his summons to the glorious skies.

EXCERPS FROM A POEM PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE SIGMA PHI AT HAMILTON COLLEGE, 1841.

THE GENEROUS VIRTUES FIT US FOR LIFE, AND INVOKE THE INDULGENCE AND FAVOR OF PROVIDENCE.

But if, by blighting all the buds that youth
Reveals of guilelessness and trust and love
Guiltless of mercenary stains, we seek
To fit the heart for life's " cold, trying years,"
For happiness and true prosperity,
In contact with a stern and wily world,—
We act the part of folly : 'twere to pluck
From off the new-fledged bird the plumage fair
Which gilds its untried wings, because those wings
Must shortly beat the storm whose gusts would shake
With rudeness, to their delicateness unmatched,
The feathers of its trust. But rather, let
The young bird, taught, in his own plumage rise :
Behold ! doth not the awful King of Storms
Smile thro' the terrors of his battling clouds ;
And, won with innocency's beauty rare,
Charm the wild air to silence by a word !
The soft winds gently press the silken plumes,
And the glad pilgrim thro' the yielding air
Floats on His breath towards everlasting bowers.
What though, with borrowed feathers from some bird

Fierce-hearted, gloating e'er on dreams of prey,
It, with a struggle, baffled oft, should reach
At last the heights long sought? from thence, the flash
Of Heaven's avenging bolt may hurl it down;
The meed of spoliation, cold distrust,
And cherished heartlessness, and selfish pride.

THE NOBLE AND UNSUSPECTING.

* * * What tho' the world should deem
This breast confiding like a citadel
With its portcullis up, its bolts all drawn,
And warriors slumbering on the watch-towers high?
What tho' the selfish should, insidious, plot
To cheat this trusting heart of all its hopes!
Let all this be. Far better that the shrines
Of Trust and Love should smoke with sacrifice
Of their own worshippers and priests,
In martyrdom most bright consumed, than that
No step should break the silence of their aisles,
No heart should live the votary of their cause,
Nor tell how rich their incense-fires; how fair,
How passing sweet the triumphs of their power.

THE POWER OF BENEVOLENCE.

What mystic power shall bathe in slumber deep
The throng of passions harsh that haunt
The shadows of disquietude within? What glance,
Refulgent with celestial fire, shall melt
Pride's frosty barriers, and the frame
Of cold formalities which rules a world

In custom's mighty despotism bound ?
Upon what throne, in royalty and light,
Sits that etherial power whose voice can bid
The winter of the heart dissolve and smile
Into the genial spring ? Hail, Love, supreme
Of all the virtues that came smiling down
With the creating word, when light, the sign
And prophet of thy mild benificence,
Shot o'er the icy deep ; when man uprose
In beauty from the dust, and stood sublime,
A glorious temple for thyself upreared.
Hail ! Love, the happiest spirit, and the first
In might as well as birth ; " beneath thy steps "
Immortal " roses spring ;" Elysian airs
Float from thy spreading plumes. * * *

HONOR TO THE MORAL CONQUEROR.

With truth sublime wrote Zion's regal sage :
" Full mightier is he who rules his heart
Than he who takes a city." Then, ye stars !
Flash forth from 'mid th' eternal flowers
Which bind the moral victor's brow ;
Deep be the reverence which meets his glance ;
And rich with poetry's divinest glows,
The song which tells the story of his life.

THE AIMS OF CHARITY.

An aim that tends
To sweeten what may still be sweet ; to soothe
The cankerings which care and sorrow cause ;

Of peace the wounded elements to heal ;
Lower paradise to earth, and calm the tide
Of human life that, in its clearer face,
May dwell the images of heaven, to glass
In fairer lines man's origin and end,
The glories of his destiny and source.
Nor does the value of results embrace
Solely these beauties of a moral change ;
But with a working, beautiful and strange,
The generous emotions tend to grace
Man's motions all and lineaments of face.
In this the heart and mind alike unite ;
So, light within an alabaster vase ;
The pleasant glories thro' the sculpture glow,
And make the urn a brighter picture show.
Nor only do these influences bright
Breathe thro' the mien and face their charm and light,
But with sweet subtlety conspire to mould
The faults of features into those less bold ;
A soft and intellectual meaning finds
Within the countenance its lasting shrines.
'Round beauty's footsteps and upon her head,
Her magic loveliness Love seems to shed ;
The stamp divine is fixed upon the face,
Throughout posterity's ennobled race ;
The heritage, in all, forever seen,
Gives to humanity a nobler mien,
A brow more like the throne of love and thought,
A lip to kindlier expression wrought,
While eyes of softer and of lovelier glance
Reveal the deeps where Eden's sunbeams dance.

POETRY AND ROMANCE OF THE INDIAN COUNTRY AND ITS TRIBES.

PART I.

WONDERS AND GLORIES OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

Oh, Solitude! thy realm is surely here;
Thy vast and noiseless pinions here extend,
Brooding o'er nature's majesty. The air
Is wonderful, and boundless in its range;
But here do earth's dominions vie with those.
How sea-like, as the mirrors of a cloud
That deems itself the monarch of the skies,
Those lakes in brilliancy expand! The hordes
That spring and flash within that crystal flood,
What glistening beauty vests their mighty sides!*
Those rich, vast gardens of the West, which wave
So glorious in their wealth of grass and flowers,
Like to the green pavilion of some king,
By morning airs caressed, now shake
With the startling thunder of the mighty herds
That roam their trackless prairie. Oft it burns
Afar, in dread magnificence; death-doomed,
Unless with winged feet, they bound away.

* The salmon trout is found in the great lakes; and it has been found to weigh as high, I learn, as 150 lbs.

HYMN TO GOD—(A CHORUS.)

All praise to Thee, creative Power,
Whose hand these mighty regions spread,
And countless forms of bloom did shower
On the green path man's foot must tread.

Like to Thine armies in the skies,
Yon glorious forests proudly stand;
Thy wisdom bade those mountains rise,
To edge the broad and fruitful land:
For all, be praise to Thee.

INDIAN WARFARE—(RECITATIVE.)

'Mid the thick tangles of their trackless wilds
The prowling band now lurks. The swarthy hue,
The painted face, the mighty bow, the dart of flint,
The eye with vengeance lit, and feathered head,
Betray the Indian braves. With one wild yell
They spring upon the careless foe: now spouts
The crimson life, and fall in death's dark swoon
The warriors of those tribes. The wounded groan,
As groans the falling tree by lightning struck,
And 'mid the pauses, list! the deadly bow!
Oh, death! thy carnival is surely here.

DEATH SONG OF PRISONERS, BEFORE BEING BURNED.

Ah! treacherous foe!
As the panther unheard, thou has sprung;
Thy weapons as fierce as his grasp!
Ah! treacherous foe!
The children of panthers, their scholars in war!

Shall we never the dart
Wing in wrath 'gainst your tribes,
As of yore, when these arms
Over many flashed red ?
Your proudest fell then ;
What a triumph was ours !
Their scalps are thick hung in our wigwam's repose,
A heart-cheering sight,
Oh, ye treacherous foes !

BEAUTIFUL BIRDS, PECULIAR TO THOSE REGIONS, CATCHING THE INSPIRATION OF SONG, BY THEIR MELODY TEACH HOW LOVELY IS NATURE'S HARMONY, AND THUS CHIDE THE SANGUINARY DISCORD OF THE SCENE BENEATH—(A DUET.)

But listen, now, what dulcet voices,
As his songs whose heart rejoices
In an elysium found, now flow
From yon thick shade that bendeth low.

It is the liquid merry chant
Of mocking-birds, whose full hearts pant
With their melodious rivalry,—
A sweet rebuke to what they see.

As stars that peep through angry skies,
As dew-drops falling in the fire,
As smiles of love to frowns of ire,
So seem those notes to war's fierce cries.

Is there a language in those notes,
Where prophecy in music floats ?
From nature's shrine, a voice divine
Sings, " Peace shall triumph yet benign."

SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

My warriors !—In the glory of the sun,
Steeping the mighty plains with quickening light,
Whose image see ye ? Whose that voice ye hear,
Amid the tempest, when the battling oak,
War-worn, distracted, seeks the earth's repose ?
And whose that smile, that in the summer's flush
Beams forth the favor Heaven has deigned to shower
Upon the tribes that people this broad range ?
'Tis the Great Spirit's, guardian of the free
That roam these solemn forests.

Whose those plagues
That in the forms of pestilence and drought
Are loosed upon us, faithless to our trust ?
From the weird councils of the Evil one,
By Heaven's permission, they are hither sent.
Court not the benefits of the Evil one,—
Wreathe not his name with blessings or with prayers ;
With shaggy offerings let yon mountain-tops
Attest your piety to God, whose awful feet
Touch, wrapt in thunder-clouds, th' astonished crags.
Give not, I entreat, so tamely, His great gifts
Unto the pale intruders, lest he blast
Despisingly the race that deems so light
The favors of munificence in Heaven.

CHORUS OF PRAISE TO THE GREAT SPIRIT, AND A CALL TO ARMS.

All glory to the mighty King above,
Whose power amid the pomp of nature burns ;

Whose glance outstrips the lightning, and whose frown
Breeds war and famine, wheresoe'er it glooms,
While imps of darkness tremble at His wrath ;
At His dread thunder-words, alarmed, they fly.
From Thy high triumph, in the glistening air,
Stoop, with benignant countenance, and clothe
Our cause with victory, while we rush to drive
Back to the eastern seas th' invasion pale,
That, like the burden of the winter storms,
Sweeping afar, will else fill all the land.
A boundless ocean skirts the western shore,
And scarce an island clouds that lower sky
With its inviting green.

Oh, whither then,
Can our thinned race escape !

To arms, arise !

SUNSET O'ER THE WESTERN LAKES—(RECITATIVE.)

Are nature's cups of rich aerial hues,
By the genius ravished of the western skies,
Now poured with robber-like profusion forth,
That thus they rival here Italia's lights,
In her rich and kindling heavens ?

The day-god's beams
From lake succeeding lake are hurled anew
'Mid evening's purple mists. His dying hour,
Like the departure of the human great,

Is bathed with ripest glories; fame and love
And honor strew with roses bright their couch,
And gild the last sight of their chariot-wheels
With triumph's heavenly beams.

The evening flush,
The beautiful realms of cloud-land image forth
The paradise the Indian brave expects
To roam through, when full many moons have passed.
Then bury by his side his faithful steed,
And arrow-heads of sharpened stone, and bow,
And beady belt with feathers broidered rich;
One day, a call shall burst his earthly bars,
And summon him to life's enraptured chase.

PART II

WONDERS AND GLORIES OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

Dim, in the voiceless, vast, and chilling gloom
Of caverns unexplored to their dark bounds,
Flits the gray shade of nations now extinct.
Once roamed they where the Indian hunters roam;
And here in their weird sepulchres they sleep,
Sitting for aye* in death's unmoving trance,—
The glittering stalactites around

* Bodies of the ancients are found, in a sitting posture, in the caverns of the West. The Indians, it is said, do not enter these caverns, believing that the Great Spirit pervades them with an especial presence. Hence the bodies are supposed to be those of an earlier race—perhaps of a race akin to the Aztecs. For this statement I believe I am indebted to Mr. Bradford, to whose valuable work on Indian Antiquities the reader is referred for many interesting particulars.

Their canopy of glory. Footsteps here
Of the wild followers of their race ne'er break
Upon the enchanted silence of their tomb;
But the Great Spirit—so the red man dreams—
Makes these dim caves His solemn, holy shrines,
And guilty mortals may not enter there.
Yet may they tread beside His glorious work,
When bends His glowing bow, and sounds His voice,
Above Niagara's swift, majestic plunge!
There, sheeted in its pure and flashing foam,
Lingers the warrior's ghost, and holds commune
With the majesty of nature and of God.*
Long, journeying rivers, whose untiring waves
Touch shores a thousand leagues apart;
Vast, rolling plains, in flowery verdure clothed;
And rocks, † by nature's pencil pictured; hills,
Where lonely cities seem in ruin bowed,
And crumbling, pillared temples seem to gleam ‡
In rich decay; and mountain ranges high,
Where springs the innocent antelope, and screams
The kingly bird of heaven; and, 'neath the sky
Of blander climes, the grand, religious mounts,

* Red Jacket, chief of the Senecas, expressed a belief that his spirit, after death, would linger about the falls of Niagara.

† "The picture-rocks."

‡ On the Missouri may be seen appearances as of some ancient and boundless city in ruins—ramparts, terraces, domes, towers, citadels and castles, cupolas, magnificent porticos, and here and there a solitary column and crumbling pedestal, and even spires of clay, which stand alone and glisten in the distance as the sun's rays are reflected by the thousand crystals of gypsum imbedded in them. The colors are glowing and beautiful, and the effect highly picturesque.—*Catlin's Notes.*

Offering their incense and eternal fire
Unto the favoring heavens; these are but part
Of nature's glories in her western world.

THE SCALP-DANCE BY TORCH LIGHT.*

By the ghastly glare of torches bright,
The red throng bound and dance;
How wildly flourish they the axe
And the gory, feathered lance!
How firmly guarded still their breasts
With the shields of thick skin tanned,
That caught the poisoned eager darts!
Upheld by woman's hand,
The scalps, with life's red drops still wet,
Stream in the affrighted air;
The maddened tramp and cry she hears
Of warriors drunken there
With war's infuriating draught;
For can this be but show?
That song of sad, but frightful notes,
Shall soothe the anger low,
And blunt the curses of those souls,
That menance rankling woe.

* The scalp-dance has been supposed to be conciliatory towards the manes of their victims, as well as in celebration of victory. It is danced by torch-light, and is pronounced impassioned and vivid in the extreme.

DANCE TO THE MEDICINE OF THE BRAVE,*

Now the dance is by the cabin
Of the warrior's widowed bride,
And the drum's triumphal music
Sounds the bounding throng beside.

They with hot gesticulation,
Vaunt the hero's courage high,
And, perchance, among their trophies,
Those he took salute the eye.

On a branch, before his wigwam,
His mysterious pouch is hung;
And, beneath, the gifts of pity
To the one bereaved are flung.

Ere the half-month is departed
She will dry her bitter grief,
For that broidered fur he cherished,
Wraps a charm of strong relief.

SACRIFICES TO THE GREAT SPIRIT.

The smile of God seems in the flushing heavens;
'Tis meet the glorious sun should now behold
Man's sacrifices to that Spirit whence
Sprang life and beauty on the earth. Send forth
And load the airs that travel to His seat
With incense of wild sage and odorous herbs

* The dance of the Sacs, to the "medicine-bag" of the brave, has been illustrated by Catlin. It lasts one hour in a day for a fortnight. The medicine bag is honored by the Indians almost as a god, ever carried and often buried with him. It is made of various skins, frequently beautifully decorated.

And leaves of spicy scent; and let the choice,
Best morsels from the slaughtered deer
Be lifted up towards heaven. And scarlet cloths,
And blue, like to the midnight sky, and fit
For the shoulders of a mighty chief—let these
Wave in the winds aloft. And on yon hills,
Where shrink the stern rocks from th' Almighty's steps,
When midnight spreads her cloudy wings in heaven,
Spread forth the fringed, embroidered robe,
Worked with bright feathers from the breasts of birds,
Of changing hues, and soft and beautiful,
And the fine quills of the porcupine, rich-dyed.
As the great sun takes from the flow'ret's cup,
And from the bubbling spring, (so small that trout
Ne'er laved their pink and spotted sides therein,)
A tribute faint; so, from our stores shall He,
The tassels of whose vast pavilion touch
The boundaries of the universe, accept
An offering from man, though it be small.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF PEACE.

Let the blood-red flag be furled—
Peace, the blue-eyed, smiles again;
And beneath her smile there stealeth
Music's sweet and tender strain.*

* According to the author last quoted, the songs of the Indian, in his quiet domestic hours, are sometimes quite sweet and tender, and pleasingly accompanied by a low murmuring from his drum.

Now the Winnebago lover
Softly blows his " courting flute ;"
Through the wigwam's pictured cover,*
Dark eyes answer to his suit.

She, meanwhile, the robe is fringing,
Which her warlike father wears ;
But, while fringing and embroidering,
She has thoughts beyond her cares.

Now her brothers, in the boat race,
Cleave the Mississippi's stream ;
Or, in sport, with strength and fine grace,
Wing the arrow like a beam.

Some, upon their half-wild coursers,
Bred upon the prairie vast,
Full of nature's light and wildness,
Everywhere are bounding past.

Beauteous crests of eagle's feathers
Plume the rider's peaceful brow ;
Warring, *chieftains* only wear them—
They may grace *his* forehead now.

And upon his courser prancing,
Lo ! the same proud crest is fixed ;
On his lance, its grace enhancing,
Plumes and streaming locks are mixed.

Some, amid the deep-green ambush,
Watch the wild-duck's reckless play,

* In one or more of the tribes, their wigwams are elegantly decorated.

Till the wane of evening's sky-flush
Cheats the rifle of its prey.

Some are listening to the legends
Strange and beautiful that float
Down tradition's misty current,
That no pencil ever wrote.

One discourseth how a wanderer
Saw the 'heavenly sisters' glide,
In a blithe and fairy movement,
As the leaves upon the tide:

How, excited with their beauty,
Forth he rushed upon the dance—
But, alas! beheld them vanish
Back to heaven at a glance;

How again, transformed, he waited
For their willow-car to lower
Down to earth the twelve, whose shyness
Made him yearn the more and more.

How he sprang and clasped the youngest,
And resumed at once his form—
His sweet prize to ask in wedlock,
And to win with pathos warm.

Then 'twas told how Waupee reveled
For a year in nuptial bliss;
But that yet his boy and consort
He was fated long to miss.

She into her native heaven
Floated in a woven car,
And rejoined the bright eleven,
In their paradise afar—

As some tropic bird, imprisoned
In a dull and dreary land,
In a free and happy moment
Darts out towards its native strand.

But the beauteous boy reminded
Waupee's wife of earth and him;
And the boy desired to visit
Mortals in that region dim.

Waupee wept beside the circle
Where the radiant fairies danced;
But at last he heard her chanting,
And his eyes upon them glanced.

With what joy he fondly clasped them,
Heard the invitation kind,
To bring up with them to heaven
Gifts of living things behind!

His swift arrow won the offering—
Then they soared above the ring,
And with joy and feast were greeted
By the gracious Starry King.

And the guests took each a present,
And were changed to what they chose;

Waupee chose a white-hawk's feather—
White-hawk's wings about him rose!

His devoted son and consort
Chose the same, and they were changed;
And these hawks, to earth descending,
Through its airy regions ranged,*

When this curious tale was ended,
One discoursed how there did rove
One to find the bright pavilion
Of the Lord of life and love.

He was welcomed by a woman
At the hallowed mountain's base—
Purified by sacred waters—
Brought before the Holiest's face.

In that place of light and beauty,
Resting on a golden seat,
He to God's commandments listened,
Sitting near his awful feet.†

Others tell how slumber's minions
Watch to trance one night and day;
How to Manito's dominions
Mortal feet have found the way.

How one in a trance did journey
On the road to Paradise,

* The tale of Waupee, or the White-Hawk, is a Shawnee tale, given in H. R. Schoolcraft's work. He is the authority, too, for that which follows the story alluded to above.

† An allusion to the story told to the Indians, by Pontiac, previous to the confederation against the English, in 1763,

And that they who traveled thither
Seemed in richly-burdened guise—

Laden with the guns and weapons,
Buried with them in their graves—
Burning for the chase delightful,
Where th' e'er-blooming prairie waves.

In that land of light and beauty,
Heaven's joys around them burst;
But disaster, foul and dreary,
Strikes, ere there, the bad and cursed.

Passing o'er a slippery pathway,
O'er a deep and grim abyss,
Missiles from a guard of spirits
Cause them foothold sure to miss.

Wrecked below in sharp misfortune,
Circled with disgusting things,
They catch gleams afar of heaven,
Sighing for the gift of wings.

But the frown of God th' Avenger
Darkens like a midnight cloud;
And the torrent, rudely dashing,
Roars about them hoarse and loud.

Some aver they're sternly hastened
To a bleak and frozen land,
Where th' Eternal binds them, chastened,
By His strong and dread command.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

List ye his thundering step! How free
Roams the enormous herd! The prairie vast
It darkens with its hosts.

Now swift with bow
And lance and gun, the Indian hunter flies
Amidst his game. Some rush, in fright, afar;
The snorting of his steed is heard behind,
And the swift arrow veils its sheen in blood.
How staggers now the monster, gleaming wrath
From his ensanguined eye? The strength forsakes
That massive neck which once the white wolf tossed,
Howling and bleeding, far above his gang.
Yet, see! his spirit kindles! Mad with pain,
Against the conqueror's steed he turns,
And, 'neath the fallen conqueror, dies.

PART III.

BURIAL PLACES.

Wrapt in his ample robe of fur, and raised
Above the reach of beasts of prey, repose
The warrior receives; the cup from whence
Death's lips upon his shadowy way shall draw
Refreshing draughts, is by his side: above,
The green of summer waves.

Yon stirless form,
Wrapt in the bright-hued robe, a chieftain lived.
And yonder scene of fleshless skulls, where bends

The faithful form of woman, speaks her love.
One yet will make society with him,
When dark corruption's frightful task is done :
Then, trusting that the spirit dwelleth yet
In its pavilion ghastly and forlorn, (as glowed
Of old the golden branch in Hades' shades,)
She'll breathe a thousand tender words, and bring
A banquet for the tasteless mouth of death.
Have ye not seen a soft and luminous mist,
That seem'd astray from the rich, kindling verge
Of an evening cloud, and hovering o'er a dim
And noisome fen, with rotting fatness cloyed ?
Lo ! in this loathsome place of skulls and bones,
Where wings of birds obscene in death's foul courts
Flap with unwelcome sound, Love's tender eye
Pours its impassioned beams, and lights the scene,
Sacred to beautiful thoughts and feelings pure ;
So shines a jewel in a coffin's dust,—
And flowers in glorious beauty spring and bloom
On ground with war's libations rank and damp ;
And so a pure and lovely thought I've seen,
Sparkling amid profane and unchaste verse.
Fond, weeping widow ! dry those useless tears ;
Nor waste those tender memories on the air ;
The cold and vacant ear of death no breath
Shall catch of all thy blandishments ; nor voice
Ever from 'mid the silent air shall give
The answer to thy fondnesses. Are not
Thy children languishing for thy return,—
Unhappy while no parent's beaming smile
Invites to happiness and fearless mirth ?

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

When annually the day of holy rites
Convokes the people of the tribe, 'tis wont
Some implement of sharpened edge to cast
A sacrifice to water. For, with such,
The ancient ark was from the forest hewed,
And that meet offering, they say, may still
Propitiate the Spirit of the streams,—
That mighty deity, whose voice unsealed
The secret prisons of the chafing springs,
And whelmed the world in wrath !

The willow-boughs,
Whose leaves, 'tis said, the wearied dove then bore,
Now in the village meet the gazer's eye ;
And the rude semblance of the ark now forms
The hallowed centre of the throng. And there,
Within the sacred lodge, convene the youths
Whose patience soon shall superstition, pride,
And stern remorse try with their galling scourge,
'Till nature sinks beneath the torment fierce.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

Genius of love ! in whose blest hands the torch
Glows with celestial and unfading fire,
Caught from the altars of the skies, and rich
With mercy's tints of beauty,—thou whose beams
Rushed arrowy and bright amid the forms
Which ancient superstition shaped and fed
With rites unholy, cruel and unchaste,

Firing the exploding mass that shook the fanes
Of mighty gods, and piercing hopeless through
The panic-struck, disbanded deities ;
Thou, unto whom Thy Father, God, hath given
The nations for a gift, and earth thy realm,
Are not these haunts of sin and folly thine,—
By right a part of thy domain,—the scene
Where thy pure star should triumph and dispel
The murky reign of pagan night ? Arise !
And let thy heavenly plumage beam where roll
The blue Columbia's waters, and where soar
The rocky mountains of the west ; and there,
Unto the sad, benighted, wandering tribes,
The gladdening gates of Paradise unbar,
Chanting the words of mercy's music-call.

NOOSING THE WILD HORSE.

How wildly beautiful the prancing troop !
The riot glad of energy and health,
Which curb nor hardship ne'er repressed,
Beams forth in every form and bound. In vain
The hunter dashes at full speed to reach
The noblest of that group. With streaming mane
And rivaling the wind, he speeds afar :
The lasso 'round the laggards coils its noose,
And gracefully their liberty they yield
For man's companionship and toil : 'tis meet.

THE SNOW-SHOE DANCE.

Lo ! Lo ! how soft and bright
Gleaming fair with hope's soft light,

Winter's gift is on the plains,
Precious as the summer-rains.
Now the snow-shoe light and fleet
Bears us up with clogless feet;
Now on him be jeer and shame
Who shall fail to bring the game!
Lo! lo!
In the deep, deep snow,
Flounders now the Buffalo.
Dance, dance,
Wave the lance;
Welcome winter's white advance.
Now remember
In November
To send up to heaven our thanks
For the treasure
Without measure,
Which rejoices all our ranks.

THE GREAT PIPE STONE QUARRY.

In a lone, distant region of the West
A mighty quarry of red stone is seen,
Engraved with symbol names. The spot is robed
With strange and hallowed mystery. Long since,
(So Indian legends tell) the Great and Good
Did consecrate those rocks to blessed peace.
The war-like cry there never must be heard;
But from those stones the pipe of peace be formed
Whose fumes the fiery pulse of War allay,
Seeming, like Autumn's haze, to breathe repose.

THE STORY OF GERALDINE KURNER.

Come, sweetest Olive ; this is strange, new ground
To feet of thine, I ween ; and I rejoice
That o'er this valley now the full-orb'd moon
Claims the blue empire of bewitching night,
And sheds o'er summer's pomp her beams.

This scene,
In hour so favorable, I would should ope
Upon your tasteful eye. In yonder glen,
Among wild, moss-grown rocks, 'neath hanging vines
And affluent chestnut and acacia boughs,
A torrent brawls with ceaseless din ; the haunt
Of ring-doves and the noisy owls : now list !
It is their cry ; and shudder not ; no sounds
More startling ever thro' this lone vale break ;
Beyond those wooded hills that bound our sight
The hardy huntsmen have pursued the wolves
To the dark caverns in the mountain-side.
Here, by this gray, cathedral ruin, crouched
Upon this mossy seat, let us survey
Fearless, the enchanting scene. But did I seek
Bliss for myself alone,—from this fair scene,
In the voluptuous pomp of nature drest,
To thee, my gentlest Olive, I would turn :

And in thy rarest face (where thought divine
Blendeth its high refinement with the charms
Sweet innocence and lovely smiles diffuse,)
The garden of a perfect beauty find.
I look on Nature and upon the page
Where Poetry in liquid, musical stream
The gems of her imaginations fine
And glow of fervid passions hath enshrined,
(As sparkling stones and shells in crystal rills,)
I look upon her lovely page, and yet,
My gentlest Olive, unto thee I turn.
When thou art near, or when thy image beams,
My heart is full of love and thoughts of thee
And of thy love and of the smiles thou givest,
As is the full-blown rose with sweetness, when
Its god looks on it from the summer skies;
Or as the air with song and light when June
Resumes her rose-wreathed and embowered throne.
This view is lovelier now that thou art here;
A lovelier romance is brooding soft
O'er yonder valley flecked with moony flash,
Cast from the streams half-hid. And this rich scene
Of mouldering beauty 'round us, of quaint shaft
And pinnacles and statues fallen and wreathed
With wandering, graceful vines, (like visions fond
Of those who are benumbed in death, entwined
Thickly with love's warm thoughts,) all this rich scene
Borrows from thee enchantment. These old walls
Echoed with the solemn music of the chant
Not many years ago. The ghosts of Hymns,

Te Deums, Litanies and Sancti high
Seem here to linger still, and 'neath yon arch
Upon the ears of sacred solitude
To breathe the echoes of their ancient power.
Beneath this transept's roof, (now fallen in dust)
The deep bass of the organ trembled; all
The groinéd vault and vine-capt piers did shake;
And on those heaving and impassioned waves
The voice of sweet-lipped music stirred, the heart
Enraptured rose unto the Throne of power.
Here once a fane to Aphrodite rose;
Seest not yon composite capital that bares
Its time-stained ovolo and chaste volute
Thro the vine's ample leaves? And see!
Of the florid cornice a grey fragment lies.
The rites of Venus and her rosy fires,
The dancing youths with cheeks by passion flushed,
Nor more amid this bowery paradise
Honor the Queen of beauty and th' imagined throne
Whence Love's delicious lightnings rained. The star
That rose o'er Bethlehem's manger shot its powers
Upon this distant clime; and faint and sick
Flickered the flames in Cytheréa's shrine;
Her priestesses fled from her vacant courts.
Then holy men an altar reared within
Sacred to emblems of the love divine:
And Aphrodite's devotees their voice
Raised in loud "Glorias" and hymns of joy.
So in the temple of the human heart
Where love's idolatry has madly burned

And passion's wild extravagance,—have Hope,
Fresh from the climes of heaven and holy love,
With all the flowers and fragrance that she brings,
A shining circle of unspotted thoughts,
E'en virtues' priceless glory, found a shrine.
But now the holy anthem wafts no voice
Throughout this ancient pile. A peaceful nook
The owl hath found within, and o'er the floors
The serpent unmolested glides. 'Tis lone,—
Lone as her heart who in the grave has laid
Children and husband dear, and desolate
And darkly veiled is weeping. Lone?
"Lone," did I say? Ah! no; for God is here:
And here (as sweet south winds thro' groves,)
Glide angel spirits, who do love the spot
Where souls were freed in early days from guilt
And error's fearful chains by love and truth:
And some imagine, those blest souls do haunt
With tender, rapturous joy this hallowed ruin,
As odors linger o'er the lifeless rose
Where they in summer's hours of bliss were born,
Or twilight gleams long haunt the purple grave
Where the sun's vivifying glories sank.
Now listen, I will tell thee a strange tale
Which to this spot belongeth: In the halls,
The castle-halls of Kurner, lived a maid
So sweet and beautiful that time and wo,
Methinks, should e'er have spared her charms:
Yea, on such virtues mellow summer-glows
Of bland experience, ripening, may they fall!

Her father planned a marriage-scheme : De Groot,
Dark-eyed and passionate, and stately, rich
And proud, should be her consort : But De Groot
Was vicious : vice, with happiness, you know,
Is prone to quarrel ; and she loved him not,
And feared to wed him. But an upright one,
(For, such an one he then was justly deemed,)
Upon whose countenance the noble stamp
Of intellect and virtue was affixed,
An impress clear as summer's on a peach,—
Was shrined within her heart. The day was fixed
When Lord De Groot should wed her : but her lips
Protested, as her heart, against the scheme.
Her lover, tho' forbidden to approach, his love
Told in soft whispers in the starlight dim,
Burdening that willing messenger, the air,
With treasures from the heart's exchequer rich,
And made the night musical and sweet to her.
They fled, as you surmise. One autumn day,
When in the chase, her father roved the woods,
Young Haller to the altar of this church
Bore off the gentle prize ; and trembling she,
Yet willing but for fear, as is the lamb
To listen to the shepherd's flute at hand,
Or feel the smoothings of his kindly palms.
All deeply veiled she entered. The keen eye
Could not detect Lord Kurner's daughter ; nor
Surmised the priest that the fair maiden spurn'd
The hand of her proud suitor. Yet in fear
Some gentle runaway besought his aid

To bind in bonds forbidden her young hand,
He asked her name and residence. Sudden fears
Chased all remaining color from her cheek:
But quick her lover in alarm replied
" 'Tis Olive Mayner; far from here, her lands
Spread broadly to the sunshine; and her sire
Sleeps in the silent grave." Now Olive dwelt
Indeed afar, but yet well known was she
Among the priestly corps; and known as one
Of liberal words,—a heretic whose mind
(Blest and enkindled with truth's holy light)
An influence glanc'd around which roused the hate
Of divers of the priest-hood near. A flash
Of strange excitement lit the monk's swart face;
Then loud the organ pealed a marriage hymn,—
And they were soon in wedlock.

Tremblingly
Her noble steed she mounted; by her side
Young Haller hurried on with rapid speed;
Scarce from those pallid lips a kiss he stole,
But hastened on thro' unfrequented paths.
The deep and almost trackless woods for miles,
Were witnesses of their impetuous haste.
Yet, for a few brief moments they delayed
In the shady forests' depths. On lovely banks
Of moss, with pale-blue violets and grass
Besprinkled, they delayed. Around her neck,
His arms he fondly threw; and pressed those lips
With love's impassioned emphasis. Above

The warm, glad current of affection, rose
Fair visions of the future ; happy hours lit up
With home's serene delights : sweet as spring's blooms ;
A father reconciled,—a mother's smile ;
New budding hopes and former hopes bright-crowned
With this fruition. So, a moment, he,
In joy's bright cup, beneath the foamy brim
Immersed his raptured lips. The woods
Soon rang again with their impetuous speed.
An hour passed on. When from a bye path, dim
With overhanging boughs and thickleaved brush,
Three sturdy ruffians, armed and mounted well,
Sprang at their horses' heads. The damsel swooned ;
And Haller drew his virgin sword in haste
But drew in vain ; two valiant arms their steel
So dexterously wielded, he was hurled
Down from his charger, wounded and appalled.
Then the stern three the fair one seized,
As a cruel hawk the dove,—and bore her off
Swift to a gloomy crypt or prison.

Soon
Young Haller woke as from a fearful dream. Faint
With the loss of blood, yet so relieved of pain
That he upon his steed again could mount.
How suddenly the glow of marriage joy
Went down in darkness ; as a lovely star
Smiling a moment at its rising, then with clouds
Shrouded in utter gloom ; as tho' the strains
Of some exulting melody were, at the height

Of ravishment most strangely, madly dashed
With shrieking discord, followed by the hush
And silence of the chords unstrung, and broken.
O genius of the happiness of Love!
Who for a moment visiteth our gloom!
How soon the glory of thy wings grows dim,—
Thy beauty vanishing from the tearful eye afar!
What agony now wrung his heart! O where
Was she whom he adored? And who assailed?
Fierce, reckless, bandits? And was she the slave
Of their remorseless lust? Oh! horrid thought!
That sacred vessel grace a pagan feast?
Were they but thieves? He drew his purse:
The tempting gold within it was untouched.
Perhaps, he mused, they were the errand men
Lord Kurner had dispatched to capture back
The gentle prize he bore away from home.
Then soon he might again in her fond smiles,
He argued, be at rest: For Kurner's ire
Tho' furious and rash, was wonted soon
Its flaming, surging vehemence and roar
T' abate, and offer tempting calm for words
And actions unto reconciliation fit:
Soon would relax his heart; and his stern brow
Learn bland, forgiving aspects. While he paused
In thoughts like these, the tramp of hoofs
Was heard near by; and soon, by few
Accompanied, Lord Kurner with severest frown
Rushed to confront him, "Daring wretch!"
He thundered; "how is it thou hast presumed

To invade the sanctuary of my home, and rob
That home of its fair treasures ? Now confess,
Upon the instant, where thou hast concealed
The girl whom thou has snared and witched away
From happiness and duty." Then replied
The unhappy bridegroom with brief words like these :
" Good sir ; in agony I speak. I know not where
Thy daughter can be sought : three ruffians grim
Upon this very spot assaulted us ; first me
They quite unhorsed; and wounded, and bereft
Of strength, they left me or to live or die,—
Bearing her in their flight. Did'st thou not send
These men upon their errands ?"

" O thou wretch
What hast thou done ! Good heavens ! do I hear
Thy words aright ? My idol in the hands
Of lawless bandits ! Draw thy sword, or die !
This outrage now I charge on thee : And thou
Must pay the forfeit for this villainy." He smote ;
And Haller only *parried* blows,—but fell ;
Alas ! he fell ! sinking in death's dark swoon,
And faintly saying, " tell my bride I loved
And spake of love in death ; may God forgive
This guilt of thine, my father." Thus he died.
Soon, not unpierced of conscience, Kurner sprang
Upon his saddle, and on every side his search
He urged with restless zeal. In time was solved
The tragic mystery. In a dungeon dim,
By priestly mandate, she had been immured ;

They, from young Haller's words, surmised their noose
Had fallen o'er a heretic's head.

When Kurner knew
His daughter had been wedded; that the words
Of Haller had the angry priesthood moved
To send their emissaries to entrap the girl
(Fancied fair Olive Mayner,) and that she
Was all unharmed, bitterest regrets his breast
Long haunted for his rashness; ah! too late!
Young Haller was no more! Most poignant grief
Wrung the fond maiden's breast. Her father's house
Her soft step knew again; but not those smiles
Pleasanter than the rose-light of fairy lamps;
And not the happy tones of that sweet voice
And laughter merry as the little birds
That rock on the boughs in June. A fearful gloom
Brooded upon her mind. The flowers even lost
Their wonted beauty in her sight; and her sad eyes
Familiar grew with tears as are the shells
Upon the ocean-strand with briny spray.
One day, with her attendants, she rode far
And visited the fatal spot; the ground
Where they in love's embraces sat, she pressed
And gathered thrice-kissed violets from the grass;
With dismal sobs and tears she long bedewed
The memory-hallowed sod. But ne'er again
Her father's halls her beauty graced; for there
In the green forests, on the flowery turf,
She stooped, and died. Mourn e'er and sigh,

O solemn woods, a requiem o'er that scene!
And from your wreathéd heads drop frequent tears
To water that fair bank of violets
The offering, now, of nature to their names.

But, Olive, see! the lengthening shades forewarn
All loiterers like us, that Eve apace
Advances; hark! the solemn woods are waked
By sounds of melancholy night-birds who,
The gairish day ne'er sweeten with their song,
But make night sad and charming. Yon tree-top
Scarce trembles in the dying breeze; afar, I see,
Thro' openings in the groves, the hunters slow
And laden with their game move towards their homes.
'Tis fit our steps should likewise turn to seek
Our homes and the sweet concourse of the Eve.
But ere we quit this scene, well may we weigh
How one incautious word untrue may spring
A snare of fatal misery o'er the heart,
And bury pleasure in a bloody grave.

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SKY.

Nature's cathedrals, grand in lofty towers
And spires of icy glory piercing heaven ;
With vaulted caves o'erhung by crystal'd showers,
Pendent in bright stalactites ; 'tis given
To you, when your proud heights at even
Are bathed in mellow splendor and reflect
From waterfalls and icy cliffs the seven
Rich, rainbow hues,—'tis yours to thus project
The type of beauty, grandeur and of strength erect.

As hymns of praise sincere, far in the skies
Ascend the soaring larks, 'till like dim specks
They float amid the blue ; yet they arise
But as 'twere o'er the grass, if we reflect
How boundless, airy sea, thy deeps ! How decks
The Almighty Sovereign the ceiling grand,
Studding the blue with golden fires ! While vex
The waterfalls their torrents ; tho' the land
Gorgeously glows ; ye boundless skies, our song demand !

It is the lovely hour of Eve : the hour of thought,
Of waking visions steeped in twilight hues :
Above the blooming fascinations here inwrought
Into the face of Nature, may I lose

My thought in yon expanse and there infuse
My spirit in the essence pure and fine
Which fills with poetry pure as with sweet dews
Or fragrance delicate the air above. Divine,
O sky, is thy inspiring breath; unmatched thy glories shine!

But, list! it is the breath of that blue world
Stirring amid the sleeping boughs, and wakening all
The slumbering loveliness of Nature, 'till unfurled
Far in the breeze her banners green in the hall
Of purple-curtained Night toss free. For all,
E'en for the humblest of the Earth, must we
Learn, like the sky, to smile, and to each call
To shed the soft-distilling dew of pity free
And nobler gifts and favors showered liberally.

How swells the mighty music of the storm,
Sounding the strong, loud tenor of the sky!
While flies in gloomy, furious haste its form,
The stately trees bend o'er their heads; some lie
Prostrate in dust and deep humility;
As when, upon the desert, pilgrims bow
Submission to that tyrant of the sky,
The hot Simoom. As storms the air, so now
May trials purify, and with meek grace endow.

Boundless and beautiful and glorious sky!
Type of the infinite; pavilion vast
Of the Almighty's Spirit: we descry

In th' faintest, farthest glimmerings of the last
Of Night's bright, gold-mailed host but where have passed
The angel choir the smallest circling zone
Of their wide, wondrous range: thence cast,
The lines of their blue traverse-fields are thrown
Far as the thoughts of God in power creative shone.

If thither, to the centre grand of all,
Our thoughts upon the wings of prayer ascend,
Our souls, drawn in their wake, up towards the hall
Of might supreme, will follow, and unbend
In the free air of heaven from toils that lend
Their aspects of solicitude and woe;
Thence God his glory and his rule defends,
(The central Power to which the world doth bow,)
As o'er his orbs the Sun his luminous sway doth throw.

Uttered one word; and all the golden fruit
Which clusters on the arching arbor blue,
Would fall to wreck, and from their stations shoot;
As when the mighty gusts of heaven down threw
From orange bowers their glory, (thick as dew
Sprinkled upon the ground,)when tempests raved
With direst fury on some tropic isle: A new
And startling splendor, at one word, forth waved
Would wrap the earth and air, no more from ruin saved.

LOVE'S OVERRULING DECREES.

All vainly now, ye things of beauty glow,
Ye forms of Art sculptured by skill divine ;
Weak now, if dazzling once, your show ;
Your rarest charms have ceased awhile to shine.

The glossy and illumined page inscribed
With the rich thoughts and dreamings of the Muse
Tempts me no more ; and where I erst imbibed
Delight in history's wells, there joy I lose.

Music, thou soft enchantress that transmutes
The breath of flowers, the gush of light to song ;
That changeth thought, and eloquence dilutes
To melody, canst not thy spell prolong.

Your fascinations now are vain : 'tis thine,
Yes, thine alone, immortal seraph, Love,
To claim my raptured homage ; still divine
In wealth of blessing to thy votary prove.

As asks the parched and ashy soil no boon
Save what the clouds in sparkling wealth can give ;
As yearns the prisoner in his dungeon's gloom
Solely for Freedom's light, therein to live :

As craves the famished heart no gift but food;
The faint and thirsty ask for drink alone;
So crave I only for the matchless good
That thou, O Love, canst shower from thy throne.

But as within the mountain's heart unseen,
Are often locked deep springs and swelling founts
Which burst at length their walls and flash their sheen
'Mid thriftier, livelier verdure down the mount:

So, in the bosom, oft, the fullness swells
Of yearnings and affections deep as life;
Profound and sleepless in their mystic wells,
And bursting forth, in time, with vigor rife.

Impatient founts those holy passions prove
Within my heart, O Alice mild and sweet:
Speak but the word, and all their wealth of love
In power shall flow, and thy dear presence greet.

Full many a fancy green and bright shall spring,
While nurtured by that free, rejoicing stream;
And aspirations fair and fine take wing
In hope's delightful air, and love's bright beam.

The planets circle 'round their suns on high;
The moons around their planets ever move:
The birds keep near their nests and mates; so I
Discern my thoughts from thee averse to rove.

BAPTISM.

As the light that beams in the watery streams,
First on the brow of the penitent cast
Doth fall, as he stands 'neath the upraised hands;
So Truth on the mind first is passed.

As the waters that flow o'er that sealéd brow
In their clear, natural flowings purify;
So the pardoning grace from the soul doth chase
Guilt's filth and stains of every dye.

As the waters refresh the wearied flesh,
And a pleasant serenity leave;
So, the comforting peace of the Spirit release
To the woe of the bosom doth give.

As the stream from the wave which the forehead doth lave,
In a fine, dewy vapor doth rise;
So the warmth of the breast, for the blessing possest,
A gratitude breathes to the skies.

CONFIRMATION.

Transplanted from the Church's nursery, now
Into the garden of the Lord ye're brought;
May Heaven's choice dew upon you shed,
Nourish the vigor of prolific life,
And cause with noble firmness your strong roots
Deeply in your positions to descend!
O ever stretch aloft beseeching arms,
As flourishing boughs that yearn up towards the sun;
And to the Orb of spiritual glory offer
The modest, blushing fruits of righteousness.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

The soul were faint,
Without the rare and nourishing food which Thou,
O bleeding Savior, to our mournful plaint
Affordest now.

How hot and dry
With th' low, sin-sick fever of the heart
Were all within, if sweet draughts Love's blest sky
Did not impart!

How dark and drear
Were life, unless a dawn-like ray did shine
Upon us, from the crimsoned cross, to cheer
With light divine!

Partaking now
Of these the emblems of thy flesh and blood,
By grateful, humble faith we taste below
Celestial food.

Our onward way
As pilgrims full refreshed with commune sweet
And with choice banquet, we resume to day
With willing feet.

Beneath the palms,
The grand, eternal palms of Heaven's blest plains,
May we, our journey o'er, rest free from harms
In Christ's domains.

In that high feast
Which there the ransomed shall partake in joy,
May it be ours, in humble place at least,
To find employ!

The withering sprout,
Which here the Heavenly Gardener in his vineyard placed,
May then be shown in foliage full-leaved out,
With fruitage graced.

Those leaves perfumed,
(The graces of the Spirit opened here,)
Will there bedeck Christ's festal glory doomed,
And ne'er be sere.

The precious blood
Which He around the languishing root did shed
Will then be fully deemed like quickening food
To raise the dead:

The banquet rare
Which we partake by faith, in grateful love,—
This rich, reviving mercy,—it must share
Esteem above.

SCROON LAKE, N. Y.

Upon the lake the stars are bright ;
The glorious moon scarce yet her light
Flings o'er the fleecy clouds that rest
Upon the hill-top high their breasts.
Far out upon the waters now
Glide we in this light skiff, with prow
Turned toward the Scroon's most wide expanse,
Where wild-birds wake and ripples glance
Beside the beach of sand or shores
Where 'gainst steep rocks the white wave wars
When winds are high. How beautiful !
The moon is up ! and dutiful
Around her path the stars retire
Quenching in seas above their fire.
How lone, how beautiful, how grand !
In wood-girt pomp the mountains stand
And gaze upon the slumbering lake,
As e'en thé aged gaze nor take
That wondering look from off the face
Of one in whom the witching grace
Of beauty fresh and radiant glows.
And so may he who clearly shows
The signs of cold, rude shocks, the storm
Which hath impressed both mind and form,

Look down and see thro' memory's air
With pleaséd eye the vision fair
Of youth's fresh life of peace and bliss,—
A picture soft like that calm lake
Which charms with beauty which doth take
Heaven's hues and its bright glistenings.
How sad the strain the night-bird sings
In the dense shadow of that grove!
O minstrel! why so sad? to rove
In liberty is thine; 'tis thine, the sky
Kindling with starry brilliancy,—
And thine the boundless fields and shades,
The seedy herbage in the glades,
And gush of springs from rocky cleft.
Say: art thou of thy mate bereft,—
Or has some pitiless tempest flung
From rocking boughs thy unfledged young;
Or, canst thou, like a human heart,
Know unrequited love's keen smart,*
And feel life's spring-tide light and bloom
Thro' blasted hope to grief give room?
Can expectations dark o'erpower
Thy breast in life's young, tuneful hour,—
The dread of some devouring woe
Hang heavily like storms of snow?
O why that mournful strain repeat
So wild and strange and sadly sweet?

* I have seen this idea in some bard, I think, but forget who first used it.

Upon the edge of yonder isle
The heron lingers yet awhile,
Poised on one foot: he hears the oar
Of our swift skiff, and stands no more;
But, spreading towards the northern sky
His wide, grey wings, he seeks his nest
To fold his pinions there at rest.
But see! roused by his heavy flight,
The wild swan with his plumage white
Striped with a dark ring round his neck
Soars up and far, till like a speck
He seems in distant moonlit skies.*
The slumbering loon near yon far shore
Wakes, as the swan speeds by, to pour
His notes so like a loud halloo;
They echo all the region through.
Seest thou that rugged steep? from there
Mt. Marcy thou canst see to bear
His crown majestical, in state,
A monarch 'mid his nobles great.
Here thro' these forests stretching wide
And vested with the pomp and pride
Of nature in her early years,
Supple and graceful spring the deer,
Free thro' these ranges wild to roam;
By many a stream and lake at home;
Free as the swallows of the shore

* A large white swan was seen in Scroon Lake some years ago This allusion may be mostly if not wholly due to Noble's admirable lines on the wild swan in Huron.

That skim the billow's crest or soar
Far as they choose from the sheltered banks
Where their nests are ranged in social ranks.
Where twilight gleams have ceased to shine,
Towards yonder realm of day's decline,
The catamount ranges; seldom here
A shape so fearful doth appear,—
Quenching his thirst within the Scroon,
Or springing 'mongst the trees aboon.

Here, now, companions, let us rest
Amid the lake's calm shining breast;
What beauty here the eye enchants,
And to the mind enraptured grants
The brilliant traits of wild romance
As potent here to realize.
Where nature wears such glorious guise,
And shows, too, beauty's lovelier smiles,
What wonder she the heart beguiles
Away from the love of the crowded street
And the rooms where the gay and formal meet.

But, 'mid night's blue, high rides the moon
And we must leave thee, charming Scroon!
This ramble feigned upon thy breast
Must cease, and we, too, sink to rest.
O, when death's solemn night is near,
May I fair hopes of heaven see clear
Within the page of promise sweet
Which sacred writ displays to greet

All hearts who with God's love do beat ;
Hopes, visions, clearly glassed as beams
Of starlight or the moon's in streams
Unruffled, or as heaven's fair sheen
Is mirrored in thy calm this e'en.

THE GLORY OF ART.

Seest thou upon yon high and radiant throne
A spirit of majestic brow and mien ;
With form of wildering beauty and with face
Wherein the beams of power and love are seen ?
'Tis wondrous Art : sweet Art,—it is to thee
We offer now the burst of minstrelsy.

As doth the Sun to beauty and to life
E'er minister with high and strong control ;
The hues of beauty summoning, and all
Life's mystic currents gladdening,—'till the soul
Is rapt with nature's loveliness ; so, Art
Enkindles thought,—refinement bright imparts.

She bids the scene historic rise afresh
Before the charméd eye in life's rich hues ;
Forth from their dim, deep caverns she compels
The spirits of the dead ; and then imbues
Their misty forms with force and light ; they stand
Embodied, and act o'er Earth's drama grand.

The fields of fancy and of feeling,—these
Are thine, illustrious, sorrow-cheering Art !
Life's grosser scenes and passions to forsake

The witchery of thy triumphs wins the heart ;
As morning's beauty woos the mist to rise
From rank, dark fens to brighten in the skies.

While fancies, poetry, and lovely dreams,
Fair as Love's wings, or as Hope's sunniest smile,
And lofty thoughts, sublime as Alpine heights,
Engage thy power ; e'er let not aught beguile
From sacred themes,—whose spirit grandeur lends ;
Earth's loftiest triumphs claim some sacred ends.

WASHINGTON AT THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

Bright meteor on the hot, dark cloud of war,
Whose beams the light of liberty dispense,—
Star-like, lit up with fixed, unwavering ray!
I see that form majestical advance
In danger's thickest maze. The veteran ranks
With their drilled courage, and the deadly blaze
That prostrates hundreds, shock his breaking lines.
On bravely mid the thickest hail he rushed,
Sublimely scornful of the grave: and then,
Amid the sulphurous theatre of death,
He, for an instant, stood. Altho' unknown,
That sacred form unseen was panoplied
In Freedom's own invulnerable mail.
His eye, where wontedly deep calmness dwelt,
Flashed with defiance and unfaltering zeal,
And seemed the orb of Freedom's morning-star
O'er the threat'ning shades of battle risen.
Firmness each feature chiseled: fire
That death's dark baptism alone could quench,
Gleamed in his sword and in his dauntless mien.
With thrills sublime they see their fearless chief,
And rush once more to the encounter red
As speeds the Delaware to his ocean-goal,
Or Morn's bright-arrow'd onset towards retreating Night.

In vain, in vain, invaders! pierces now
Your haughty flag the clouds of war. E'en now
Falters the pulse of hope: yea, dark dismay,
In strong and solemn tones, bids ye behold
Your sovereign,—Death! Plumeless the oppressor's death;
The grave of tyranny; with no tears gemm'd;
Watched by no angel-eye; nor mourned aloud
By the sad spirits that bewail the good;
The very stars dispense malignant fire
And wilt the accursed grass that o'er it grows;
And, ages after battle's turmoil calmed,
The vultures on that lone, lone spot alight
To tear the hideous spoil they've borne from far.

Great Nemesis who on yon castled hills *
Gazeth afar upon War's fortunes, notes
Upon her fearful scroll the shifting gales
Prompted by her avenging breath; and on
Thy scutcheon, America, engraves
Symbols of triumph and of power. Rush on!
They fly, they fly! unharmed your chieftain soars
'Mid the wild rush of victory's shouting hosts!
March on! and let the brazen prizes peal
In thunder to the skies, "we will be free."

And you, ye dying heroes, hear ye not,
Above the call of death's dark angel, loud

* Alluding to natural rock-castles, or picturesque bold summits of mountains.

The joyous shout? doth it not light your eye,
Whereon the world is fading, and revive
The faltering tides of joy? Yes! yes! And staunch
Those gurgling wounds, and nerve those flagging arms?
Ah, no! the early streaks alone of dawn
In Freedom's sky can greet you: Fare you well!
Winged with God's pardons, may your spirits flit
To realms where battle's fearful cry ne'er sounds,
Nor tyrant's frowns are known; but Love's bright flag
Far waving from the sapphire palace-towers
Glows in the air of Heaven.

There is a field
Where nobler wreaths are won; and brighter gleams
The arms of that unsanguined war: Faith, love,
Meekness and prayer; these are the weapons true
That overcome the spirit of the world,
And storm e'en Heaven's gateways. "Bloodless"
Did I name that holy war? Alas! the snows
Of Europe's mountain-heart have blushed with hues
Shed not alone from sunset's crimson pall;
Her pure, rejoicing streams have flushed with dyes
Caught nor from fire-bird's hovering wings, nor sands
Purple and glimmering from the rocky steeps.
Fierce persecution's tiger-grasp has wrung
How many a faithful martyr's heart!
Forgotten now: nor famed in sculptured stone;
In saintly lists uncanonized, nor borne
Upon the tireless wings of song above
The realms of change, oblivion and death,—

Yet in thy memory blazoned, King of Kings!
Still live and bloom on high those hero-names;
While in the halls of Immortality,
Encircled by the buds of hope's sweet crown,
Illumined by a smile from Mercy's lips,
And fanned by breezes from the peaceful clime,
They dream of walks by life's eternal spring,
Of glory's march and triumph ne'er to end.

LOVE AND WEDLOCK.

Sweet Olive, unto thee this morning hour
I yield with pleasure rapturous and deep ;
While feels so thrillingly my heart the power
Of strong affections which refuse to sleep.

My soul is full of purest love to thee,
As is the evening sky with rosy light ;
Or as the Muse's bowers with minstrelsy ;
Or childhood's breast, at play-hour, with delight.

Come from the deeps, then, of my heart, my thoughts,
Laden with passion, as the bees with sweets,
Which from the flowery, perfumed vales are brought ;
Come, feelings fresh, this lovely theme to greet.

Olive, to thee this day-dream doth belong ;
This hour with its warm impulse, I devote,
Like a pure sacrifice of light and song
To her whose memories sweetly o'er me float.

Come to the pine-wood grove, or to the shade
The young oaks fling beside the murmuring streams :
Come, and tho' dark be found the enwreathed glade,
Thy presence shall there shed enrapturing beams.

For thee I yearn intensely, as the orb
Of " negative " lightning courts the " positive " fire ;
Far drawing towards its burning heart t' absorb
Its flash in union of deep, rapt desire.

O Love, thou gentle visitant from heaven,
Spirit irradiate with transcendant joy ;
Instinct and breathing with the soft might given
To holiest things and loveliest, that ne'er cloy !

O fairest Love, descend ; for, sure, thou art
No stranger on the earth, nor e'en a guest
Unknown or welcomeless in my own heart ;
There hast thou known serene tho' raptured rest.

Come, sweetest spirit, lift our thoughts on high
To the pure realm where love eternal flows ;
And to the scene where souls enamored sigh
Into each other's depths their holy glows.

Unveil to our entrancéd eyes the home
Of sweet connubial fondness, where thy breath
Suffuses each with joy divine, whence roam
No more the yearning thoughts ; engaged till death.

O blessed dream ! nay, truth of real hue,
Fond, wedded love ! all loveliest hopes and thoughts,
Sweet breaths of delicate passions, and the dew
Of the young heart's fresh life have sought

Thy bower of bliss excelling, and there blent
Their influences, as the odors of Spring flowers
Meet in the soft, affectionate air, upsent
To wed the spirit of song in its bright bowers.

Fair Olive, in that haunt of blended love,
Beneath its twining branches may our hearts,
In memory fond of goodness from above,
In the sweet calm of peace dwell till death parts.

The Church's wedlock unto Him who died
With holy blood to sanctify the soul,
May this as typified in marriage, bride
Elect and loveliest, sway with high control!

Like some blest isle where pure and softest airs
Kiss waters mantling in celestial blue,
While every grove is sweet with flowers rare
In fragrance and in grace, is wedlock true.

Such is the fond, sequestered peace
Embosomed in the restless tides of life;
'Tis like some witching song that doth not cease
Its passionate flow harmonious 'mid the strife

Of winds without the peaceful cot, which rage,
Wrestling with forest-giants, tossing high
The foam, and yet defacing not one page
Of the sweet book of song and bliss so nigh.

MUSINGS AT EVENING HOURS.

RELATIVE TO THE DEPARTED.

Spirit! what art thou, that within me wakes,
Rousing my soul, as winds the grove asleep;
Or as the breath of star-lit heaven which breaks
The enchanted slumbers of the lake's blue deep.

O where thy home; in what delightful clime?
Enrapturing inspirer, whence art thou?
Thou whisperest of what is great, sublime,—
Of things as lovely as Spring's blossomy bough.

"Spirit of poetry!" thy name I speak,
Thy home and haunts are wide as earth's domain;
Thou hast thy dwelling on the snowy peak,
In summery vale, on wooded mount and plain.

Where beauty brightens and where music breathes:
In the deep voices of the winds and waves;
Where life and splendor meet; where friendship weaves
And love their garlands for tear-hallowed graves.

There is thy presence felt, thy light is thrown;
Yes! where the gloom of sorrow darkly broods,

Where hope doth languish, there thy power is known;
With blest Religion cheering saddest moods.

O muse of song! sweet are thy breathing charms;
Thy fragrant flowers from Thoughts' enchanting fields
Win with exquisite spells the heart; alarms
And griefs subside: such power thy spirit wields.

Come, 'mid Death's sylvan haunts at soft night-fall,
Wake images of splendor, thoughts of might;
With silvery beauty broider o'er the pall;
With blaze of oil perfum'd the dark tomb light.

Show how Imagination wakes from sleep
The loved and lost, and with etherial forms
Clothes them anew; thus cheering those who weep
As by soft sunbeams after sombre storms.

The vision ope unto the darkened eyes
Of Love's pure clime of light and bliss divine;
Bid through the pearly gates of Paradise
A joy enkindling radiance soft to shine.

The future's curtain drawing, grant the soul
A prospect of the immortal triumph high;
On its dull ear cause from afar to roll
An unspent wave of heavenly harmony.

Waked by thy touch, we see the loved at rest
Bursting the grave's imprisonment, as flowers

The seal which Winter's icy hand impressed,
Gifted like them with hale, fresh bloom and powers.

From mortal stain and sorrow laved, refined,
As every thought from grossness which has pass'd
Thro' the bright, burning heaven of the mind
Of some grand, sacred bard of purest cast:

So to our vision seems she; so she is;
And we still love with tender, holy love;
And cast a wreath of poesy in this
Our offering at the grave of her above.

As beauty softened by the veil's thin guise;
As tapers brighten'd by eve's deep'ning shade;
So thro' the veil and twilight of death's skies
The spirit's image fairer seems portrayed.

Buried, forgotten in sepulchral dust,
Sink every memory of those we love,
Save recollections sweet and fond and just!
And bright and soothing may they ever prove.

Bird of th' entrancing hour! that clearly pourest
Melodious sorrow from thy trembling breast;
Thy strain, voiced now ere to thy nest thou soarest,
Shall be as my lament for her at rest;

Thine be the fitting music for my song;
And thine, fair orb on high, the honoring light

Which, silvering the marble, will burn long,
To give at death's sad shrine an offering bright.

Thus honors of an offering I'd confer;
And worthy is the oblation Nature gives
In beauty, light and music unto her
Who loved the Source of all and with Him lives.

Almighty Father! from thy bow-spann'd throne
Dart down one precious ray of life divine:
In patience, hope and love may we, tho' lone,
Most thankfully thro' life continue thine.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOR.

Savior, we dedicate to Thee
This evening-hour of toil's repose:
With gush of sacred minstrelsy
We flood the day-light's purple close.

As seeks the bird at twilight's hour
Her well-loved and her sheltered nest;
So, to thy throne of love and power
Our thoughts are fondly now addrest.

Thither they float, as to their home ;
With gratitude's full song they rise ;
Perfumed with incense may they come,—
The incense of thy sacrifice.

As at the close of Summer's day,
The hot earth thirsteth for the dew ;
So yearn our spirits while we pray
That thy rich grace may them imbue.

In mercy's pure tho' crimsoned fount,
Our souls, Deliverer, purify ;
From that sweet laving may they mount
On wings of love and hope on high.

As fade day's scenes upon the eye ;
And slumbers now the weary flower ;
So may the world's attractions lie
Shadowed and slumbering, at this hour.

THE CHURCH.

Amid the fearful wild, a temple stands
Chiseled in beauty in the solid rock,
Cut from its mountain grandeur ; haunt secure
As sacred, save to those assailed by bolts
Of Heaven's most just omnipotent decrees,
Scathing and dread as is the lightning's flash.
In grace and grand security of strength
An emblem of the Holy Church is seen
In that e'er during fane. But silence there
Broods with an awful spell, while voiceful throngs
Wake the deep, glad harmonies within the walls
Of the Church's shrine of strength ; and there,
Broods not, as in Petrea's lonely fane,
The bird of gloomy omen, but the holy dove,
Wafting by her pure wings the delicate wind
Of spiritual influence, and of sacred peace
The blest refreshment to the heart that loves.
In this " munition of the rocks," by faith and love,
May our security, O Lord, be fixed,
Safe thro' all storms until thy coming grand
Upon the sacred citadel shall pour
The splendors of thy festal day of power !
Bouyed up by courage, in faith's atmosphere,

Thick gather flocks unto the spiritual Ark,
As birds on fearless, hopeful wing of old
Flew to the floating home and temple
Of pious Noah. On the mount of God
That mystic ark shall rest; and there
The rescued ones, alighting, shall
With grateful wreaths, beneath the olive's shade,
Their new-raised altar, in triumphant bliss,
With ceremonial lofty consecrate
Unto the Power Supreme that guides and saves.
Mark well the ancient bulwarks which support
In noble dignity God's holy Church:
Her courts of beauty note, the niches rich
Adorned with memories of her glorious saints;
The golden lightnings of the Law, and hues
Mellow and tender of the Gospel's truth
Streaming, like floods of roseate splendor thro'
The rich-dyed, glassy blazonry of Gothic lights.
Here "power and beauty" dwell; here, then,
The fire and incense of your love and praise
And throbbing, tear-bedewéd prayer command
Unto the Builder of the fane to rise.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS OF SORROW.

Thou star that 'midst the deepening purple sinks
Of the dim Western sky, thy latest gleams
Fading like Autumn's flushes on the leaf
Which Winter whirls and darkens ; in thy last
And dying sparkles, quenched amid the cold
And prodigal tears of Eve, I see a sad
And eloquent remembrancer. O gentle breath,
That, sweet with ravishment of fading flowers,
On some late Autumn night expires and fills
The sorrowful trees with a soft sigh as sad
As love's regret,—O gentle wind, a dream
Of sorrow and a thought of grief the sigh
And trembling of thy presence wakes.

Fair stream,
Child of the pure, enamoring haunts
Of Nature (great in mastery o'er the heart,)
That to the bosom of the ocean flows,
Burying thy currents in its boundless deeps,
Or which in desert sands thy bright tide wastes,—
I gaze on thy departing waves and drink
The light and music of thy wavelet's play,
And dream of life's last streams that flowed,
The heart suffusing with love's delicate bliss,

Now in death's thirsty and oblivious sands
Sunken and gone. In yonder oakland scene
Peopled with silent dwellers, 'neath the arms
Extending of a youthful tree, there lies
A form late warming with life's mystic glows.
Its sacred fire Heaven has withdrawn; the fruit
Blushing and bright with living charms and powers
That Heaven alone could give, the shadowy hand
(Commissioned by the Throne of Light supreme)
Has plucked; and sowing for a certain growth,
Immortal and all-glorious, low has hid
In earth (now hallowed) all of what we mourn:
And yet not all: whom faith's celestial light
And meek-eyed homage and a patient love
Have consecrated and the mystic breath
Of the Great "Comforter" has dwelt in,
Never dies, but lives securely blest, embraced
In God's most loving guardianship, as lie
Safe, undisturb'd, beyond th' adventurous hope,
(Tho' less secure than they in their repose)
Jewels of gold and gems in mines profound
In Nature's adamantine treasury locked,
Unvisited of sight, beneath the base
Of mightiest hills; or as the stars
Dwell far above all change or blight,
Or ravage of terrestrial storms, enthroned
In the inviolable shrine of azure heaven
Vast as its Author's love.

Sighs, sighs for thee
Who slumberest in yon grave! esteem's fond sighs
From many a breast has risen: Affection pure
Still follows thee; and fired with courage strong,
Borrowing the wings of faith, invades the realms
Awful and shadowy of the soul's repose
Where Love Divine unslumbering watch preserves
O'er all the loved and ransomed of all time,
Counting with eagerness the loitering hours
Which yet must pass ere Death shall be despoil'd.
Sighs, sighs for thee! And yet the husbandman,
Sowing in earth his fairest, precious grain,
Laments not at the thought of loss, but sees
The future brightening with the harvest's pomp,
Feeding his mind with hope's delightful dream:
So may the mourners for the loved of Christ
Be taught of him to sorrow with fair dreams
Of His great harvest-home and fadeless bliss.
In a new lamp for Heaven's high temple made
Life's quenchless beam with glory fresh shall burn.
Sleep quietly; O loved one, rest! while we
Treasure the memories of thy radiant youth
And womanhood so full of life and bright
With cultured thought's enchantment and so warm
With natural affection, and long stamped
With Christian faith and piety sincere.
As in the ashes long the fire doth glow;
As sweetness from the lifeless rose exhales;
And falling stars a bright track leave behind,

A luminous wake in heaven's cerulean sea,
So now live memories fair and loved of thee.

Tremble and sink amid the West, fair orb,
Departing herald of Night's dark-veiled train!
Let the dull sands thy beauty bright absorb,
O blue and glimmering stream, which towards the main
Wast journeying on: soft 'mid the trees expire
The breeze which bore like bees intoxicate
The sweetness of the flowers; if yet the fire
Of love, the holy and the true, doth mate
With our own spirit in the cells of thought
Sacred from eyes without: if yet a dream
Of one whose smiles and hopes were blent with ours,
Born 'mid fond memories and by yearnings brought
To life and power, life-deep, shall shed its gleam
To cheer and warm; if yet the hallow'd breath
Of love and hope shall triumph over death;
If fair remembrances serene and blest
Shall flow upon the soul until its rest.

CREATION.

Ye mountains, coned with dazzling snows, and strong
In rude, majestic towers and walls of rock,
Whence firs and pines hang o'er the dizzy deep,
Trailing their clambering vines in grace ; superb
In beauty and in grandeur soars aloft
Of your magnificence the image bright.
Ye stars, that glitter o'er the icy brows
Of those sky-piercing hills ; with characters
Of rich and golden import made t' illume
The azure drapery of Nature's halls,—ye stars
Blaze down upon us with delightful charms,
The heart enkindling with romantic joy.
With soft allurement through the embowered dell
The frolic stream glides silently along,
Shedding from out its blue and glimmering glass
Enchantment as from sparkling streams of song.
Fair are the meadows softly waving, whilst
Careers the breeze above ; and fair the flowers
Which nod beside the stream, and glass their grace
Within its smoothly-flowing tide, as images
Sparkling amid the poet's liquid verse.
Majestical and glorious is the expanse
Of ocean, theatre of grand events

In the dread wars of nature or of men;
At times, the image of the glassy pave
Sparkling with golden fires before the throne
Of the Eternal One; at times aroused,
Vexed by the furious and impatient storms,
Or blazing fitfully with the deep-red lights
Of battle's jubilee so wild and dread;
An emblem of the fiery-vaulted realm
Of the archangel fall'n, where leprous Sin
Is tossed by surges of remorse and woe.
Towering and beautiful the forest trees,
Nature's great standing army, waving high
Their leafy banners of resplendent green,
And guarding well the harvests 'gainst the storm
With which they battle,—beautiful are these.
But yet than these more wonderful and fair
In beauty's fine, enamoring grace were they
Who moved with stately port and mien divine
Amid that loveliness and pomp. In them
Grandeur and gracefulness, the charms and bloom
Of skies, and rivers, trees and flowers
Were blent and with the lustre of the soul
Suffused and brightened; as when some rich fane,
To which all nature has its tributes given,
Is lit and hallowed by the presence dread
Of that high deity for whom 'twas framed,
Descended with the blaze of mystic fire.

LINES IN MEMORY OF MISS LUCY M. LUFF.

Laughing and bright as brooks of summer showers;
Like them, how brief thy race! or as the flowers
Soon vanishing, that we with beauty filled
May not be gorged, like bees with sweets distilled:
Or like the meteor whose bright, frolic course
The enchanted eye scarce kindles, ere the loss
Of the celestial pilgrim we lament;
So from earth's scenes, our loved companion went.
In fair and fragrant gardens, (lovely page
Where nature writes pure thoughts from age to age,)
There, with a fine enthusiasm filled,
The wasting energies of life she spilled;—
Sending the ardent, rapturous mind to roam
In poetry's elysium made her home;
In Beauty's world of matter and of mind,
'Twas thine to dwell and joy etherial find.
Farewell! tho' sad the word: unto thy God
Thy soul we yield, thy body to the sod.
In heaven we'll meet thee, friend devout, sincere;
Earth's joys eclipsed thro' all its endless year.
The radiant beam which on yon pool descends,—
That dark, still deep,—to heaven again ascends:
The myriad drops which in the ocean blend,
Called by the sun, the sea aloft shall send;
There, in the free and luminous air they'll roam:
As chainless thou, when God shall bid thee come.

THE WHITE LAKE CREEK—A SKETCH.

How lone and beautiful this place! Here flow
The White Lake's waters, forcing midst the rocks
Their foamy pathway. High o'erhead, the trees
Of this wild forest-track branch wide around,
Forming vast, vaulted chambers, wrapt in shade
Cool and delicious. Down the varying stream,
Tempting the trout from his cold haunts,
We pass; but not with eye unmindful now,
Nature, of thy wild beauty, we renew
Our wanderings along this lonely creek.
The laurels tangled on the banks forbid
The sportsman's steps upon the shore; nor, now
That June's rejoicing sun is reigning high,
Need he regret his steps must be along
The pebbly channels of the cooling stream.
Or if we rest upon some open bank,
Still cooling visions shall delight us: rocks
Dripping with foam, and beautiful with moss;
The shadowy haunt, above, of orioles;
The glassy cave of yon old trout, who scorns
Our fly and squirming bait, but darts like thought
At every luckless miller fluttering by,
With startling and exciting splash,—
These shall our thoughts beguile.

And we will dream
Of icy drinks that float the fragrant rind
Of the golden lemon; visions shall delight
Of water-falls by sun-bows canopied,
The fine spray flying in the restless breeze;
Of couches spread in small craft on the lake,
The air around with music sweet—with breath
Of distant hay-fields and the fragrant meads:
We'll dream of caverns in the lonely wild,
The dim light glistening from the crystalled walls,
And o'er the Stygian waters, cold as snow,
That wash the statues rude, in rock, of men
Whose battle-axes, of the flint-stone cut,
Clashed in the conflict centuries ago.
Such cooling dreams shall charm us, till again
We tempt the timid dwellers in the stream;
And the day grows rich as night steals on, like hopes
More brightly blooming near Death's sable hour.
Thou with the free and beautiful Mongaup
Wilt blend thy waters, lonely "White Lake Creek,"
As though some pensive genius, lone and strange,
Were wedded to some maid of open face,
And fresh, fair beauty, after sorrowing years.

O lonely, wild, romantic stream! with thee,
And with the regions where thy waters gleam,
There are blithe memories woven: of fair youths,
Sunny and glad and winning; as with rocks
And lonely cliffs upon the ocean shore,
Majestical and rude, in Memory's glass

Are blent the images of lovely vines,
And soft, young blossoms, and the tinted moss.

Not thus, like thine, O lonely stream!
Be my life's destinies—through gloomy scenes,
Perplexed and in deep solitude.
Let the soft light of true romance, indeed,
Be flowing 'round my course; but freer beams
Of heavenly sunshine be my constant lot,
With faith and hope and joy enkindling me.

THE DIVINE BENIGNITY.

Yea, might and majesty reside
At thy dread seat, Eternal One!
Yet doth not gentleness and love
Breathe from thy angel-circled throne?
Who took sweet childhood in his arms,
And on its glossy ringlets poured
With a soft, gliding pressure of his palms
Unearthly blessedness from God?
Pray, who at His divine command
Bade human sorrow fly,
Wheree'er, amid his wondering throng,
Grief stood with tear-dimmed eye.
And wherefore from your horrid bed
Spring up, ye ghastly-featured dead?

" Immanuel calls, we live ! we spring ;
And Health shines o'er us, with her wing
In healing rife,—her joys we sing ;
For, ne'er before hath gladness leapt
So like a current, thro' our frames,
And ne'er within our cheeks have slept
So beautiful the rosy flames."
And mark how in St. John's sweet book
What gentleness Messiah blends
With dignity's high grace ;
And makes us dream we see portrayed
The mildness of his face :
Then may the shepherd-boys breathe on
Thro' their soft flutes the fearless tone
When their tuned voicings grow sublime
With mention of the Eternal One.
And you who glide o'er moonlit lakes
In your blithe music-freighted boats,
Why ceaseth on your lips the smile
That curls them, when the star which floats
In Western purple calls your thoughts
Up to the Power who bade it shine ?
Smile on ; for, Love indulgent sought
Your pleasure with His works divine ;
And Evening's cool and lucid airs,—
And Morning's dew-bespangled sight,—
With meek-eyed birds in loving pairs
Drunk with the extasy of light,—
All utter forth a Heaven benign
Who willed that Nature's joy be thine.

TO ONE BETROTHED.

(AN ACROSTIC.)

Sweeter than lips of opening buds is she,
(All winds of heaven breathe perfume 'round her path
Richer than roses yield !) who vows in heart
All blameless in the hymeneal bonds
Her soul to keep. "Now gentlest love, strong, deep,"
She saith, "Shall prompt life's pulses :
In confiding mood and mild long sufferance,
Liveliest sympathies, (like chains of gold
Linking with jewelled bonds the mated hearts ;)
Ready each error to forgive ; resolved
On every frailty with indulgent eye
Mildly, as bound, to glance,—I'll pass life's hours.
Each thus with love and sacred sweetness charged,
Never shall fail with its melodious wings,
Years thro', fond blessings on my soul to waft.

LOVE AND STUDY.

"Were it not better done, as other use,
To sport with Amarylis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæras' hair."—MILTON.

FIRST VOICE.

How glorious is the hour of studious thought:
The mysteries of wisdom; life, and death;
Health's buoyant pulses, and the fitful throbs
Of dull disease; the laws of grace,
Of beauty, motion, and the mystic rules
Which guide the planets onward; these, and such
In dignity as these, the deep mind fill
With themes exalted and exalting, when
Philosophy's high hour commands our thoughts.

SECOND VOICE.

O, sweeter far is the sacred time of love!
Then the deep soul springs to the eyes and lips,
And blends its mystic lightnings with the dawn
Of pure affection in sweet woman's heart.
Then, tender thoughts make eloquent the lips,
Quickening and passionate. Celestial light
From the eyes, by glad, expressive light
Is answered back; her pictured tissue bright

Hope weaves with cunningest power; yea, dreams
Of delicate pleasure glow into the forms
Of rapturous reality; to substance ripe
The shadows brighten. Thus, the matchless fount
Of earthly happiness is love.

FIRST VOICE.

The spring
Pure and unfailing of a joy divine
An earthly love can ne'er unseal.

Of bliss,
That source most pure, our admiration claims,
From which the live, unfaltering current flows.
Love's pleasant triumphs fade and die; when fail
Th' enthralling charms of beauty; when the rose
Laments its fading glory on the cheek
And lip, once ripe and crimson: When, at length,
The warm susceptibilities grow cold;
And the ardors of young passion die; and gold,
Or fame, and power their glittering idols rear;
Faint in the breast the shade of former joys
Flits dyingly: But quest of those fine truths
Which God expresses in great nature's face
Exalting light administers, and joy
As deathless as 'tis pure.

SECOND VOICE.

"They sin who tell us love can die;" the stars
As soon can perish, when its pure, blest fire,

Kindled by virtue and by mind, deep burns
In the true soul and wise. The matchless charms
Of thoughts refined, (the sunbeams of the soul,)
Of modesty, sweet piety and truth command
Affection's holy altar e'er to glow; and breathe
Undying vigor to Love's delicate flowers.
But to our scrutiny, dim nature grants,
Oft, but the tantalizing glimpse; and thought,
Wearied and baffled, mourns its wasted strength
And bright hours sacrificed in vain; and burns
To lay its temples where Love's tresses stream,
Breathing ambrosial sweetness, and the air
Of pure, entrancing joy.

When Heaven vouchsafes
Its blessing (richer than the morning light,)
To ardors and attachments just and wise,—
Guiltless of all idolatry—no breath
That stirs the air of life knows more
Of quick, sweet happiness than Love's;
Except that grace the highest Power all blest
Sheds o'er the thirsting hearts of penitent men.

THE RURAL BURIAL-GROUND.

The solemn bell calls to the grove-hid church ;
It is the voice of death, his warning note ;
And clusters, with a slow and pensive gait,
Are gathering at the porch. Let us delay
Here by this tomb, moss-grown from tears of Heaven,
That mourns the loveliest face its beams e'er saw,
Till the sad bier and priest at church-door meet,
And his full voice the sentences pronounce.
Shall I grow eloquent with praise of worth
That sleeps beneath this stone ? Shall I rehearse
The kindness and sweet graces of her deeds,
And build anew in memory's shadowy air
Her soft and saintly loveliness of form ?
True spake the surpliced priest, " Dust unto dust
And earth to earth resigned ;" yet we, I trust,
Without an impious murmur, may call back
Time's melancholy flight ; and in her home
Command the vacant air to beauteous shapes
Till her sweet smile shall bloom on us once more.
Did she not trip with blithesome feet the fields
When noon-day bade the mowers to their shade ;
Or, gathering in spring the stainless blood
The maple's wounded veins did yield ? I see

In the bright past her frolic face, and hear
A voice like hers in vine-hung dells ring forth.
When evening sports amused the fire-side throng,
No laugh than hers was merrier, and no lip
A lovelier prize in all the ruby group.
The poor beheld with gratitude her feet
Approaching, and their spirits warmed
By her good presents, and the pleasantness
Of her young, beauteous face. The spring
Beheld her blushing at a lover's kiss;
And when the summer reigned in soft blue skies,
She on his shoulder leaned, and heard with tears
The whispering of his vows. Ah! *love*, I ween,
Is mightier in its thrall to bind the heart
Unto its life, than aught of all we know;
Yet, in the autumn-time, they laid her down
Beneath the tearful grass. The conscious earth
Clasped her sweet body with a mother's love,
In wonder that her dark and formless womb
So beautiful a shape had borne.

But, hark!
The sad, low notes, float from the organ's swell:
Let us at once unto the church repair,
And list the choir a solemn requiem chant,
The last sweet tribute to the dead, that steals
Into the mourner's breast, and there doth mix
Music's soft, calm elation with his grief.
Now hear the reasonings grand St. Paul doth urge,
To prove this grade doth lead a nobler still,

Where mortals immortality assume,
As glory hath her steps, from earth to moon,
And from the pallid moon to glorious suns.
God ! in this heavenly hope let us repose,
When sad eyes damp the pillow of our death,
And on our pale and trembling lips we feel
The sweet last kiss mortality can know !
But now the mourners round the grave convene,
And " dust to dust " drops from the sexton's hand ;
The choir once more the pleading prayers do chant ;
The white-robed priest his suppliant palm uprears.
Sleep quiet, gentle soul ! for none than thou
More gently led the dove-like hours away.

But there is one who o'er this scene hath pour'd
The tenderest soul of melancholy ; here now breathes
The very poetry of sadness ; and the night,
The lone, sweet, solemn night, can testify
His offerings at the cypress-shrine of grief,
How frequent and how tearful ! And ye birds
That people April's blossomy bowers at eve,
Nursing your fluttering dreams 'neath wings of down,
Can tell how oft the sad heart-gushes broke
The hush of your dim slumbers. I have seen
Often, at dusk, the lover's form steal by
Yon brook that glitters 'neath that voiceful grove,
Towards this her grave ; these rose-trees, pinks, and vines
Of bright immortal green, he planted here ;
His tears have watered them, and hence they say
They thrive, but blossom never. Nature here,

In spot so consecrated, checks her smile ;
Yet in the radiant blush of dawn, one day,
A fair, blue myrtle-blossom I surprised ;*
A single drop was in it ; did it fall
From the dark fringes of thy pensive eyes,
O melancholy night ? or was it wept
From lids of human sadness ? One bland eve,
When the sweet, songless air stole softly on,
As love's first wakenings, or the odorous breath
Of innocency, lost 'mid halcyon dreams,
The gentleness of nature wooed him here,
Till midnight's awful tollings in yon tower
Startled the belfry doves. Beside her grave
Entranced he lay ; when, like the stately flush
Of a " northern dawn," up-rushing in the heavens,
And building glorious cities in the sky,
A grand mausoleum rose before his eyes.
Magnificence was thron'd upon its roof,
Shining with pinnacles, and towers, and domes !
Strange figures from the speechless marble charmed
By art's resistless power, were twined around
About its battlements and lofty towers ;
Without, in niches, 'mid the enchanting blaze
Of sculptured richness, stood the forms of seers,
Great sages, patriarchs, and kings. *Within*,
No prince or knight with claspéd hands was seen
Asleep in old barbaric stone : no tomb,
Proud of the dust of majesty, and wrought

* The periwinkle is sometimes called the myrtle, I believe.

With the bright signs of royalty and fame,
There met the eye! but *one* there gleamed aloft;
With angel forms 'twas sculptured, and the cross
Was sparkling on its summit high. A sun
Was pictured rising from an ocean dim,
And soaring nobly through the affrighted clouds,
To joyous triumph in eternal day.
Upon the tablet graved with gold he read
The name of her he loved! while in the air
A form etherial beamed with soft, faint lines,
And whispered, "This mausoleum grand, and this
The tomb it guards and honors, symbolize
The heavenly love and honor that surrounds
The Christian's dying couch and the still sod
He consecrates in death. Though friendless, lone,
In his simplicity unknown, yet God,
If love and gentleness have sweetly dyed
The slender threads of life, shall bid him stand
Beside His jeweled throne, and on his name
Shall breathe the glories of a quenchless fame.
Like shining exhalations o'er the fens
Still hot and seething thro' Night's dewy hours,
This fair and luminous vision here arose
From his excited brain; with image strange
Forth shadowing immortal, glorious truths
That overflow with consolations rich.

THE WATERY WORLD.

With awe and wonder may I well approach
This mighty world in Nature, this great realm
Which glares its sceptre, a bright shaft of ice,
Both on th' Antarctic zone, the lone and bleak,
And on the Arctic hills; which there uprears
In the soft flush of Winter's streaming sky
Its palaces of ice. The tropics, too
Are girt with its bright fullness; East and West
The pulses of its mighty empire beat:
On India's and on China's shores its powers
Can hold their dazzling revelry. The inland hills,—
Its glittering armies sweep their steep defiles,
And sparkle on the plains below, that own
The green, voluptuous triumph of its power;
For, stately groves with fuller beauty shoot
Their arching boughs above the stream, and strain
The sun's fierce splendors to a gentle light.
How richly on the banks, where rushes wave,
Nods the lobelia's crimson crest! It seems
To recognize the grateful gift that steeps
The mould around its roots, and grants the sun
A blush more brilliant to demand.

And man,—
How like the wilted flower he sinks, if this
The pure, bright gift of love but fails his lips!
Prone on the scorching sand he lies, his brain
Whirled with wild fever, or, perchance, insane,
And thronged with maddening fears and sights;
Loud toward the source of heat he, writhing, flings
A fierce, delirious curse, and now he deems
The scorching blasts from Hell's red climes invest
His panic-struck and withering soul, till dews,
Shed from the bland and pitying lids of Eve,
Refresh his heated brow; or 'till the hands
Of Love, the tearful, tender and the true,
Stroke with cool, moistened palms the home of thought,
Soothing its feverish strife.

On sun-burnt plains,
Far delving in the sunless depth of Earth,
Man the bright cordial seeks; the rocky bar
About the secret paths of ceaseless streams,
He with explosive thunderbolts disturbs,
Hailing with joy the clear blood of its veins.

And when amid the crowded city's piles,
The pillared thrones of commerce, art and power,
The wild, high-tide of flame is billowing vast
In dread magnificence; and sweeping quick
To one black, ashy tomb vast glittering spoils,
What joy plays bright within his anxious eye
To see the watery columns pouring forth

To battle with the red artillery
And check the tyrant's rage: and then the blood
To thousand blanchèd cheeks returns; and dreams
Of poverty and blackened wrecks flit off
And leave the decorated shrine of home
Lit with the same contented smile of peace.

Hark! from afar what heavy rumblings sound!
The ground now trembles with the grand sub-bass.
Is it the opening of Nature's hymn,
The first deep breathings of her anthem grand,
Whose chorus full shall shake the lofty skies?
Or speeds to battle some tremendous host,
Ten thousand chariots rumbling o'er the plain,
High martial valor pressing hotly on;
Or, sweep the buffaloes in frightened flight,
Shaking the earth with their stupendous throngs,
The fire-king with his swift and leaping sprites
Close crackling in the impatient chase behind?
In thunder down his awful chasm, list
Niagara's phrenzied and abandoned plunge!
The very fowls that sport upon the stream,
Bound by a spell of dread, or helpless whirled
In dizzying swiftness, sink amid the foam,
And lifeless drift upon the rocks below:
And woman in her loveliness and bloom,
Faint with the oppressive sense of awful power,
Has fallen, shrouded in the dazzling spray,
And buried 'mid the foaming gulf beneath:
So falls from Evening's brow a glittering gem,

Its beauty burying in some gloomy cloud ;
So, oft, a fancy rich and bright in bloom
Sinks into dark oblivion, swallowed up,—
Submerged 'mid thought's tumultuous rush,
Unto the flowery realm of sentiment lost.*

Nor there alone the watery world is stamped
With majesty and terror ; childhood reads
With its unstudious eye those awful traits
Revealed on ocean's countenance when strive
The infuriate winds on that arena grand.
The emblems faint of power Divine, career
Amid the engulfing seas that hide
In their dark depths the loved, the missed, the mourn'd :
There calmly sleep the beautiful and young,
Their locks with the sea-vines wreathed, their brows
Kissed by the gliding spirits of the waves.

Thy deep and wandering currents know the spot
Where lie on coral-beds the throng that dared
To venture on the " President " above
Thy magazines of fury. Thou dost glass
The charming scene of peace, the moonlit group,
With love and music and light laughter glad ;
And, too, the shock of battling nations whilst
The red and sulphurous tempest roars, more mad
And deadlier than thy fiercest storms ; as when,

* Wild fowls, my impression is, have been found drowned, or, for some cause, lifeless, below the falls. A lady, who ventured under the column some years ago, fell into the abyss.

For Greece and jealousy, the triple powers
Shivered the proud and sullen naval strength,
O'er which the crescent shone: and when
Don John and Doria in Lepanto's gulf
For Christendom against the Turk unfurled
Their signal banners high inviting war:
And battle's fiery demon in his cloudy wings
Their squadrons folded, shrouding in the flame
The Sultan's valiant thousands, and defiled
Their once proud standard, prostrate now, despised
Upon the crimson seas.

But nobler scenes
Are glassed within thy breast magnificent,
When floats the Bethel flag, and voices sweet,
To Christian love in distant regions pledged,
Disturb the stillness of the Sabbath air
With songs and hallelujahs.

What vast wealth,
The spoils of commerce whelmed amid thy deeps,
Lies in thy sunless caves! the wreath that could
Bid the bright cross shine every where and break
The sable reign of superstition's shade.
Death in thy caverns deep must hold his court
Decked with the jewelry of thousands spoiled.

Once more in fancy, ocean, I will gaze
Upon thy grand expansion, ere I leave
This theme of glory and of power; but not

In thy wild tempests rise before my mind;
But heaving gently 'neath the glimmering air
(As falls and rises the peace-calméd breast
Which the soft light and smile of grace have stilled,)
And breathing thro' its boundless space the gifts
Which it shall shower upon the thirsty fields.
And so, methinks, the great and glorious e'er
To acts of sweet and gentle charity
Should condescend and thus their greatness prove.

—

THOUGHTS OF THE DEPARTING SAINT.

The gloom and anguish of life's fading powers
Advance upon me and assault my heart;
Poor, trembling citadel! which these sad hours
Doth show unequal to its proper part.

How dim the beauty of the world doth grow!
Upon its joys and charms now death doth feed;
Its glories vanish, like the autumnal glow,
Or Evening's lights that, night-chased, westering speed.

But towards the seat of boundless power and love,
As sparks and wingéd fires that seek the skies,

My thoughts and hopes aspiring rise above
The thickening cloud which o'er earth's interests lies.

O Thou, who all of human woe hast known;
Who through death's dark and chilling porch hast passed,
Although unworthy that Thou me should'st own,
I'll trust in Thee, Friend, faithful to the last!

Up boils from its mysterious depths my soul
With grateful gushes of warm love and praise;
And prayer breathes forth with potent sweet control
My fears to drown, my confidence to raise;

For, Thou respondest; in my pardoned breast
A holy calm, a heavenly peace doth reign;
With each new word of faith and love-deed blest
Higher the tide of joy o'erflows my pain.

As fountains in the sunbeams springing free,
As melody's glad bursts that fill the sky,
As eloquence from hearts on fire that be,
So springs my spirit towards its home on high.

Soon, soon with Thee, O chief of martyrs crown'd!
My thirsty soul shall drink at life's pure stream;
The stains of sorrow as of sin be found
All cleansed away in Thy rich glory's beam.

Farewell, then, dreams of earthly hope! farewell,
Ye scenes of earth, and tearful friends, adieu!

Life has no sorrow and no joy can swell
The breast like those which do this hour imbue.

But gladness triumphs! like a Sabbath morn
Of Eden's dawn-hours rich with light and song,
Victorious over night: new joys are born,
And fair orbs welcome me, a radiant throng.

Amid th' unebbing tides of interest high
(Yet scarcely *new*,) my soul ascends to bathe,
As an imprisoned bird that seeks the sky
When free in its fresh, pearly light to lave.

TUXEDO LAKE.

A VISION ON ITS SHORES.

Is this the realm of silence? Are these rocks
Th' unechoing haunts of solitude? So near
The populous and ever-sounding streets,
That their deep, mighty anthem almost rolls
Its farthest murmurings to these shores; yet all
Is with the grand, rude seal of Nature stamped,
And hushed in breathlessness of deep repose.
Upon the mountain-sides, beyond the sheet

Of waveless loveliness before my eye,
From 'mid the trees peeps out one lonely hut;
Perchance the axeman's, whose loud-sounding steel
Alone the echoes woke, and scared the birds
That stalked along the pebbly beach. No more
The smoke curls from its roof; but mountain-gusts,
When crashing storms those summits darkly crown,
Rattle its mossy doors, and play wild sports
With the oak-bucket near. How still the lake!
The fisher's rods bestrew the shore, but none
Stray here to-day to tempt the spotted trout,
Which holds in glassy caves his silent courts.
The deepening dyes of purple, rich and bright,
On the wild vines, with berries bowed, now win
Of peasant boys and girls the steps.

This hush,
This beauteous trance of nature, seems t' invite
The mind to meditative moods; the air,
Misty and shadowy of the land of dreams,
Seems breathing on my brow; bright earth, farewell!
The visionary world a sweet, low call
Is whispering to my soul; and sinking here,
Beneath the pine's deep shade, I yield to dreams:

I.

List! what soft, delicious music
Floats upon the charméd air;
Blandly, as from beds of roses,
Steal the gentle winds that bear

II.

Their pure sacrifice of sweetness
Slowly towards tke holy skies;
That rich burst from out the gardens
Of the queen of visions flies.

III.

There amid the brilliant poppies
And, in crowds, somnific flowers,
Couches woo to rest and slumber,
Shadowed by enchanting bowers.

IV.

Soaring in the placid moonlight,
Hushed like beauty in a dream,
Lo! the vision-queen's fair palace
Flashes in the silvery beam.

V.

All who tread her holy chambers,
To oblivion sweet dispose
Every tinge of mortal sorrow,
All their deep regrets and woes.

VI.

O'er her throne in golden lightnings
Characters are written broad,
Telling all who see their radiance
That her power is willed of GOD:

VII.

Therefore in more blessed triumph
Than the moon in starry skies,
She at night serenely reigneth,
And before her, sorrow flies.

VIII.

Lo! into her curtained chambers
One with sad and hollow cheek,
Mourning his departed loved ones,
Moving tremblingly and weak.

IX.

Charmed by soft and soothing music,
He upon a couch reclines,
Till the enchantment breathing o'er him
On his brow smoothes sorrow's lines.

X.

Now he sees in life-like visions
Beings that in darkness rest,
Smiling like the bridal flowers
On a maiden's plighted breast.

XI.

Lo! another downcast stranger
Entereth the twilight courts;
Sudden ruin hath despoiled him
Of the wealth his hand hath wrought!

XII.

Poverty, with dingy sack-cloth,
Wraps his home's defacéd shrine;
But in dreams its pomp returneth,
And the marble forms divine.

XIII.

Fountains, spouting in the gardens,
Temper the perfuméd air;
And within, rich paintings gleaming,
Highest admiration share.

XIV.

See! another entering seemeth
Pierced with sorrow's poisonous dart;
She to dreams of love and pleasure
Had resigned her burning heart:

XV.

But the hallowed fires were darkened
Which she lit in blissful youth;
And the trampled embers flickered
Where was once affection's truth.

XVI.

But again in cheating visions
Hope breaks forth like stars above,
And one, pure and noble-hearted,
Folds her in the arms of love!

XVII.

Sweetly sleep, O slighted maiden!
Let thy buoyant heart dissolve
In the golden dream of rapture,
While the sunless hours revolve.

XVIII.

Thou shalt waken on the morrow
With the smile upon thy lip;
Then to feel th' entrancing pleasure
From thy fond embraces slip.

XIX.

Thus hath GOD in love ordained
That the night with winning smile,
Breathing dew on feverish foreheads,
Should the mourning soul beguile.

XX.

Sleep! it is a blessed spirit,
Reigning by His pleasure high,
On the stir of mortal anguish
Shedding calmness from the sky.

THE CATHEDRAL SERVICE—HIGH MASS.

FIRST VOICE.

How solemn and how beautiful this spot!
How soars the pictur'd roof! the columns see!
Marble, and sculptur'd with rich forms grotesque;
And holy shapes of grave and thoughtful mien
Stand in enduring stone, in niches wrought
With traceries beauteous, o'er which the glow
Of sacrificial lamps so softly streams.
This spot, where through stain'd windows shines the sun
With splendors mellower than his setting ray,
And hues as finely varied, seems the shrine
Of majesty and beauty. Here confess
The gorgeous gate of heaven,—its porch divine.

SECOND VOICE.

The painted roof, the pictured glass; the shrine
Of ancient Saints, with incense, and with light
Of never-dying tapers honor'd, tells
Of Superstition's fatal, glittering charm.

FIRST VOICE.

Hark! how the deep, grand tremblings sound
From the organ's shining face! The rich, sweet "swell,"
Breathing impassion'd tenderness, now wakes,

Now dies with eloquent languishing away.
But list! like wind-harp's plainings, strange and sweet,
Its music swells again; and voices clear,
Full of expressive pathos, plead with heaven,
And hymn the sanctuary pure of grace,
Mary, the ever-virgin, kind and blest.
Sure, from her heavenly glory, her soft eyes,
When our warm anthems greet her ears, will dart,
Peculiar grace; her face (that paradise
Where Love doth dwell, amid perpetual smiles,)
More sweet and potent for delight, on us
Shall beam, than when upon the gaze
Of Lover teaching passion to the flute
A beauteous maiden, crown'd with roses, smiles.

SECOND VOICE.

Bewitching falsehood! Soft, melodious lies!
And snares entwin'd of silk and golden threads!
Hymn ye the Fount of Grace, the "*Alpha*" high,
Without beginning, as unsearch'd in power;
Gracious, but jealous; who will not resign
His glory to created things; not e'en
To Her whence sprang the glorious King,
Like a stately palm of Paradise from root
Buried, in humble dust, from mortal sight;
Or, as Sharon's blossomy rose-tree from a seed.

FIRST VOICE.

List ye! What soft, beseeching strains
Entreat the glory of the Incarnate God,

In His pure Tabernacle of silver shrined ?
The kneeling priests, in rich embroider'd robes,
Win, with th' imploring eloquence of song,
Their access to the Shrine. O mystery deep !
The hallow'd bread deceives the gazer's sight ;
Once broken on the Cross, behold Him now
By mystic re-production here to day
Broken for guilty man ! The essence high
Breathes in the Elements, and in the Cup
Flashes again on earth. In reverence low,
Thoughtful of sin and folly, let us bow,
And worship Whom the angels hymn in heaven.

SECOND VOICE.

O mad infatuation ! Cease your hymns,
Ye ravishing minstrels ; or, direct their voice
To Him who reigns on high ; nor thus confound
The shadow with the substance true. Invoke
The Church's watchful Head. In *viewless* fount
His pardoning blood is ever warm. To thee,
O Holy One of Bethlehem ! we kneel,
Tasting the symbols of Thy love ; athirst
For thy sweet presence in our contrite hearts :
Thither, O Heavenly King ! descend ; there reign.

THE AXE-MAN IN THE DEEP FOREST.

In the sounding depths of the forest shade
  The wood-cutter's axe is flying;
And the quick, wild spring of that fatal blade
  The strength of the great is trying.

The woods are dark, and the wild vines thick,
  In a 'wildering tangle grow;
Unappalled at the thought of that labor immense,
  He plieth the echoing blow.

Within that nimble, resistless steel
  The wood-cutter flings on high,
The splendors of what keen lightnings dwell,
  Whose thunders shall shake the sky,

When, rushing like the pinions of death,
  The crashing maple descends,
And all the beauteous scene below
  With terrible havoc rends!

And the gorgeous shade above that's seen,
  The musical breeze shall miss;
And his sacrifice of languishing green
  The sun's warm brightness shall kiss.

And by yon trunk, where the fragrant bee
His edifice doth build,
A garden sweet as the face of glee
That my rosiest moments filled,

Shall blossom around o'er the mellow ground,
And beauty's footsteps there
May tread with a light, enchanting bound,
As blithe as a bird's in air.

There, where the mighty, branching vault
Springs with translucent green,
And the only boss or pendent now
That from the arch is seen,

Is the hang-bird's nest, with the fiery gleam
Of his bright, little fairy form,
Revealed by the casual flutter of wings
O'er the eggs he keeps so warm,—

There will, perchance, the Gothic vault
The designs of nature mock,
And the Gothic spire with cross invade
The realms of the soaring hawk;

There, beauty, light and majesty
Shall hold a common shrine;
And where now roams the rustic youth,
The forms of men divine

Shall gaze aloft from sculptured niche
And monument rose-bound,
And the organ's mellow thunders roll
Where the wild bird's chantings sound.

Thus slowly, by determined power,
May man transform his mind
From the rude state that nature gives
To soaring powers refined,—

Beneath whose golden lustre sit,
As age on age flits by,
Vast crowds in admiration rapt,
His name exalting high.

CONTENTED THOUGHTS OF HOME.

No lovely bower, festooned with purpling grapes,
No home amid the orchard, where the peach,
The quince, and apricot are mellowing, now
Are mine: but a fair home is ours,
My loved one, not unblest with bright
And animating scenes. The river here
Floweth, while there the bay expands till wide
The bosom of Ontario heaves in sight;

And on the ear the dashings sound
Of her wild billows battling with the rocks,
Which shake not at their tumult; they quail not,
Like hearts of mighty princes, undismayed,
While roll the rumors on their ears from far
Of the strong marshaling in arms and shocks of war.
Lo! distant on the waters, scarcely seen,
Some merchant-sail is outlined. On this bank,
Whose rocky strata to the waves stoop down,
Let us recline, and gladdening o'er the scene,
Fill up our hearts, as it is meet, with thoughts
Of gratitude and dreams of hope and love.
The world is bright around us: Plenty's store,
Beautiful and nourishing, from her gathering arms
O'erflows upon our lap, and we are blest.
Thy lovely light and charm, O beauteous Art,
Thou on our home dost not disdain to shed;
The poet's never-dying thoughts, the bloom
Fadeless and fascinating, which the breath
Of stormy Winter withers not, and which
His glittering, icy knife doth not cut down.
And Love from his mysterious founts pours out
His grateful ardors, with a precious charm,
Hallowing and lighting up the stream of life.
And are not some of those sweet joys which cheer,
Where sacred love is cherished, are not airs
Of this celestial peace astir e'en now,
In our deep bosoms' climes, a theme for songs,
And thankful incense unto God Most High?
On these pure winds that wander o'er this coast

The spirit of Health is floating. See ! her touch
Glows on your cheek, whilst o'er these ancient rocks
You tread exultingly. The soil beneath
Is part of Freedom's empire. Here the heart,
Unterrified by sword, or fire, or chains,
Can worship as it lists : no tyrant crowned
Binds man in vassalage, and frowning blights
The free, fair budding of the mind,
And checks the course of august Science,
(With a thousand triumphs brilliant,) and casts down
Her pale-browed devotees to dungeons drear.
The breath of gratitude shall from our lips
Ascend for all our mercies. As the flowers
Which bloomed on Aaron's rod, yea, fairer far
And sweeter, are the words of gratitude
That gush toward Heaven sincerely from the heart.
Back to the skies for blessings showered shall rise
Our hearts' orisons, praise and prayer and love ;
As doth the Lake, for Morn's rich, rosy light,
Return a rosy splendor back to heaven.

THE DAY OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

A FRAGMENT.

Then in the shadow, almost, of the Holy Fane ;
Amid sweet pastoral scenes, the hills and vales
Where David dwelt, the Mighty Guest of Earth,
Its Great Deliverer drew his earliest breath.
There in a human form, he shrined the light
Of His celestial glory ; to the woe
And weakness of our nature married then
Th' immortal strength of His high Sonship.
An emblem of his pure, refreshing truth
Is the clear stream in Bethlehem's vale that flows.
Prelude of spiritual harmonies and joys,—
Of songs sweet with the breath of gratitude
That were about to float o'er all the earth,
Was that which charmed Night's raptured ear,
Breathing from angels' lips. When in the deep
And starry azure of the skies they flew,
Fading on human sight, they show'd how souls
When in Love's mystic founts laved pure from guilt
And made anew by grace, shall mount at last,
Winged by the immortal blessedness decreed
By Him who fills the world's majestic Throne,
And sent His Son with ransom rich as Heaven's
Great treasury could give, to buy us free

From grasp of robber-conquerors, and then
To lead us by a lamp from Heaven's high fane
From out of Error's dark and wildering wilds.
Therefore within His temple we do keep
A holy festival; and offer now,
Not gold alone as our heart's offering to His name,
But th' myrrh and frankincense of love and praise.
And as the song of nature flows afresh
With fuller rapture, and the waters shine
With richer beauty at the hour of morn
When first the Sun appears;—so do our hearts
Breathe now a gladder music, are suffused
With fresher glows of love and hope
To see our Day-Star in the east again,
And list the story of Messiah's birth!

ODE FOR FOURTH OF JULY.

When 'neath the starry blue
And the dawn's crimson hue
Freedom serene
Rose to her rocky seat,
Canopied by glories meet
Unto her banner's sheet
To lend its sheen:

Then to her sons she cried
" Faithful and just abide ;
Love truth and right."

Deep based in virtue's soil
Rises with ceaseless toil
Her refuge—fane ;
In knowledge spread afar
More than in arts of war
The sure base whence to soar
Her shrine doth gain :
Hence to her sons she cried
" Upright as brave abide ;
Virtue is might."

Like " the Graces " hand in hand,
Freedom and virtue stand,
With knowledge joined.
As three hues in the light
Melt and blend into white
And one effulgence bright :
So be combined
The three whose praise we hymn ;
Joined thus, nor weak nor dim,
Freedom's glories live.

When the bard saw on high
In glories of the sky
Type of her flag ;
Then doubtless, too, he saw

Emblems of living power,
Of freshness evermore,
Strength not to fag.
Enlightened virtue, sway!
Then while shine stars and days,
Freedom shall thrive.

Voices grand, full, shall hail
Her sway from hill to vale,—
Chant without end.
Ice-cliffs assailed by snows,
Rocks where waves vainly rose,
Castle secure 'gainst foes,—
Types these of her;
Or emblems these of power
Which is hers, (glorious dower!)
Hers evermore.

Then, as the glowing skies
Ripen fruits, lending dyes
Unto the flowers;
As pure winds, in the frame
Fan health's delightful flame,
So let influence e'er aim
To bless home's bowers;
So our land's hopes shall bloom
Saved from the blight and tomb,
Fresh e'er her powers.

THE COURT OF LOVE.

"All passions, all delights
That stir this mortal frame—
All are the ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

COLERIDGE.

I saw, in visions of the day, a throne,
And one in witching beauty on it sat.
Fresh in the morning blush of youth she seemed;
But one who stood beside her glory, hymned
Her birth coeval with the birth of man.
The glancing of her soft, blue eyes, a light
Sinless, yet passionate and melting, shed.
From Nature's wildness, rosebuds rich and fresh,
In charméd beauty, wreathed her stainless brow,
Striving to rival her celestial face.
But, as a monarch's robe, though gemm'd, and bright
With rarest Tyrian dyes, is dim beside
The starry glow of rich, imperial Eve,
So did their beauty vainly vie with hers.
Her thoughts and hopes, too delicate to rest
E'en on the gilded page of spotless white,
She told by flowerets grouped. And she,
From odors sweet of Heaven that round her streamed,
And eloquence of soft and fond blue eyes—
By lips which kindled for the impassioned kiss,
And verse divine which round her breathed,

With the harp's accompaniment, I knew was Love.
Her ministers were round her: some as fair
Well nigh, as was their queen. First, Poetry.
Touching her golden lyre, her gifted soul
In eloquence poured forth, charming the mind
With images of truth—with fancies fair,
And passion's conquering fire. And when she ceased,
Love's pensive eyes were fixed upon her face,
As spell-bound so; excitement's flush
Glowed on her heavenly cheeks, like morning's beams,
Purple and glorious on a light blush rose;
And a deep sigh her ardent bosom heaved,
As when a billow rocks a milk-white crowd
Of water-lillies floating on a lake.
Then Eloquence, with lofty mien, his voice,
Mellifluous and modulated, raised,
Charming attention; and impassioned fires
Flashed through his high, imaginative speech.
(He spake of love's pure joys, the policy
Which feeds the sacred flame, and makes the lips
Familiar with bland smiles and kisses, sweet
With the fresh honey-dew of tenderness.)
Next, Music, with her rich-toned harp, assumed
Her honied empire, and the air refilled;—
With tender melodies and concords sweet,
Closing pathetic discords; so the bursts
Of April sunbeams chase the transient glooms;
So Heaven, at last, with joy and peace shall heal
Those pangs of wo and death e'en saints may know.
Art, too, the triumphs of her chisel showed,

The god-like form of beauty, and the throne
Of mind, and majesty, and lofty love,
Upon the beaming countenance ; and sweet,
Harmonious, and mocking in life's hues
Upon the canvas glowed and smiled the shapes
Which Genius bade in commune pleasant join,
Or in affection's ecstacies embrace.

Thus did the ministers of Love perform,
Before her rose-wreathed throne, their offices,
And kindled brighter, on her altars pure,
Her sky-born flames ; while warmer, fuller shot
The lightnings through her spirit-form,
And her deep eyes with tenderer pathos burned.

THE MOHAWK RIVER.

Visions of beauty float before mine eye ;
The islands where gigantic trees upsoar,
On which the free vines climb so gracefully,
Where merry children swing,—their eyes yet more
Finely bestained with brighter blue than wore
Ever the Mohawk's tides, when, clear and glassed,
They showed the sky its beauty. Now a shore
I see, that springs erect as doth a mast,
While far across the stream its shade at eve is cast.

Approach its source ; the mountains hem it in,
As monarchs and high statesmen stand around
A child that yet its princely breath doth win
Most gently from the air, but yet may found
A glorious name which o'er the earth shall sound ;
And sway the hearts of millions, laying deep
The bases where prosperity abounds ;
So gently flows this streamlet, which shall sweep
Far on and to the sea its mighty movements keep.

Below, amid dark rocks, it foams along,
Whirling in eddies 'gainst its craggy wall,—
To teach us how, by perseverance strong,
The ends of difficulty stern are all
In time attained ; mark where its eddies brawl ;
E'en the hard rock is worn away ; so learn,
With hope indomitable, all the gall
And wormwood and life's obstacles to spurn ;
So victory with joy shalt thou at length discern.

And here, where o'er the plain the waters roll
And there turn towards the glimmering east away,
Of old, St. Leger's lawless bands did stroll,
Dark savages and soldiers fierce as they ;
About Fort Stanwix's walls they skulking lay,
The forests startling with their horrid cries ;
But the firm hero, in that trying day,
With scorn upon their army turned his eyes,
Trusting to his bright sword and to the favoring skies.

Beside yon pure and sparkling spring there roved
Two children, plucking from the purple vine
The dainty fruit. A mother deeply loved
Her tender arms around their forms to twine,
And drink from their pure lips the bliss divine;
Laughter and health were on their rosy cheeks;
But hark! the rifle cracks! Life's precious wine
Spouts from the heart of one! the other shrieks
To see the crimson stream that o'er her sister reeks.*

In yon ravine the bones of warriors lie,
Who fell in battle's fierce and desperate strife;
Ah! many there lay down in pain to die,
And gave to freedom and their land their life;
Amid that scene with awful discord rife,
A hero,† with a mortal wound, surveys
The harvest red of death's remorseless scythe,
And coolly now the cunning scheme he lays,
Which e'er that field shall shed the light of triumphs rays.

As yet, no marble o'er that valley tells
The countless throngs that by the river pass,
How, in the quiet of that stream-washed dell,
The bones of warriors slumber in the grass,
Which, on that fattened soil, in tangled mass,

* This horrid murder, beside Fort Stanwix, was probably committed by some of "those hell-hounds of savage war" who fought under the British flag.

† Gen. Herkimer, who commanded at the battle of Oriskany.

Grows with luxuriant strength; but still the youths
Who wander by the Mohawk's sheet of glass
Recall, when near this place, historic truths,
And thrill when o'er the spot their kindling vision moves.

NEW YORK IN SPRING.

Not as amid the country's bowers doth Spring
Here in our city vast her presence show
In the full glory of her blossomy pomp:
But yet e'en here her breath is fragrant; soft
Upon the eye steal forth her tender hues
Of green just married to the virgin white
Of May's delicious blooms. The memories fair
Of other joys, like this, soft, sweet and pure,
Are kindled by the radiance and perfume
Which stream from her bright flowers; the kiss
Of childhood's stainless cheek; a maiden's breath
That flows through lips with love's enkindlings warmed,
And sweeter than the heliotrope doth seem
To him who doth its ruby portals press,
And dreams that Eden's odorous verge is near.
Gramercy's tiny park, an emerald gem,
Invites with its soft, varied mass of green,

The eye, while it unbosoms to the sun
Its young, voluptuous loveliness. And far,
Within the limits of the olden town,
The lofty trees, now, as in many a Spring,
The dazzling sunshine court with out-spread arms.
But tho' bland Spring doth not amid the stir
Of our metropolis her wealth of blooms
Most lavishly unfold,—yet beauty here,
In ranks like May's thick groups of blossoming trees
Which fragrantly emparadise the home
'Mid rural scenes, moves on in witching light,
And fires the poet's heart with love. Sweet one!
In whose young cheek the deep rose richly glows,
As though a soul on fire had blended there
The beautiful flush of passion with the bloom,
The pure, ripe bloom which health melts on the cheek,
As if the feverish glow of sunset-light
Were mixed with morning's clearer, pearlier beam,
I see before me now thy stately form;
The glancing of those soft, blue eyes, their light
Flashes athwart my heart; and that pure look
Of innocence and modesty and truth
Seen in thy "face of flowers" breathes forth a power
Diviner than the magic of thy form,
Or beauty's roseate hues, tho' all Spring's flowers
Are jealous of thy charms, that win the eyes
Once sparkling at the sight of their sweet grace
Nor thou alone; a thousand fair walk forth
To taste the grateful air and bid us feel
That not alone amid the rural ways

Doth God prepare the beautiful visions meet
To fill the heart with worship and delight.
The slightest touch will soil the bloom which decks
The butterfly's tinted wings, or the delicate blue
Upon the ripening plum ; yet many here,
Unsoiled their modesty do still preserve,
And dare not give again the gazer's glance :
'Tis thus some tender, modest flowers, when day
Doth brightly look upon them, close their eyes.

SONG OF THE SIBERIAN EXILE.

O Poland, my country, forever in dreams,
I see thy rich nature in summer's soft beams ;
I see thy full harvests like warrior's plume
Gently nodding, as seen ere the days of my gloom ;
And I yearn to be there.

O Poland, the land of the noble and bold,
Resplendent in glory of deeds that were told
With harpings divine, all over the earth ;
I long to behold thee, sweet land of my birth,
Free, honored and blest.

I see the gay dance where the bright maidens smile,
And I hear the old songs that at evening beguile
The circle where, once, as a free, welcome guest,
I sang with the cheerful, discoursed with the best,
As familiar as air.

In this cold, dreary land, I languish away ;
But for memory's sunshine and Christ's cheering day,
No throb of true joy would relieve my deep woe,
Or a flower from the gardens of Paradise blow
On my desolate breast.

THE RUIN AT GOLDAU.

Hark ! hark ! as a crack of rending spheres
A mighty thunder downward rolls ;
Is it the call of doom, or a peal
From some dark, furious storm which folds
The mountain's top ?

Ye clouds ! no more upon that crest
Your sunlit pomp at Eve shall rest ;
Ye eagles ! your young brood are cast,
Nestless and trembling on the blast ;
The mountain falls !

List to the roaring of its pines
Down sweeping with chaotic rush,
Whilst sleeps the village far below,
As in past years, in tranquil hush :
Awake, ye doomed !

The hill-top glooms above you all,—
With fearful ruin dark and wild :
One moment more, and young and old
And mother with her smiling child
Are whelmed in death !

THE BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

Whither, fair, fluttering pilgrim of the air,
Dost soar,—quite lost, amid the engrossing zeal
Of enterprise and care ? So, sunbeams play
Unseen o'er troublous clouds.

A thousand forms
Pass to and fro beneath thee ; who will mark
Among the throngs of business, thy flight ;
Or, seek with a brief glimpse of wondering love
His anxious spirit to refresh ?

Bright guest,
From the soft, blossomy breeze of Weehawk heights,—
A welcome to the imprison'd air !

With thee
Come visions of delightful things,—wild flowers
That rock the inebriate bee ; and children glad,
Their rich locks glorying in th' exulting breeze,—
And thy frail form the prize of their wild chase.
But few here mark thee, or behold the hand
That shaped in wisdom thy ærial frame,
And with the dust of sunbeams, flour'd thy wings ;
Thus, 'mid the crowd of speculations gross,
And cares that centre in bright bags of gold,
The poet's thoughts, tho' with the charming gems
From fancy's mines illumed,—save, by a few,
Are met not with admiring eye and love.

And now, blow swift, but soft,
Ye Western winds :
Waft to the Greenwoods' groves that living flower ;
Nor pause amid the rapture of your flight
To kiss the frolic lips of dancing waves.
There, on the " Sylvan-water's " margin clear,
Its spotted form on rocking reeds shall rest,
While Nature with her wizard pencil paints
The delicate picture of those tinted wings.
Hie, thing of gossamer, to the lily's bells !
For, in her mystic heart she now secretes
The nectar that thy tiny palate loves ;

And glad and free thy rovings thro' the dells
Unmindful of the boding voice that sounds
Where sleep the buried in mausoleum grand.
Thus, from " the dust and stir of this dim spot "
In the heart's pilgrimage, let it be ours,
Ere long, in the budding bowers of bliss to rest ;
Yet not unthoughtful of the marble homes
Or humble turf-couch that shall claim us soon.

THE VIRTUOUS PILGRIMS.

Upon a long and trying way
Which through a wild, sad, hideous, lay,
Where crags and tangled fens the ray
Shut from the travelers' path ;
A few of brave and noble soul
Which not adversity could tame,—
Lofty tho' scorned, in strength forth stole,
Pledged all to reap at their far goal
Life's noblest good with fame.

Each bore a sword and noble shield
That oft on danger's darkened field,
Bade threat'ning shapes of evil yield,

And baffled shrink away.
But Passion sent her ardent throngs
Witching and beauteous as the eyes
A serpent lighteth when he longs
To charm the gazing bird whose songs
Guided him towards the prize.

E'en these they slighted, though they shone
Like beauty bound in star-gemm'd zone,
Rose-crowned, upon her pearly throne;
And on unfallen moved.
Yet one a golden chalice held
In which the rosy grape-juice glowed;
Another swept the lyre and thrilled
With music soft as ever filled
Pleasure's embowered abode.
And some with sweet, bewitching glance
And grace that might the heart entrance,
Moved in the airy, mazy dance.—
But tempted them in vain.

Towards the wild pass and thro' the dell
They journey on where torrents rave
In reckless might man scarce can quell,
And where the wolf or panther fell
Scream from their bone-strown cave.

At times upon the mountain's crown,
Where the keen frosts come thickly down,
And wintry clouds most sternly frown,

The night their steps did check.
But trials of a fiercer cast,
(Dark spoilers armed with mace and darts,)
Rushed on them like a winter's blast ;
And prompted all to shrink aghast,
Except the bravest hearts.

Yet all, their courage gathering, fought,
And deeds of lofty daring wrought,
Till all their foes the cover sought
Of forests dense and night :
And then, while lying on the ground,
The luxury of repose to share,
Delightful visions hovered 'round,
As, after fearful storms, abound
Sungleams and rainbows fair.

These not alone shed blissful beams ;
For, lovely doves, as fair as dreams
Of Innocence, by flowery streams
In rosy slumber couched,
Came floating to their fainting band,
Bringing rich fruitage from the land
Where life's fair trees immortal stand,
Clad in the blooms of heaven.

At times when o'er their thorny way
The tempest blotted out the day,
There stole from Heaven a genial ray
Rich with its holy love.

And here and there amid the lone
And howling deserts where they went,
Some stately castle on them shone
'Mid groves with April blossoms blown,
Whose lord a welcome sent.

Within, reclining in the rooms
Where maidens,* ripe in beauty's blooms,
Made them forget the desert's glooms,
They thrilled to music's voice.
And the warm hand, in welcome given,
Scattering the thoughts of all they'd feared,—
And, fairer than the blush of Even,
Bright glimpses of the gates of heaven,
The weary pilgrims cheered.

At length their pilgrimage was done:
Of their eventful day, the sun
Purples the West; their race is run;
They reach at last the goal.
The splendors of an orient dream,
Yea, brighter, on them sudden beam,
(Which shed thro' death's dark vale a gleam
To cheer its sullen gloom.)

Emerged in day's eternal blaze,
Their gates the royal castles raise,—

* The reader is requested to understand by the maidens "Faith, Hope and Charity." The evidences of these cheer the Pilgrims in Churches visited.

And each the oft-breath'd homage pays
Unto the Prince of life.
O fairer than the pomps of Even,—
Resplendent are the courts of Heaven!
For, unto truth and love 'tis given,
With Him, those courts to light.

They who have delved in Baca's vale †
Will see at length the clear spring swell,
And drink bright joys beyond the pale
Of Time's dim, mournful range.
The rude and murky Winter air
(Dark as the trials Pilgrims bear)
Will soften in the Spring, and wear
Summer's rich smile, in time.

† "Blessed are they," &c., and "the man" &c; "who passing thro' the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. They go on from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."—PSALM 84, 6.

The passage may be intended to teach that they are blessed who labor to improve spiritually desolate places, that blessings descend upon their fields or spots of labor, and that they will be welcomed before God.

NOTE.—It needs, perhaps, hardly be remarked to some that the doves spoken of the reader is requested to refer to the comforts of Heavenly grace granted to the Christian after triumph over temptation.

WHITE LAKE.

In the dreamy light of reverie, I see
White Lake's expanse lie beautiful, all hushed
In Evening's purple trance. Beneath the shades
The woody hills cast on its glassy verge,
How sparkle,in the bright reflection, gleams
Of Cytherea's orb, and the rosy flush
The setting sun bequeaths the twilight hour!
I see a group just treading to its shores;
"Oh! haste, and let us on its bosom float away!
Our decorated sail fills in the breeze
That still, at times, floats o'er the Southern marge;
And the heart, with the soft, sweet joy that breathes
Throughout this charméd air, is swelling high
And thirsts for more enjoyment? Now I see
How o'er that radiant expanse they speed,
How gaily streams their pennant to the breeze,
Which swells anon to softly die away!
And with a softer flow, how liquidly
Music's enchanting strains float forth! Around,
The floor of nature's temple widens;
Glassing broad pictures of the world above,—
Like truth divine, which images—what forms!
Emblems of spiritual loveliness, and types
Of Heaven's eternal glory! Lo! again

The zephyrs rouse the slumb'rer. Now I see
How thro' the narrow pass they fly, and cleave
The floating gardens, where the lilies spread
Their pink-lined foliage, and their scented flowers
Of white and golden hue. And now they turn
To where the expanse spreads towards the golden West,
To gaze on brighter beauty: for the sky
The lake here mirrors with a wider scope;
And with an equal glory, on the bank,
The chestnut swings its blossomy boughs. O! this,
I ween, is Love's most fitting hour; and this
The scene congenial, to his power; for now
To quick and sensitive life the heart is touched
By the softly-breathing spell that evening sheds
From her purple, dewy wings. While thus I gazed,—
As a bright image from the poet's mind,
Out from the beautiful serene below, (for now
The day-breeze had its last sigh given, and all
Was brilliant quietude;) out sprang from the depths
A sylph-like form, like naiad of the wave;
Or blue-eyed genius of that sparkling realm;
And on the listening air these accents fell:
"Ye mortals, who in Love's sweet, troublous depths
Your souls would bathe, remember well
High, heavenly aims should ever reign above
Our plans and pleasures; each with unction touched
Of holy purposes; our pleasures each
A hallowed symphony in Duty's hymn,
And not our chiefest music; freshening showers
That fall upon us while we culture truth;

Or sought, if sought, as quickening to strength,
And storing themes for gratitude. If thus
My youthful heart had shaped and stamped its joys,
And sought them in the path of duty fair,
Not now lamenting in these twilight depths,
My soul would be deploring its lost bliss."
Thus speaking, in a cloud of mist she sought
The shadowy world; while wonder deep usurped
Those youthful faces which delight had lit
So smilingly before; fain they would deem,
Forgetful that on every eye it gleamed,
The vision but a phantom of the mind—
An emblem of that pure, romantic grace,
Impersonation of that beauteous hour,
Those tender, languishing hues of eve, arisen
Amid bright Fancy's warm, excited air.
Then from my pleasant day-dream I awoke.

EUGENIA.

Youth's morning hues are thine, Eugenia fair,
The fresh, soft Spring and blossom of thy life;
I would not prophesy a summer drear,
And sorrow darkening thine autumnal year,—
For, happiness serene may light thy way,

No dim and doubtful twilight, but the clear
And glad effulgence of the mind's high day.
Such sunlight hath been often woman's dower,
And God from His blest throne hath tempered mild,
Congenial to her tenderness, the air;
So tropic winds, in bland Columbia's wild,
Sweet with the blameless sacrilege of flowers,
Breathe warmth and scented dews o'er blooming bow'rs.

What destiny awaits thee? Wilt thou tread
Like Siddons with a tragic air, sublime
And solemn as the shades of mighty dead,
Seen darkly peopling dim, departed time?
Or wilt thou pour thy glorious soul upon
The poet's page in thoughts the world shall love;
Fame's everlasting blooms triumphant won,
And smiles approving beaming from above?
Or, rather, in retirement's twilight bowers,
The bands of truth and love wilt thou entwine—
The wife and mother, zoned with childhood's flowers?
Yes! let this charming destiny be thine.
That brow, which seems the firmament of thought?
Smooth, soft and tranquil, like the heavens above,
Shines with the promises of peace. May nought
Dampen thy heart, lit with a generous coal;
E'er sweet and glad companionship, and true,
The effervescence of a sparkling soul,
The circle of thine influence bedew!
So may thine earthly friends, too, wear,
In gratitude affectionate, thy smiles;

Yea, and the viewless dwellers in the air,
With their transparent fingers, smooth thy curls,
Loving and praying that their Lord would bless,
And in thine ever buoyant pulses pour
Tides of celestial happiness,

And thou,
Immortal pilgrim, Love! art sore,
Thrust out from heart to heart, forever flying,
Like the rich birds of paradise, that rove
With unalighting flight from grove to grove?
Is not thy curtained couch Eugenia's breast?
Fold then thy pinions for eternal rest!

SPRING: A SONG FOR MUSIC.

Welcome, again, reviving breath of Spring!
The fierce, remorseless blast and icy air
Have made thy tokens grateful as the smiles
Of one whose image in the heart we wear.

The floating of the blue-bird's wing awakes
Visions of blue and softly-gliding streams;
Already in the noontide blaze they flow,
Pure, sparkling like an Eastern poet's dreams.

Behold the hyacinth, with its soft green blade,
Pierces the damp warm mould: the withered grass
Freshens to pleasant greenness: and the trout
Stirs in the stream, as shy as rural lass.

Come, gentle Genevieve! and let us taste
The morning air so full of promise sweet;
The Sun no scorching fervor yet casts down,
But pleasures everywhere our saunterings greet.

"SHE GOETH UNTO THE GRAVE TO WEEP THERE."

COMPOSED WITH REFERENCE TO A DESIGN WITH THE ABOVE TITLE, BY C. SCHUESSELE.

O lone and beautiful One, that pressest thus
Thy hand upon thy brow, and wanderest forth,
Say, whither bend thy steps? The glorious day
Beams over nature like a smile from Heaven;
Fondly as broods the dove upon her young,
Or, as the mother o'er her child that sleeps,
Feeble and cold, within her tender arms:
So, o'er the trembling, budding life, now broods
The sunny warmth and beauty of the day;
Fostering with genial glow the opening flowers.
Has not the spring's bright beauty a soft charm?
Are not her opening buds, (the winning types

Of early sweetness, promise young, and hopes
Shaping themselves in youthful loveliness,)
Do not these opening buds attract thee now ?
Hath the sweet odor of those blossoms pure,
No luxury for thy sense, O maiden fair ?
And the clear gush from throats of her glad birds,
Which sound the mellow flutes and silvery pipes
In nature's concert, doth not this delight ?
Doth not hope spread before thy mental eye
A scene of beauty flushing 'neath a sky
That melts in morning's richest, rosy light ?

Not to the flowery path the rill beside,
Not to the shade beneath the stately palm,
Where laughing maids assemble with their lutes,
To sing sweet songs of home and love, and read
The poet's fanciful thoughts ; nor to yon hill
To join companions loved, who fill the air
With merriment of wit, while pruning vines.
No pleasant dreams light up, I trow, thy mind,
Like light of perfumed oil in rural manse,
Whose fairest rooms are blazing for a feast.
That brow is throbbing now with grief ; thy heart
Is darkened with the sombre shade which comes
Behind affliction, brooding long. Thy steps
The solemn tomb are seeking ; so they deem,
As from the house of sorrow forth thou goest.
But not with death to hold companionship,
She hurries forth : unto the presence loved,
Of Christ, " the Way, the Truth, the Life,"

She turns her steps. In Him is comfort pure,
As in the bosom of the skyey mount,
Are reservoirs of waters sparkling, clear,
Which freely gush for those who seek to breathe
The pure air of the hills, and choose their founts.
In Him are found the springs of life ; and He
Is the appointed Way, the gateway true,
Sculptured by Heaven's own wisest hand, that opes
Unto the mansions and the climes of bliss.
He is the Truth, its prophet high, its shrine,
Yea, even its pure embodiment. And he
The pressure of the hand of sorrow feels ;
And sees in vision clear his coming fate,
Gloomy with pain and woe ; He sees how truth,
Glowing and pure, and how His holy zeal
Will bring the tempest dark of hate ; as glows
Of clear-aired summer days bring on, ere eve,
The desolating storms. To Him,
O maiden, sorrowing, hie thee quick : with Him
Dwells the resistless, quenchless Power, that soon
Shall summon whom thou lovest from the tomb,
And for a sable gloom give smiles and joy,
And hymns of thanks and praise. For, He who shaped
The form of man in beauty, adding then
The gems unto the casket, mind and soul,—
And gave the lip its rose tint, and the flowers
Their grace and color :—He can with a breath
Bid the rich tinges blush in that pale cheek,
And their death-vanquished lightnings rule again
In those night-dark, but closed and moveless eyes.

THE CONDITIONS OF TRUE, ENDURING FREEDOM.

"For, who loves that, must first be wise and good."
MILTON.

Silent and slow is formed th' enduring rock;
The tree, which looms for centuries, sprang up
With silent and unnoticeable growth:
So nations! form and grow the glorious shapes,
The spirit and the strength of Freedom's high
And lasting constitutions. Worship God
In purity of faith; in mercy walk;
Let charity, adorned with gifts, go forth;
The grand control of principle maintain;
Of Bethlehem's star th' unclouded light diffuse
Thro' every haunt in life,—and ye may see
A juster and enduring fabric rise
As a bright fane for Liberty, a tower
Towards which a myriad sworded braves will rush
That sacred edifice to guard, the light
And worshipped genius of the spot to keep
From foreign force and its polluting breath.

As gathering thunder-clouds around Eve's glow
Drive off polluting airs which seek
To taint her peerless loveliness, and flash
Their fiery menaces and bolts, and bid

Dark vultures and the poison-airs to flee
Which fain with shade obscene would cross her light,
Or taint her breezes; so, with fearful might,
But with a constant vigilance and zeal,
The sons of Freedom will her purity
And her illumination blest defend.

THE ALLIANCE OF VIRTUE AND FREEDOM.

When Virtue, pilgrim to our shore,
  Her wings of heavenly radiance furled,
She breathed the breath that shall, we trust,
  Regenerate the olden world.

And Freedom's spirit, whose pure flame
  Sheds quickening splendors from our clime,
Burns only in her breath with strength
  That shall defy the frosts of time.

But when alliance, dark and strange,
  Would Freedom's beauty wed to Crime,
The solemn mockery she spurns,
  And springs away in pride sublime.

Then band together, Freedom's friends;
In Virtue's triumph her's prolong—
That years unborn, like ours, may chant
Her everlasting nuptial song.

ANGELICA: AN ACROSTIC.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST, IN REGARD TO ONE UNKNOWN.

All the stern hills around us, friend,
Now in the morning brightness glow;
Golden and lovely is the day,
Ere the summery sun is high,—
Like a day sacred unto Hope;
Irradiate as the mantle rich
Circling her form: So, life's rough scenes
Are brightened by thy heart's more lovely glow.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

'Twas in the golden morn of time: The Sun
Since Eden's blossomy loveliness was crowned
With perfect beauty in the birth of Eve,
Had glanced his brightness only o'er light clouds,
Light as the wings of Love. Then one mild youth,
On whom the smiles of God were slumbering full,
Sat 'neath the sheltering vines, and gazed with joy
Upon the soft luxuriance which forecast
The shadow of his future in the skies.
Why, gentleness, that start, and that quick flash
In your blue eyes? Was it the flash of fear;
Or, did the soul's clear mirrors glass
The sudden lightnings of the clouds?

It comes!
The image of avenging power,—the storm,
Wrapping in its dark wings the aerial powers
Subtle and wild and blasting. Now they leap,
Like furies changed into the forms of fire;
And the raven's young are nestless; for, his pines
Are crashing on the hills: and e'en the oak
Is shivered to a wreck, a legacy
To the wandering poor. The lion now
Distrusts his power and grandeur; majesty

And strength appalling ride amid the clouds;
Cower now thy daring front!

It comes!
The lake forgets its bright tranquility,
And rolls sublimely. Now 'tis sweet
Thy guardianship, Almighty, to believe
Circling our hearts, to thy dear throne enchained,
A chain no thunderbolt can shatter. Swift,
As was its coming, lo! the terror flies;
And see! the East with beauty's arc is spanned.
How beautiful! yon lovely, loitering cloud
That kindles in the freed beams of the sun,
Is glory's throne, the bow her canopy.
And when the rattling vollies die afar
In the East still muttering from its cloudy deeps,
And that dread fire is in the distance veiled
That mixed strange splendors with the light of day,
(As Belgium's war-peals blent with festive songs;)
And all the pomp and beauty of the scene
Fades far away, the gentle youth exclaims
"Stay, radiant arc! the loveliest part
Of all the glorious show, O stay, and glow
In the cerulean skies, and richly stain
The fleeces of the slumbering clouds. The home,
The beautiful, the loved, the angel-filled,
Of souls beatified seems nearer Earth
When that bright ladder springs aloft to heaven,
And seems our pathway unto bliss." He scarce
Had uttered these fond words when light

Which dimmed the soft, exquisite rays that blent
Into the rainbow's arc, the steps announced,
And symbolized the mind of one from heaven.
"Beloved of God! thy wish is heard, and soon
It shall be gratified: the Giver bless:"
He spake, and vanished; as the rainbow flees
And melts its lovely glories into air,
Or as the twilight in th' empurpled West
Fades when the night her spangled reign
Claims in the stainless skies. His voice, too, ceased
Upon the charméd ear, as when at night,
Beneath the honey-suckle's bowers, the sense,
Intoxicate with sweetness, hears entranced
Th' eolian tones in strange and fitful swells
Die in the moonlit air. But soon a form
Less lovely, (but how radiantly rich!) emerged
From 'mid a thicket of bright flowers, and poised
Himself on viewless wings in air. His breast
Stained with unfading beauty like the rose
That wreathes the triumphs of celestial climes,
The purple changing into green and gold
And that to sparkling crimson! Suitor fit
To woo the dazzling balsamine and kiss
The dewy lips of gillia-flowers and pinks.
Child of the morning! messenger of stars
That sparkle with their rich and changing light
Far in the voiceless heavens, O linger here
Among the impassioned flowers that love
The thrilling touch of thy refulgent breast,
And I will bless the matchless hand that called

That airy form to being, and ordained
The rose's dew-drops as the bridal gems
T' adorn thy marriage to its virgin blooms.

THE FOREIGN LAND.

Welcome to your white cliffs, O foreign land!
The foaming dash of ocean, the wide realm
Of waters where not even flits the gull;
The long, sad absence from the friends we love;
The restless swelling of the mighty Sea
(As tho' its breast did heave with some deep woe,
Or mourned the slumbers of the dead beneath,)
The sky unbroken by the forests' boughs,
And by the mountain and the spire unpierced,—
All these at length do weary me: I yearn
To gaze on some new page in Nature; some new hymn
In her attractive worship to enjoy;
In her kaleidescope a grateful change
To picture on the eye's living mirror.
These novel costumes, these swart faces, eyes
Full of the passionate lustre of the South,
The tones and language strange admonish us
That we are tarrying in a foreign land.

Strange music floats upon the airs of night;
The poet's song, which music warbles forth,
Is strange and meaningless to us.
Yet, while we linger here, let not the heart
Be desolate, without its home: Let not
The spirit wander forth to seek new haunts
Where it may dwell in joy, as bees to seek
New fields of honied flowers. Contented well
With those fond breasts which love us, tho' afar;
In those fair homes which twilight's tranquil hour
Calls up in voiceful beauty to the mind,—
There dwell our souls in vivid dreams of bliss,
Tho' here the body wanders 'mid fair scenes,
And Art and Nature interweave their spells
Beauteous as living flowers on wreaths of gold;
And royalty and rank their pomps display.
There is another land afar, where feet
Which have in sweet and holy pathways walked
While men were pilgrims in this earlier life,
Shall yet be welcomed; welcomed they shall be
More warmly, joyously, in truth, than he
Who worn with war, and laurel-crowned, returns
To his paternal, bannered hall, that rings
The while with music. Hearer! walk while here
In clear-eyed faith, in patience, trust and love,—
And then, in that land (if to thee a far
And foreign, not a cold, forbidding shore)
Shalt see the King in His grand beauty; there,
At His bright marriage supper sit, a guest
Welcomed and peaceful, loved for ever more.

ELISABETH: AN ACROSTIC.

WHICH THE READER MAY APPLY TO ANY TO WHOM HE CHOOSES TO DO SO.

Evening! thou soft enchantress of the hours,
Loveliest and richest of the radiant train;
Is not the image of thy winning power,
Sweet gentleness and beauty,—one whose face
All gaze on but to bless the eye and brow
Benignity and purity have lit?
Each flush that kindles o'er the heavens now,
The blushes, hiding 'neath her dark curls, show
Happily typified; star-beams her eyes emit!

TO L. G.: A VALENTINE.

> "Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
> The youth who fondly sits by thee;
> Hears thee speak, and sees thee smile,—
> Fondly listening all the while."
>
> SAPPHO.

The almond-blossoms and the dew they've caught,
To others breathe a sweet and stainless thought;
But when I'd dream of loveliest purity,
My thoughts, delighted, turn to heaven and thee.

THE REQUIEM OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE, REPRESENTING A YOUNG MAN WITH A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, APPARENTLY SINGING A MOURNFUL STRAIN BESIDE A YOUNG FEMALE IN HER LAST ILLNESS.

Now when at Eve the flush so softly melts
Across the healthful cheek of Day who seeks
His rocking ocean couch afar, 'tis meet
That music's tender voice and faith's low prayer
And love's impassioned tones, and e'en the soul,
(If so God wills) should float serenely forth.
Afflicted, dying, but still lovely one!
In that deep, melting eye and in that face
We read the tokens of a soul on fire.
Nor one that hallowed flame; for earthly love
Its bright and stainless element doth mix
Amid the saintly glow; as when at morn,
A beauteous bird, with tinted, lustrous breast,
Seeking the eastern sky, his hues are blent
With heaven's more lovely dyes.

To-morrow's sun
Will shine on heaven's new-born and purple buds,
(Sweet as a maiden's lips when pleasure, love
And modesty peep out at once therefrom)
With genial influence:—and merry birds,

Intoxicate with May's delicious breath,
The praises of her flowery beauty chant,
Shaking her blossoms in a snow-like shower,
As boldly they alight. How sweet for thee,
To wander healthful by thy lover's side,
O gentle maiden fair,—and list the words
Whose tender eloquence would make the song
Of Nature hymned for thee almost in vain!
In vain the lips of opening flowers would pout
While other lips thy charmed attention claimed;
And then in vain for thee the blue bird's wing
Would brightly be unfurled, while ardent hope
Her fairer pinions spread amid the sky
Of promising futurity. Beside yon vine
That clasps the aged elm, I dream I see
Thy stately form at rest; the wind at play
Flutters thy opened book but cannot break
The smile of taste's delight that curves thy lip
While the poet's beautiful thoughts into thy soul
Slips like a dew-drop into fount serene:
Or, as a pearl sinks melting in the tide
Which dyes the golden chalice. 'Tis a tale
Of love which wins thy earnest gaze; a dream,
Pictured in verse, of wedlock's stainless bliss.
Such themes might well delight a maid like thee,
Plighted to Hymen's hour:—but ah, in vain
The pleasing visions rise! Thy lover's heart,
Deep-struck with sorrow, mourns the fading rose
Upon thy spotless cheek, while ne'er from lyre
Of mighty minstrels stole such melting power

As in thy low, sweet whisper lurks, for him.
The fading of the beautiful, sweet youth's decay,
The tolling bell and requiem teach the worth
Of treasures in the skies,—of deathless hopes
Born o'er the altar, where, in holy blood
Sprinkled from stain, the faithful, penitent heart
A welcomed offering was laid.

Thus
By death's dark strokes, the ardent heart of youth
Is taught the unsteadfast nature of its joys:
Since even woman, God's most precious gift,
Fades like the blushing summer, or as day
Smiling and warm and fragrant,—sinking soon
In gloomy, cold and uncongenial night.

THE GRAVE OF THE RURAL PASTOR.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING MARLBOROUGH, N. Y.

How beautiful, amid the rocky hills
Rolls the majestic Hudson! nobly tower
The highlands on the south—as from this height
I gaze upon the scene around, and view
The autumn hues now fading; though romance
Here never dies. Though beautiful and great

Is Nature, ever loved, around—yet he
Who, 'neath yon mound so fresh, is slumbering,
Is not forgotten. So, thy course,
My friend, is ended! darkened now
The play of wit's quaint fancies in the cloud
Of death, and chilled in his cold gloom
The beams of kindly sympathies. The Church
Can hope no longer, in this rural spot,
For voice of thine to fill this holy air
With solemn Litanies, and "Lessons" rife
With the pure wisdom that exalts and saves.
Here, in the Lenten days, no more his lips
Shall the sad story of the Cross rehearse;
Nor listeners, on the Sabbath, see the gleams
Of Heaven's salvation beaming winningly,
While he, in ministration solemn, breaks
The emblems of the living Bread of Life.

That rose shall bud and bloom again, when Spring
Her musical summons, in the soft, sweet air,
Anew is sounding; but those lips which rest
Beneath that sod shall redden ne'er again.
Those trees again shall rock in summer's winds,
But he who planted them shall move amid
Their waving beauty never. Stilled his voice,
His step arrested, and his work is done!

Here must I the repeated lesson learn:
The day is fleeting—night will come anon.
While the sun lingers in the sky, ere yet

The shadows of the voiceless night draw on,
We should our work urge forward: then that day—
Greatest of all the days—shall show us blest
Above all other blessing, in the joy
Of our Lord's "harvest home." He sought the night
That day on us might rise: as the sun sets
And dies 'mid sanguinary streams, shade-wrapt,
That he may rise in brilliant morn on those
On whom the shadows of the night are cast.
The river in dark chasms plunges down,
But leaves a radiant sun-bow hung above;
So Christ into the deeps of suffering,
Of vexed debasement and of death went down,
But left a shining promise, richly fraught
With mercy's tints of beauty, hung in sight
Of those who loved Him, that redemption full
He'd gain for all. He rose to urge his gifts,
Sealing the promise heavenly: so night
To those who've served Him, shall a brighter day
Usher unto their ripest happiness.
The buds of hope, which death essays to crush
Beneath his icy tread, shall open fair,
Wooed by the sunbeams of Christ's advent bright,
Matured into fruition blest, beneath
His glance of power, all-conquering and Divine.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE, &C.

Whom the gods love, they tell us, languish young
And in the bloom of manhood fade away ;
And spirits in their heavenly countries keep
High festival when their sweet guest arrives,
(Whose lingering blest too much a sinful world.)
The shining mark the gifted, likewise, form
Whereat the faultless archer wings his shaft ;
For, God, who saith " the secret things " as yet
" To me belong," and hath the grades ordained
In wisdom's everlasting march, doth check
Thought's searching splendors when they dare intrude
On the deep province to the angels given.

SAMUEL, THE CHILD-PROPHET.

The solemn midnight reigned o'er all Judea.
And slumber, like the dreamless trance of death,
Drowned man and nature in her mystic spells.
What lustre flickers yonder in the West ?
A star that languishes ? or, ray that's left,

Imprisoned in the folds of distant clouds,
And may not follow where the elfin beams
Their riot of eternal sparkling keep ?
Or, is't, indeed, a mortal stirring now,
His torch-lit pathway groping thro' the fields,
Seeking his cot ? Behold ! thro' gladden'd airs,
That follow for the sweetness of his robes,
A "liveried angel" glides ; and seeks the spot
Where Zion's tabernacle gleamed. For yet
The Temple's lamp waned not, but blest the air
With the soft, purple glories of its flame,
And wooed with quenchless light forgiving heaven.
Lost in the beauty of his sinless dreams,
The fair child Samuel slept ; and saw anew
The gem-impris'ning ephod glow, and belt
Of gold and scarlet and of lily-white
That girt Jehovah's priest. Nor stirr'd the boy
When the hush'd waving of that angel's wing
Left his soft curls all trembling with its wind.
A moment on the boy the seraph gazed,
Then bow'd his head, as in the air he saw
The token of the presence of his God.
One moment more, and thus aloud he prayed :
"O Thou that art the Sun of Love's bright heaven,
Who oft the emblematic silver of Thy breast
Spotlessly white, dost gem with golden heads
Of smiling cherubs bosomed for repose,—
Now grant me that with lips of human sense
My kiss their mortal counterfeit may wake ;
For, as I gazed, a gush of heavenly love

Poured its rich lightnings thro' my soul. No voice
Replied, but well the angel knew, that love,
In earth or heaven, its privilege might claim,
And therefore prest the soft, ambrosial sign
On mouth that shamed the rose's bud, or bow,
Resistless and bright-curved, of Cupid's grasp.
The sleeper smiled and spake, as if strange bliss
Leapt from those heavenly lips on his, nor broke
The rosiest enchantment of his dreams.
Then spake the majesty of God, and called,
(In tones of winning tenderness subdued)
On Samuel the child. The red-plumed page
That on the footsteps waited of his King
Vanished to viewlessness.

The boy arose
And sought from aged Eli his command.
" Lie down again, my son, I called thee not ;"
And to his couch the gentle Samuel went.
An awful silence ; and again that voice
Made the place shudder with prophetic awe,—
(For Heaven designed that Eli's ear should take
From Samuel's lips the announcement of his woes.)
Again that call ; again he Eli sought.
Returned once more, the summons yet he heard !
" Nay, but thou didst just call me ;" " no, my son,"
The priest again replied : " But if again that voice,
At once reply, ' Speak, Lord, thy servant hears.' "
Then came again, in shadowy secret veiled,
The Father or the Word, and called the child

And heard the lispéd sweetness of his voice.
"Behold," said God, "a thing in Israel
I do, on hearing which, shall both the ears
Of every one in Jacob tingle; then
My words 'gainst Eli's house shall be performed;
When I begin, the consummation dire
Shall surely follow. As his sons have made
Themselves most vile, and he restrained them not,
I've therefore sworn the sins of Eli's house
By sacrifice or offering shall not be
Purged out for ever." Then the angel droop'd,
Grieving for the reproving stroke which not
The sacred beauty of the priestly robes
Could shield from heart not void of piety.
Rejoice! O Israel,—the temple's paths
Shall holiness re-bleach with heavenly light,
Though, on the head of sinful weakness flung
In stern, heart-breaking lightnings; yet received,
To thine immortal praise, old man! with words
Of pious resignation. So, for thee,
Thine earthly woes shall be thy punishment,
(We, reading thy sad history, will hope,)
And heaven shall welcome thy glad soul at last:
As feeble stream, that loitering in the vale
Is by the fierce, reproving blasts fast bound
In prison of ice; and yet shall leap when glows
Of genial Spring shall flush the scented air,
And clap its hands with ocean's rapturous waves.
Back to his home the ministering spirit flew,
And Heaven's high Diplomatic Angel wrote
That Samuel, the child, was Seer of God.

THE DWELLING-PLACES OF HAPPINESS.

AN ACROSTIC.

To what fair scene, illumed with blushing flowers
Of rarest sweetness, and with sunbeams like
Juliet's soft glances warm with love and hope,
Unto the impassioned gaze of Romeo given,
(Light bursting from the soul,) may one now turn
In hope of finding that fair prize of bliss,
All are athirst for? Can the tropic skies,
All odorous and brilliant, shower it down?
No. Can the exciting thrill the sportsman feels,
Darting amid the forest's shadowy pomp,—
Gliding in ambush o'er game-haunted lakes,
Ever the heart persuade of perfect joy?
Oh, no! Earth's Eden is not found,—not e'en
Round the Euphrates where it bloomed; but where
Grace, gentleness and love are beaming forth
In the pure circle blest of woman's heart;
All airs of heaven that ever breathed on earth
Now loiter in her smile. The fireside, forest, field,
All are emparadised when she is there.

A TRIBUTE: LINES SENT TO * * *

Thy beams are beautiful, soft evening-star,
In the glassy trance of the river's breast;
(As the sweet child reflects the mother's smile,
Up gazing on the face it loves, so here
Are shot again to heaven its lovely beams;)
Thus in my soul a dream of woman's heart
Dwells silently, but clear and pure and bright;
But to the minds that those sweet visions lit,
Their lineaments I will not mirror forth;
Guard thou, my heart, the images I love!
But I with such cannot but converse hold,—
So potently those memories control
The tender tides of feeling; and my thoughts
Dwell gladly in such choice tho' far commune.
O loved and thrice-blest pen; and sweetest page,
Worthy of perfumes from Spring's loveliest flowers
That here engage to catch my words; so wings,
Motioned by wondrous art, may bear them hence
Unto * * * 's hand! Her eye will beam
Upon this page; then, as a trifle, she
Will casts its words aside. And yet, perchance,
The thought that here a sentiment there breathes
Of deep, enthusiastic love for truth,
For gentleness, and purity, and warmth,

Where'er they blend in woman's kindlier heart,
Shall make her closely guard and prize still more
Those traits whose power, when hallowed, aids to form
Fair virtue's realm harmonious and blest.

DEDICATORY LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

To thought and poetry and feeling be
These pages sacred. Here let friendship breathe
Her pure and gentle inspirations, fresh
As is the spray from fountains flung, and sweet
In memory's atmosphere as flowers' perfume.
The living and the lovely gushings free
And glow of youth's fine feeling and its hopes
Be pictured here; and from the heart
Be poured such truthful strains as ever please.
Like gems amid a laughing stream, here, too,
May wisdom's thoughts and counsels win the eye.
As proved Manoah's visitant no guest
Of human character but spirit blest
From heaven's resplendent climes, so here
May pleasure sought by many a friend
In poet's words luxurious and sweet
Prove deathless, high and holy benefit:

So they who to the gay and flower-decked founts
Of poetry approach, may there be won
To enter and to learn in Wisdom's fane.*

WOMAN'S PART IN LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. N. H. D.

To greet the freshness of the morning skies
With th' air and words that speak the mind which doth
Alike on beauty and on duty dwell ;
Loving the zeal of industry to rightly mix
With the rich spirit that the flush of dawn
And sound of flowing waters and the breath of flowers
Enkindle in the soul refined ; (the sight
Reminding us of sheaves of wheat bound round
With circlets sweet with dewy buds.) Around
The household group to twine the anxious thought,
And plan the sweet home-drama of their bliss ;
To lead them by her side in heavenly ways :
With courtesy and th' tempting, ready store
Of entertainment that the mind and hand
Can give to stranger and to friend ;
To make their tarrying in her presence glad ;

* In allusion to a picture on the first page of the Album.

To sympathize with suffering, and plot
The schemes that yet its ruffled hours may smooth,
And minister in love to sorrow's woes,
Drowning the vexing heat in calm and hope.
To light with genial thoughts the dusky Eve
And charm her solemn ear with music's breath,
Where heart the witching modulation gifts
With warm and melting power ; these are a part
Of woman's office in the sorrowing world.
Nor unforgetful nor unskilled in these
Is she, for whose especial eye these lines
Have soiled the whiteness of this pictured page.

A PILGRIMAGE ON A CLOUD: A SKETCH.

> "I wandered lonely like a cloud
> That flits on high o'er vales and hills."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

O for a light, etherial frame to ride
On the soft folds of yonder rosy cloud!
How richly doth it swell amid the skies
Like to the broidered couch, befringed with gold,
That eastern grandeur spreadeth for a King.
If o'er the air a subtle spirit reigns,
This is the couch his glory would receive.

Lapped in voluptuous beauty, let me sail
With the soft breathings of the South ; how fond
It loiters in the glittering roll ! Ye winds,
Bear gently now o'er fragrant fields where grass
Falls with sweet swoon before the mower's scythe ;
And where upon the golden grain the birds
Are rocking while they sing.

Now to the fields
Where meadow-larks and mocking-birds do vie
In their mellifluous rapture, and make drunk
The heart with music, Now beside the top
Of thunder-blasted mountains let us range,
And gaze o'er dizzy crags and chasms where
The eagle glances with his tameless eye,
And screams upon his prey. Behold the lair
Where the fierce panther hides his playful young !
Soon must we quit this scene, and float serene
Where commerce brightens with her sails the tide
Of the abounding river. List the voice
Mellow and rich of bugle-horns that wake
The echoes of the hills to glorious song !
'Tis thus the boatman cheers his leisure hours
And adds to nature's poetry. And now,
Fair pilgrim of the azure climes of heaven,
Veiled in delightful slumbers, let me glide
And wake where Andalusian damsels blush
To the passionate glances of the sky. I see
Their dark locks wave beneath the vines
Whose tendril-curls they rival, while their cheeks,

Ripe as the purple spoils, are flushing now
With the dance that celebrates the day. Yon tower,
Crumbling to rich, romantic ruin, tells
What tales of war and chivalry and love!
How lonely now and silent! and how art
Yields unto nature's triumphs with sweet grace,
Her ivies wrapping all things in their shroud
Of most luxuriant beauty. Hence we float.
Now waft, ye winds, to where Italia's art,
Amid magnificence in ruins throned,
Smiles with enchanting glory. Pause! 'twas here
Angelo's genius poured eternal fame
Upon the land which bore him, and gave art
New dignity and lustre; Raphael here,
The glorious in design, first drew the breath
Which death should ne'er have quenched: and here
Canova's genius triumphed and set free
The prisoners that were closed by marble walls.
Da Vinci, the Caracci, Guido, here,
With Titian, Domenichino and Lanfranc
Enriched Italia with renowned designs
That tempt the gifted sons of Art from far.
Wealth like expanded gold; a visible spell.
Here where the mighty shade of Cicero glides
Through vine-hung arches in the moonlight dim,
'Twere glorious to linger, if a voice,
Winningly potent, called not to the grove
Where Plato's lofty musings had their birth.
If Truth with awful countenance doth shine
High on the brow of steep and rugged rocks,—

There are fair gardens glistening in her smile,
And there his spirit wandered, near her throne.
Great names rush on the memory. The soil
Must e'er be sacred unto classic fame.
On, beauteous cloud, float on, and pause at length
Where trod the feet of Jesus ; there are tones
Yet lingering of immortal power ; for truth
And love conspired to weave the bands
Which nations bound and yet must bind the world :
Illustrious, He, beyond the classic name,
In virtue's peerless triumphs and in birth !
Not like the morning-cloud that melts in air
Shall prove the ascending star of Bethlehem !
All nations yet shall gladden in its light.
O beauteous cloud, like beauty's queen thou'st born
From the dazzling foam of ocean ; and like her,
Whose reign voluptuous is broken, thou
Shalt melt and leave but visions soft behind.
No more I'll wander in my fancy led with thee ;
Farewell, bright wanderer ; seek the ocean's breast.
My twilight, desultory dream is o'er.

TO AN EAGLE SOARING.

Where goest thou? to heaven? Thy lessening form
Is dim upon the sky. Seest thou a storm
That rises in the West,—or, is thy burning heart
Drunken with that "empyrial air" wherein thou art?
Or, what strong influence there so far from earth
Should keep thee from the mountain of thy birth.
My streaming eye ceases at last to follow thee,
Thou fearless wanderer on yon island-broken sea!
(For, we can dream the clouds are floating, castled isles,
Where over-flowing light in richness ever smiles,
Arising 'mid yon sea like promontory piles.)
Gleamed there no terror in thy startled eye,
When lone amid the thunder-cloud on high,
Thou gazedst on the lightning couchant there,—
That tameless lion, springing from his lair?—
Despatched from Heav'n's dark, cloud-hid judgment-room,
A quick executer of fearful doom,
Clad with the bright sublimity of God,
And hurried by th' impatience of His nod.
So, thro' the clouds of horror and of war,
Let Liberty herself sublimely soar;
Fear not the lightnings of despotic power,—

NOTE.—The above is an effusion of earlier date, having been written in Collegiate days. It bears date 1837, and appeared in the "New Yorker."

Glance from her waving wing its iron shower,—
Dreadless upon her ear their thunders roll,
And all unshaken still her mighty soul!
Thou sky-delighting bird, soar on, soar on!
A passion-stirring sight to look upon;
A living type set in her brilliant skies
Of Freedom's glory here that with her eagle dies.

FRAGMENT OF LINES WRITTEN IN REFERENCE TO DEATH OF T. S. MACAULEY.

A COLLEGIATE EFFUSION.

> "Far off is he, above desire or fear:
> No more submitted to the change and chance
> Of the unsteady planets;
> O 'tis well with him!"
>
> COLERIDGE'S WALLEINSTEIN.

Live I awake, or lost in visions,
While upon my ear there seems
To rise a voice as from the prisons
Of the viewless cavern streams?
Cavern-rivers darkling downward
Thro' their channels 'neath the ground;
While e'er flowing sunless onward,
Solemn tones are rising round;
Again they rise like notes of warning,—

Friendship's heaving sobs ! too sad for aught besides, I fear ;
And breathless as the lips of morning,
Listening, trembling, mute I hear
The wild heart-breathing music of the bier !

* * * * * *

A star has fallen from the sky
Of human intellect and worth,
A star has sunken, nor is nigh
The hour of its return : Tho' Earth
Should share no more its lustre rare,
We hope o'er other climes away
'Twill brighten in the golden air,—
Burn mild amid that higher day,
Calm as a Seraph's heart in prayer.

VALLEY BY THE MOUNTAINS.

A PERSIAN SKETCH.

Where 'neath the glances of the radiant morn,
Luristan's high crown, flushing in the dawn,
Hath lovelier vision burst upon the sight
Than that which hath been thine since new-born light
Scattered the gloom of chaos ? Beauty here
Her throne of majesty doth surely rear ;
And 'neath her dome of pearly, mottled blue

Reveals a scene magnificent to view.
Romance itself here in that wild ravine
Must linger all the year ; *now* in soft, green,
Voluptuous loveliness attired ; and *then*
Veiled by the jealous hand of winter, when
The monarch of white locks and silvery crown
Returns to this his palace, and casts down
Soft, showy carpets, and bids Nature wear
A robe of whiteness pure as childhood's fair
And sunny dream of home and love and bliss.

O surely in a scene as bright as this
Th' enkindled soul must upward rise and greet
The smiles of heaven with homage warm and sweet ;
The soft, green, slumbering loveliness we see
'Round yonder brook shall voiceless quickener be
Of tender dreams which in the sunshine sleep
Of Fancy's eye, and of heart-musings deep.
The painter when with wizard wand he makes
The canvass to a mirror change, which takes
Th' enchanting image of this scene of grace,
(There fixed, as is the sweet and flowery face
We fondly loved preserved in memory's glass,
A picture bright that never thence can pass)—
The painter of this scene shall honored be
By souls exalted and refined to see
This charming page of Nature's poetry.

As Venus smiling by the side of Mars,
With countenance as fair as dew-washed stars,

Turned lovingly up toward the hero grand,
So looks this loveliest vale of all the land
Up toward Luristan's rugged heights sublime,
The mighty guardians of this rosy clime.
Lo ! in the distance, sparkling through the green,
The minarets of Ispahan are seen.

NIAGARA VISITED IN AUTUMN.

Here in great Nature's gorgeous fane we stand,
Where grand libation endlessly is poured,
And incense soars aloft forevermore :
Th' Almighty King the offering receives,
And on the rising cloud of homage hangs
His bow of promise and of grace.
How fair and gladdening (as a dream of love
And of the pure, fond bliss of childhood's hours
To the mind torn and tortured by stern grief
And vexed by sullen gusts of wild despair,)
Shines near the foaming, furious cataract,
This promise writ in rich-hued beams of light!
Here swells in Nature's temple thro' all years
Her hymn of praise, while sound the thunder-tones
Of her great organ builded not by man,
Shaking the bases and the rock-reared walls.

The rich, dark evergreens with icy fringe
Hang sparkling now beside the dread abyss.
They seem like a swarthy queen in jewel'd gear,
With divers prized and fond attendants by,
As Cleopatra decking for the step
Adown the fearful steeps of death to realms
Of mist and shades.

How beautiful yon grove
In all the wildness and the majesty
Of Nature's primitive growth! Rich mosses wrapt
Around the noble trunks are velvety
In colors brightened and bedewed with spray.
The tiny flower which blooms upon the sod,
Like it, is freshened in the flying mists
Which breathe their welcome day-dews thro' these trees:
And hence, we, charmed with matchless beauty, learn
True greatness hath a ministry of love,
E'en for the humble and obscure, as for
The gorgeous and the stately in their hour
Of need and décadence.

Yon beetling cliffs
Which dark and dizzy, rise above the flood,
Adorned with crimson, pendent trees like vines,
Graceful and young, are types of strength,
The glorious architecture of a hand
Divine and infinite in power. And here,
Below the falling sheet, where foams the flood
With ceaseless roar and ever furious gusts

Of rack and wind,—in this dim cave
The poet well might feign the genius fair
Of this enchanting, gorgeous spot had shone
At twilight when no other eye beheld ;
As beamed the bright nymph thro' the sparkling spray
Unto the eye of Manfred 'mid the wild,—
Th' embodied, rich-hued glory of the scene.
If here the spirit of the Indian brave *
Dwelleth amid the flying mists of the mad
And fearful cataract, (its grander traits
Conspiring in his stern, etherial shape ;)
Forth from the poet's imaged sprite doth glow
The light, the hues, the fresh, eternal charm
Of waters and of rocks and moss and flowers,
Of sun-bows and of foam-washed crystals clear,
The sparkle and the rich and bloomy grace
Which in the lovelier features of the scene
Adorn the spot as Nature's glorious shrine.
This noble gem of scenic beauty set
Upon the swelling breast of Earth, hath, too,
Its fair and delicate chasings as surroundings meet.

* Alluding to the idea, (elsewhere also mentioned) that the spirit of Red Jacket, Chief of the Senecas, lingers near the Falls of Niagara, in harmony with his belief that it would.

SPRING LOITERINGS BY WOOD CREEK.

Beneath the shadow of this stately elm,
Here, wooed and won by Nature's beauty wild,
Let us recline, and free the imprisoned thought;
Aye, let the fancy mount on unchecked wing,
Like that of Nature's freest child, the bird.
Let feeling flow as freely as the stream
Which dedicates its azure wavelets to the day,
Kissing the drooping violets on the bank
To sip the honey-dew within their lips.
Mark how the soaring strength of the fine, old trees
Which toss above our heads is richly robed
With coats of moss! The birds at rest
Wait for the cooler hour of Eve, on high,
'Mid shade of noble foliage-masses; there
Breaking up silence with many a trill
And gush of untaught music. Here
Beside us wander o'er the grassy verge
Of this old forest, groups of lowing kine,
Glossy and sleek with the land's fatness. Quick
Upon the sleeping water in yon curve
Of the dark-hued stream, the glossy "whirlwig" black
Circles in blissful play, as aimless as
Rove now our thoughts:—yet, rove they now?
Are they not true (tho' seeming to float free)

To the controlling and pervading glow
Of Love's mysterious fire ? as birds that range
In the wide fields and woods to find
Wherewith to gladden their dear nests, still pant
With yearning love of those they've seemed to leave.

Within this deeper shade, and by this trunk
Enormous with the growth of ages past,
Let us amid this scene of curtained pomp
Our footsteps check awhile : Hearest not above
The tapping of the wood-pecker at work
On dead and topmost boughs ? The dapper wren
With his light, trilling song and restless life
Forsakes awhile his nest in the mossy fence
To watch for insects haunting damp and shade.
Beneath the tangled thicket coped by firs
And a crowd of hemlocks young, that rustling tread
Which now you hear, betrays the partridge. There,
Now alarmed, she fears to build her nest,
And meditates to spread her whirring wings
For forest sanctuaries unprofaned
Where the tall reeds wave by the reeking fens,
And interlacing ferns gemmed with the blaze
Of crimson cardinals and the amethyst-light
Of the fringed gentian nodding o'er the ooze
Unite to canopy and screen her haunts.

Once more, before we leave this charming scene,
Beside this murmuring brook let us repose ;
The moving picture of its surface scan,

And learn a lesson. On its hurrying tide
But brief and broken images of heaven shine,
Save where in yonder cove-like nook the calm,
Like twilight, sacred contemplation, mirrors forth
The higher world of glory and of grace.
Thus may our life be stilled in many a lull,
Not whirled in restless eagerness that knows
No peaceful meditation on the world Divine,
But tranquilized and lit with visions oft
Which with the hues of heavenly promise beam!

HYMNINGS AND ASPIRATIONS.

The Earth is beautiful; but to the stars,
The boundless world of sky spread out above,
Spring up my thoughts, as birds fly up or sparks
Ascend to spangle the blue robe of heaven.
Vain, vain are now Earth's ties, the power
She breathes upon my soul from field and flood,
From wave-swept shores, or from the shade and calm
(Music and Poetry in stillness veiled)
Of the grand forests! Up to thee, my God,
My aspirations now ascend; and drinks my soul,
Expanding, in the infinite sublime,
Slaking its yearnings in commune with Thee.

Ye soaring clouds majestical, and clad
In sombre mantles lined with silvery furs,—
Mantles that erst have robed the Deity!
Ye mighty winds, that speed upon your way
Unseen, like Time or angels in their flight;
And bear the melodies of Art and gush
Of wood-notes sweet and odors of the fields,
The grateful offering of Nature fair;
While voiceful hymns ye breathe of Liberty;
Ye eagles, soaring in your pride of power
And freedom chainless; and ye birds of prey
And waterfowl in long, careering line
Panting for unseen shores and grassy strands;
Far, far above ye, soars my kindling thought!
He, who beneath this vast, blue, vaulted fane,
With the admiring love of mysteries,
Enters with wisdom's musings, should not halt
Till in the innermost sanctum, as High Priest
In Nature's temple, he adores; and o'er his eye,
Meekly in reverence dropped, there stream the rays
Of that mysterious glory reigning there,
And on his soul its still, small voicings breathe.

Unseen of fleshly sense, but living Light,
Sourceless and quenchless, in commune with Thee
The spirit's dignity and peace are found!
Up to the triumph of Thy fellowship
Lift up our souls, as eagles bear their young,
Or as the mighty winds lift up Heaven's veil
Of light and gossamer clouds far towards the Sun.

Joy, joy is theirs, the noble, half-divine,
Who with souls purified ascend and hold
Believing, worshipful commune with God!
They are the high, rejoicing stars of earth,
Discoursing harmony fit for deathless ears;
Compeers of angels; their etherial fire
And princely stateliness of worth and soul
Prefiguring on the earth; the blossoms fine
And fragrantest of fruit of seraph beauty
That the bowers and gardens of the skies
Doth richly grace. Adore and joy with them.
Rise to the height of this great fellowship:
Rise, spirit, weary with life's arid care,
As springs some languid wing from heat and dust
To bathe in skyey springs, 'mid freshest dews;
Rise in Truth's sunlit atmosphere;
Soar towards the Fountain of your heaven-born fire,
As flames of wind-tost pines that burn
By lightning kindled; mount aloft and breathe
Your incense into favoring skies above:
Mount now that ye may mount forever more:
Rise, soul, and teli the seraphs near the Throne
A child of earth sublimely seeks its God,
And with their heavenly wreaths of praise would bind
Some incense-breathing leaves and blooms from Earth.

ENSLAVED TO CORRUPTION.

"While they promise them liberty, they are themselves the servants of corruption."

Not in the sunny South alone,
Or in the Czar's wide realm and there,
Only can slaves to us be shown;
They live and move among us here.

Here, in our Northern climes, beneath
Our pure and healthful Northern skies,
Still more degraded thralls do breathe,
Enslaved to ultra theories:

Enslaved to passions strong and fierce
And impulse reasonless, tho' these,
While Truth they rack and wrest and pierce,
They name as holy liberties.

Such liberty's licentious rage,
The fuming folly of mere slaves
Who trample down the gospel's page,
That highest law which guides and saves.

Warts growing on a lovely face;
The wire-worm gnawing 'mid the rose;

A poison dropt into the vase
That with the nectared wine o'erflows ;

A rankling counterfeit, dim, gross
Beside the silvery coinage bright,—
Such, to sound zeal for Freedom, shows
Their wretched raid 'gainst truth and right.

Her holiest breath the soul sets free
From sin's degrading, blighting chain ;
A faithful, loving reverence, she
Inspires for Law's majestic reign.

Truth smiling with celestial love,
Sweet with her holy words of peace,
Her mission from above doth prove
And gently bids Earth's evils cease.

The rough and boastful winds essayed
To move th' embedded rock in vain ;
The gentle streamlet flowed and bade
The rock, dislodged, to seek the plain.

Gently the Gospel wears away
The errors and the ills of old ;
And then unbars, 'mid Heaven's bright day,
To Freedom's climes, her gates of gold.

THE

GUESTS OF BRAZIL,

OR THE

MARTYRDOM OF FREDERICK.

A TRAGEDY.

TO ERASTUS CLARK, ESQ., OF UTICA, N. Y.

Dear E.,

As dedications are not yet obsolete, I have inscribed this work to you. It was written four or five years since. I deem it scarce fit for the stage. It lacks incident in parts. Here and there, too, the rhythm is rude; though sometimes intentionally so. Do not scan it very critically, but accept it as my faint acknowledgment of that "love which passeth the love of woman." If it adds a mite to the poetry of the world, to the pleasure of one single heart, or thereby to the honor of the Author of mind, it shall not have been written in vain.

Yours, affectionately,

1844. GURDON HUNTINGTON.

TO E. CLARK, ESQ.

I.

This book shall mind us of our former love,
And is, my long-tried friend, inscribed to thee;
Though our strong intimacy needs, we see,
No rivet in its lengthening chains,—above,
I trust, Time's keen, corroding breath. But we
Will, by this page, remember we did prove,
Alike, the strength of nature; in wild glee,
Bidding both sense and thought to freely rove
In pleasures which the wise in caution taste,*
And the chill raptures of the high sublime;
Till the worn life did falter where it rac'd
In feverish youth. And now in earlier time,
The mortal sister of immortal love, sweet Health,
Hath poured on *thee* inestimable wealth.

II.

And I do woo her smiles with pleading zeal,
And feel at times the air to blandly stir,

* This passage must be understood to imply only those imprudencies, neglects and mental excitements which induce a decline of nervous energy not unfrequent with students.

With the near impulse of her pinion's whir,—
Though she her rosy fount doth not unseal ;
Beloved not only for the joy we feel,
But for that vigor which may not demur,
For *principle's* high crusade, as it were,
To panoply our souls in blazing steel.
For what, with *its* true majesty can vie ?
Can Georgia's massive oaks of fadeless green ;—
Or ice-coned mountains, glorying in the sky,—
Or monarchs on their warlike chargers seen
Rushing to battle, with vindictive eye,
And prophecies of triumph in their mien ?

III.

With his fierce, blasting fires shall Death consume
The beauty of the tree, and lay it low ;
And the ice-spires of the vast hills shall glow,
In time, no more with morning's loveliest bloom,—
But find in ocean's caves their rayless tomb.
On War's stern glories shall oblivion blow,
And they shall sink in darkness ; and the foe
Shall wrap all living in his voiceless gloom.
But principles shall die not ; they partake
The greatness and eternity of God ;
The blasts that unto dust our being shake,
Their pure, celestial vigor wing abroad,—
And our freed souls triumphant then shall slake
Their thirst in glories unto which they soared.

IV.

He that with persevering foot shall reach
The skyey bound of yonder arduous hill,
Its barriers scaling with unfaltering will,
Shall need no heavenly breath his soul to teach
The stir of joy sublime that doth impeach
The paradise the Prophet feign'd. *His* bill,
That drinks from out the thunder-clouds that spill
Their lightnings 'round him in the awful breach,
Screams with the rapture of no loftier joy.
Yet who up Principle's bright Alps hath soared,
Though Passion's battlings did his soul employ,
Sublimer shall his spirit stream abroad;
Its temptings deem'd superfluous, he shall cry,
Strike from the list the awards of heaven, O God!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CORINNÆUS.

EUSTIN—*An Enthusiast.*

SEBASTIAN — *A Brazilian Priest, and a highly ambitious Conspirator.*

SABINO—*A Priest.*

FESTINO—*A Brazilian of wealth and rank.*

GONSALVO—*One of his household.*

Attendants, &c.

AMINA—*Daughter of Festino.*

The Scene of the Drama is on the coast of Brazil.

THE GUESTS OF BRAZIL.

Act I.—Scene I.

An apartment in the mansion of Festino ; *a casement opens upon faintly-illumined darkness.* Festino *returning from the balcony.*

Festino, (*solus.*)

The storm has ceased,—but still the dismal clouds
And darkness starless hover in the sky.
For a long time the surge will hoarsely fret,
And to the blackness of the hideous night
The waves will fling defiance, and will find
No hour as yet for rest.

(*Enter* Amina.)

Welcome ! Amina dear :
Despondency, my love, is weighing down
My soul most heavily. And yet I think
I would not wish the sadness gone. I'd hear
From you a *mournful* song. Ah, sadly well
Remember I the night your mother died !
(May Heaven give rest to her angelic soul !)
The night was dense, like this, and loud the sea

Roared on the coast of rocks. She took the lute,
And in a feeling tone breathed feebly forth
A strain which touched my soul. You know its words;
Pray sing,—while sympathizing with its strain,
I hear a *heighten'd* roar of waves—

(*In a subdued, contemplative tone.*)

Those lions wandering o'er the desert sea,
In search of argosies as prey.

AMINA, (*singing.*)

The brightly-golden hush of day
  Has long becharmed our waking hours;
And to the silence of the Past—
  Unwet by Grief's tumultuous showers—
Weeks have flown by. They're gone! they're gone!
All bathed in light as from the sun.

(Their struggling stars and conquering moons
  Beguiled thee forth, and in the night
Made visible thy form, young Love!
  And touched thy arrow-points with light,
From moonbeams ravished,—as refined,
As strangely maddening to the mind;

Thou hast been in the pomps which glare
  Round Pleasure' throne, where virgins dance;
In music's soft, empyreal air,
  Have souls, enkindled by thy glance,
Flashed out in that bewildering look,
Which youth hath not the power to brook.)

But now! how many are the woes,
  Which load the flight of every hour,—
And Heaven and Earth command repose
  To flee from Love's flower-pavéd bower.
The Earthquake heaves; at every shock,
Tumultuously the billows rock.

Blood floweth here, smoke darkens there,
  And wrecks are wafted to the strand;
While in the sky the sun's red glare
  Betokens horrors yet more grand;
Vengeance is marching through the earth;
She treads; and agonies have birth.

(Quenched is the bliss which lately caused
  The heart of youth to softly quake;
And darkness fills the sumptuous hall,
  Save when the fires of battle break
In ghastly splendor o'er the rooms,
Emblazed with gold, yet wrapt in glooms;—

Save when the mountain-summits shake
  With the volcano's vaulting surge;—
Save when upon the ocean break
  The bolts from storms which madly urge
The war-ship on,—confused and tost,
Rock-shivered, groaning, sinking, lost;—

Save when the lightning strikes the mast,
  And fires the vessel "in its spleen,"

And flames are freshening in the blast
Which drives them towards the magazine,
That, while the doomed and hopeless yell,
Gluts the wild skies with types of hell.]

O when again shall come the hour,
All choral with the hymns of peace—
Sweet with her blandly-healing power,
Which sheds, when tumults sinking cease,
A balm and witchery and light,
O'er the soul's wounds, its griefs and night.

Oh! come, delicious moments! come,
With all your pageantries and joys,—
The bounding of the dancing girls,
The music of the minstrel-boys,—
The blush, the vow, the blood-felt bliss
Of woman's love and bridal kiss.

(*Enter* GONSALVO *and others.*)

GONSALVO *to* FESTINO.

Signor, while we were wandering on the coast,
With lanterns searching for the effects of wrecks
Which might be tossed to land, we heard a groan;
And drawing nigh beheld—*a man;* the light
Disclosed him weltering in the surge:—yet life
Was not quite gone. With feeble voice, he spake
And prayed assistance. It was given. We chafed
His cold, white brow and bore him here,
And couched him near the fire; its warmth, we trust,

Will yet persuade his doubtful soul to stay,—
Cheating the phantom Death of his marked prey.

FESTINO.

Found you him yet alive and did not search
Around for others whom the wasting surge,
Struck with a pang of pity, may have thrown
Gently and living to the sand ? (*To* AM.) Stay here,
My daughter, and in heart give fervent thanks
To favoring saints, (if favoring there be,)
Who may have snatched this victim that hath fall'n
A suff'rer 'mid the strife and strength of seas.

To GONSALVO.)

Gonsalvo, fly for medical relief,—
Swift as the winds ; yea, shame their wing'd despatch.

Exit GONSALVO.

(*To the other attendants.*)

Show us forthwith the saved, and let us try
All means which lie within our grasp.

Exeunt all save AMINA.

AMINA (*sola.*)

On such a night as this my mother died ;
Here stood her couch,—here, too, the kneeling priest
Plead against the hoarse voice of the grave, which call'd
Her frame to slumber in its breathless glooms.
Here the last unction sanctified her eyes,
Hallowed so oft before by tears and smiles
Affectionately sweet ; methinks the worms

Themselves would pause, like one who falters pale
While plundering a chapel of a cross
Of sainted gold. That dismal evening quenched
A smile which ne'er shall shine on me again;
And, in the world around, no warm pulse throbs
In love's prized unison with mine.
* * * I cannot ask the tomb
To yield me back the treasure it hath stol'n
From out these arms; she rests above, I trust,—
And who'd now wish "to unsphere" her sainted soul?
Let peace be hers! Of her sad going hence,
The anniversary again has come—
This night, with its black scowl! I pray Maria,
Mother of God's Son, that this wild night
May bring one who may fill, and more than fill
The place of the departed blest; alas!
This is too fond—too rapturous a hope;
It cannot be. Cease, cease, impatient heart:
Break, or be still.

Exit.

Act I.—Scene II.

Interior of an anteroom to a chapel; Sabino *is discovered upon a hammock, asleep. Enter* Sebastian, *who approaches and gazes upon the other.*

Sebastian.

His eyes are closed in sleep. Would that I knew
How I could wake courageous thoughts
Within the sleeper's mind; some means whereby

I might dispel the tameness there (*pointing to* SAB. ;)
That he might then co-operate with me
In the bold mint where we might melt the ore
Of our desire to bright resolves, and coin
Resolves into achievements noble, stamp'd
With affluence and dignity and name.
This life doth weary me to death,—this hush,
The quiet of this dull and common breath!
Our life is *ore ;* grandeur and fame within
Lie hid ; when all the state is fiercely rock'd,
With some volcanic outbreak to be charged,—
Then in the heat of tumult, change, and war,
We might burn out the splendor of a name
Which would pass current through the mighty crowd
And buy our entrance to firm seats of power.
What if our mind be grosser still, a rock—
A stone—or earth ; war (which in this hot realm
Of fickleness and guilt, a fool may raise
Without a wizard's craft) war is, 'tis clear,
An alchymist, omnipotent, and strange,
Who turns the dust to sceptres and to stars,
The wonder of an age,—and in the cup,
With royalty and triumph jewell'd fair,
The elixir gives of immortality
In fame that laughs at time!

(*To* SABINO.)

I would I could
Awake thee, man,—from thy far deeper sleep!
Would that I could upon thy mind, which seems

As cold and passionless as glass, engrave
With force the burning creed of GLORY, THRONES
And POWER. Now in its depths, the dreams
Of empire are indeed but dimly glassed,
Without effect, "as on the impassive ice,
The lightnings play."

(*Awakes him.*)

Awake, Sabino,—rouse thee, man. Hast heard
The news to-night ?

SABINO (*arousing himself.*)

The news ? of what ? explain !

SEBAST.

It argues well for us. The storm is spent—
But it has washed two bodies to the shore.

SABINO.

Living, or lost ?

SEBAST.

At first, it doubtful seemed,—
And I in haste was called to Festin's house
To give some ghostly consolations there
Unto the two, who seemed to have a leg
Lowering toward Purgatory's flame. But strength,
When all restoratives were tried, revived.
One stared at me, and seemed to say by look,
"You are an arrant rogue ; pray, get you gone !"
He said it not ; 'twas well ; I might have pressed
A smothering hand most lovingly and soothed

Him quietly to death upon the spot, then mourn'd
The strange capriciousness of life that flared
From out its damp and dimness but to sink
When all seemed promising and fair.

SABINO.

Your words are uttered but in jest, I hope ?

SEBASTIAN.

Now, to the point! In truth these men appear
Of noble stature in the soul. One hath an eye
From which as from a palace gazes forth
Determination, valor, mind, and zeal;
His brow 's for th' solemn pressure fit of crowns
Fraught with the lustres of great deeds:
His is a face commanding in its mien;
Of power, the magic signature is there,
To which the multitude must helpless give
Obedience of soul and hand.

SABINO.

'Tis well;
But what is that to us ? Is he some king ?
Or some high liege whose subjects are, in truth,
Innumerable diamonds and pearls ?
If so,—by all attention in this hour,
(Loaded with wretchedness and grief to him,)
And by persuasion, we may gather in
A competency from his affluence.

SEBASTIAN.

'Tis true, all true; but *more:* his wealth, I ween,
Is of the mind. While he so helpless lay,

Unsealed letters from his person fallen,
I saw upon the floor: a curious glance
I naturally gave them; by the fire
I saw their import; tempted then, I read
The most of several. He, it seems, stands high
In men's esteem in England. Civil power,
E'en in their parliament, and influence strong
I saw that he'd possessed: And not a few,
I judged from those epistles, looked towards him
As to one, fit, in popular movements bold,
To shake the strength of institutions old,
And with the mighty charms of eloquence
To sway the multitude. One confessed
That if some great and perilous hour of change
Should come upon their land, his eye to him
Would turn as unto one whom Hope might claim
As formed for wondrous deeds. And hence I deem
His aid worth much. His boldness, cunning, nerve,
May bring the means to charge th' uncertain State,
With all its jealous vigilance and strength;
By some manœuvre shrewd,—by nimble deeds
Darkened and cloaked from mortal eye, these hands
May strike ignition, and explosion grand
To the whole kingdom 'round. Then, instant, we
May, with one subtle touch, our pathway blast
Through the great mountains that do now oppose,
Clear to the bright-gemm'd centre of high rank;
The glance of his keen eye, or th' fires that drop
From his stern lips may, in the moment true,
The train to this bright sovereignty ignite.

SABINO.

You dream; for ever and for ever do you dream!

SEBASTIAN (*aside.*)

Ah, he knows not that great conspiracy
Which only waits an unmasked head!

(*To* SAB.)

Good friend,
Know'st not, that if we *sleep*, we should but *dream?*
Methinks there should not be a sleep without;
If visions sumptuous and daring flash
Throughout the lazy clouds of slumber dense,
Our sleep will soon be broken.
We've not *slept*
But we have long been *dead;* but now I hear
The voice of the Archangel Fame, who calls
With a mighty trump.* And if I read, or kneel,
Or walk, or chant, or sleep,—I hear around
The awakening echoings of his thunder-shout;
And if we spring at once from out the grave
And company of worms to manliest life,
The stars will fall from out the rocking sky
Of the Brazilian State, and we may rise
Upon the wings of lofty deeds,—to tread
As gods in glory whence their ranks have sunk.
I thirst for skies not feigned.

(*Flings down a cross from his neck.*)

SABINO.

Blasphemer! cease!

* See note B.

SEBASTIAN.

You are convinced, it seems, that all our creed
Is not delusion then? Well, be it so!
We know that much, at least, is air; and yet
It is an air which brings to those who inhale,
A dull intoxication and a sleep,—
So one can lead them, as he chooses best,
T' advance his cause. The solemn sorcery
Let no one break. (*Aside.*) If broken, we are lost!

(*To* SAB.)

I must hold converse with the shipwrecked two,
And cunningly must guage their powers, their mind,
Searching their aims. Perchance it may be found
Their aid may bring a key to us whose shape
May fit the complex lock which sternly bolts
(As if for ever closed) the gates august
To majesty and glory in the land.

End of ACT I.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A sumptuous bed-room in the mansion of FESTINO. EUSTIN *is discovered sitting in a large easy-chair, in the loose-dress of an invalid.*

EUSTIN.

Can it be possible the hand of Heaven
Presses me on my course? Methought the flush
And flow'r and summer of my soul was bleached
To bleak and desolate winter, sternly iced

With apathy for aye ; and that the leaves
Of genial sympathy, thrice dead, were fall'n,
Leaving the nakedness of self and scorn ;
But now a voice, soft as the cuckoo's note
Which wakes the flowers, has floated o'er my soul ;
The ice of my indifference dissolves,
And the new Spring, may, brightening, smother yet
The sterile principles of selfishness,
Misanthropy and pride, with Love's most sweet
Luxuriance and fruits. O, come,—renew,
Soft hours of purity and bliss ! your hopes,
Your paradise, and smile !—Come, yet again,
From exile in eternity the past,
Back, dove-like flying 'gainst the stream of time,
In innocency white,—diffusing 'round
The music of content and peace. Alas !
Would I could stifle thought !—that I might now
All uncreate this skepticism, and the ache
Of fretfulness it shoots throughout this brain !
This Corinnæus, by a mocking chance,
Seems now and then like one whose very name
Should burn my lip ; he seems a bodied curse,
A memory incarnate, doomed to haunt,—
To stifle peace and prompt a deed of blood.*

(*Enter* AMINA.)

AMINA.

I would entreat your pardon, honored Sir,
For this intrusion ; yet I trust th' excuse
(An interest in your welfare) will suffice ?

* Note C.

EUSTIN.

Amina! If I freely thus may now
Your name pronounce,—believe me, when I say
Your ministry has touched my very heart.
You fully cannot feel how eloquent
The consolation of that voice and watching
Which you bestowed, as torpidly I lay
Awaking from my trance.

AMINA.

Good Sir, your tones
Repay the kindness I have given. A sleep
Has now composed the stranger who, with you,
Was rescued from the waves. Pray, may I hope
That all which we have done may not have failed
To make your comfort and relief complete?

EUSTIN.

Your father and yourself have giv'n strong proofs
Of your nobility and worth. For years
Long past, I never thus have known a gift
Of kindness which I thought sincere. But now
I could not doubt the goodness which hath watch'd
Above my feeble couch. Your kindness wooed
Departed health back to this sinking frame;
More equably its pulse beats now, than ere
It beat for years before. It were neglect
If I did not with *warmth* give thanks.

(*Kneels and kisses her hand.*)

AMINA (*slightly withdrawing.*)

Good Sir,

May I request the history of your wreck,
And of the purposes with which you left
Your home for this far clime ?

EUSTIN.

Maiden, I fear
That I should forfeit your esteem, if now
I should reveal my life, with its strange *thoughts*
(It was not rife with *deeds.*) Yet if confide
I may, I'll briefly speak :

Soft as the eye
Of a young seraph when in prayer, arose
The morning of my life. My youth was spent
In gentleness and joy. Then manhood came.
The bounty of a father (now no more)
Had stored my mind with learning, and with zeal
Still further on to press in wisdom's chase.
In poetry, a paradise I found
In which to riot as a bird among
The fairy bowers of Spring. I eager sought
To reach a station in the State,—to find
Employment for the powers which Taste
And Science had refined. I sought to strive
In the foray of thought ;—into the lists
Of eloquence to vault, and try my lance
Amid her dazzling chivalry.
At home, a bride, most tenderly beloved,
Fed, *lived* upon my name, as 'twere in truth

Ambrosial fruit. Life flowed like wine
Press'd from the vintage of the skies; as drops,—
Its moments with the *perfect* image beamed
Of pure content and love. Existence seemed
A shell, the ocean of celestial life
Had given, to mimic here the tumult soft
Of sympathies and pleasures pure above.

AMINA.

And was that being lost in your late wreck?

EUSTIN (*gloomily.*)

Her *soul* was wrecked,—but years have passed since then.
A comrade (older than myself,) whose mind
Delighted in the subtleties of thought,
In questions fine of right and law, and all
The entangled webs of sophistry, and maze
Of inquiry and doubt,—entered my home.
He had cut loose from all restraint, and deemed
There were no lines betwixt the right and wrong.
And while he did propound his curious views
Of life and death,—of spirit, mind and sense,—
I gave attention close. The faith till then
I knew in peace and hope, dissolved away.
Perplexity and anxious doubt and strife
Fill'd all my mind—I found no rest, scarce sleep.
Bad spirits seemed to whisper in my dreams
And prompted dreadful thoughts; peace died; I felt
But faintly in my breast the love I bore
Once fondly to my bride; my altered look
Chill'd through her heart—

(*Pauses.*)

AMINA (*hesitating.*)

And did she not
Most anxiously search out the cause, and give
The comfort of devotion trebled,—yea,
And more, that she might win back your mind
To its first purity and joys ?

EUSTIN.

Alas !
She did not ;—else I were not here ;—her life
Had not been added to grief's chronicles,—
Nor from " the page " of Hope her " name torn out ;"
(*With an air of self-communion.*)
Perhaps no voice had followed me, and cried
" There is no rest for thee !" Perchance the light—

AMINA.

Your words are scorpions to my soul. Proceed,
I thirst, yet dread, to hear the rest.

EUSTIN (*with a heart-broken look.*)

The rest ?
'Tis briefly told. When I was absent, one
Whose name I never can exòrcise won
Her trust, if not affection ;—and that trust
Abused, and fled. Her shame—my anger—wrung
Her mind to madness, and she died. I felt
The last spark of kind feeling quickly sink
To ashes in my heart, when I resigned
Her form to dust. He who drew forth and wove
My infinite of woe, has not been seen

For years. His face I ne'er again shall see.
Ask not his name—'tis fraught with treachery.

AMINA.

Would that I could one pang dissolve of those
Whose bitterness hath curdled up your peace—

EUSTIN (*with gloomy energy.*)

And shrunk my recollections of the past
To one grim brand of injury and pain.

AMINA.

Would that a gift of mine by word or hand
Could with oblivion anoint the keen idea
Of wretchedness you feel.

EUSTIN.

Your earnest words are words miraculous,
That re-awaking faith, are strong to heal
The pain that palsied me. I kneel and say
That if I may not *love*, I do *adore*.

AMINA.

O kneel not unto me. There's one above,—
The blest Maria—who doth live to heal.
Kneel thou to her, and she will hear and bless.

EUSTIN (*rising.*)

Believe it not; it is a tale,—her soul
Knows not its own existence (if it lives;)
Yea, knows no presence even in that air
Sweet with the incense of her mysteries.

AMINA.

You shock my ears! You do not truly mean
What you have said! And do I pray in vain?
(*With an anxious smile half certain of triumph.*)
Oh no! I'm sure I'm heard :—for your return,
I asked, from the dim land where shadows dwell,—
And you're returned!

The stranger with you saved
(For whom I grieve to say no prayer was made)
Sat long upon the trembling verge where light
Is faint, and life and death eternally
In feebleness conflict ;—

EUSTIN.

Then be it so ;
Believe that I believe.

AMINA.

Your language is
A mystery to me.

EUSTIN.

The stranger whom
The storm, with me, gave living to the land,
Is "Corinnæus," who appears to guard
Some dark and terrible secret in his mind ;
But as for you,—your earnest heart
Hath been an angel stirring in those waves
Wherein, I feel, my soul descending finds
Deliverance from its deformity,
Its palsy, and its dust.

AMINA.

Then I am blest.

EUSTIN.

" Blest " did you say ? (*earnestly*) *I do* believe,—I yield
Most solemn faith to the sweet creed of—LOVE !

(*Takes her hand.*)

AMINA.

My father wishes to see you at this hour,
And with the bearers has returned at length.

EUSTIN.

I go with you to meet him.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT II.—SCENE II.

(*Another Room. Enter* CORINNÆUS.)

CORINNÆUS.

Never, oh never can I break my vow,
Again tread in his path, and plant a thorn
In his breast already tortured by my guilt
Too late lamented. I do feel,—*I know*,—
I'M SURE, he cannot the enchantment brook
Which lightens from her eyes. And shall I now,
When I have followed him with anxiousness,
Longing to pay, though faintly it may be,
The debt of satisfaction which I owe,—
Now shall I add a venom to the curse ?
No, Eustin, no. I'll strive to still at once

The throbs of this new rivalry ;—*Esteem*
For her will cherish—but beyond it naught.

(*Enter* AMINA.)

AMINA.

Good Sir, may I inquire your health ? Has all
Which can be done, been done ?

CORINNÆUS (*with admiration.*)

I could not point
Another kindness which your care could give ;
We owe a thousand thanks to you,—to all.
Amina ! (if I thus familiarly
May sweet the grateful air inspire,) I'd bid
Thy gentle ears an audience give. A tale
For thee alone I have ; 'tis eloquent,
And passionate, and true.

AMINA.

Oh speak ; I joy
To hear the tales of true romance,—of times,
That, with the glittering touch of hoary age
And chivalry and love, beam from afar.
But, may be, 'tis a tale of thine own life ?—

CORINNÆUS (*starting.*)

Of mine own life ! Oh ! horror ! ask it not !
Ask me to tell you of the hideous caves
That moonlight dare not lighten with her beams ;
Where, for their bloody spoils, fierce plunderers fight,—
And the gaunt wolf, that stalks at midnight forth,
Shrinks back in terror from the fiery clash.

AMINA.

What may you mean ? Think'st thou I burn to list
The deeds of horror that the darkness court ?

CORINNÆUS (*aside.*)

I must not yield ! And yet how sweet her voice,
With breath of opening buds bedewed ! But why
Should I to Eustin sacrifice my claim ?
Doth he not *gravely* meet my smiles,
His goodness mantling in a mien *severe?*

(*To* AMINA.

The tale I'd tell is now enacting here,
(*Placing his hand on his breast.*)
With changeful conflict of glad hopes, sad fears,
And longings ardent—pure ; but with his soft
And delicate control, *Love* conquers all.

(AMINA *shrinks coyly.*)

(*Aside.*)

Die, glorious hopes ! I must not love ! I'll rise
In magnanimity of self-control ;
And that pure consciousness shall rain a flood
Of richer happiness than love.

(*To* AMINA.)

Shrink not
At that delightful word, the sweetest far
That ever blest the listening ear ; for " Love,"
Now on my lip, is but a synonyme
For *friendship.* Wilt thou listen now ?

(*Convent bell tolls.*)

But hark!

What summons this?

AMINA,

It is vespers, Sir;

A kind adieu!

(*Exit* AMINA.)

CORINNÆUS.

Amina! I've deceived thee; stay! *'tis love*
Entreats most passionately. (*Listening.*) She has gone!
What said I? weakness! that my heart should fail!
Yet how resistless are her eyes! her face
Engaging as the halls of Love when airs
(His voice is music) do forbid the touch
Of mortal minstrelsy to vie.

(*Pauses and meditates.*)

How hard,
When the young manhood rules the elastic pulse,
To bar the soul 'gainst Love's sweet, melting beams!
When business, or care, or sorrow reigns,
How dark and prison-like and sick the mind,
Unless that soothing angel touch with light
The uncongenial thought. 'Tis bitterness
To picture bright within our mind's clear glass
The glory and divinity of Love;
To know his seraph beauty, and his depth
And power and eloquence of bliss, and yet
To feel the stern decree of fate or chance

Shut from our famished souls these fruits of heaven!
From pleasures else, yes, *all*, men's hearts have turned,
Unsatisfied and palled. The victor's wreath,
The rich man's banquet; yea, the eternal hymn
Which hails the poet's triumph, *all* have failed.
But *Love*, in purest and in gifted souls refined,
Has won the welcome of perennial smiles;
His gold, a dazzling purity confessed;
Chief coiner in the mints of happiness!
The veins run nectar where "his breath hath blown"
And sun-loved curls have waved; and where he glides,
The grosser passions and the woes of life
Do swoon as mortals when a god appears,
Amid the heaven and brightness of his presence
Lost, eclipsed, consumed.

Ah! well, I ween,
Elysian frankincense, they say, perfumes
The tear-dewed silence of his twilight fane.
Oh! by my soul, how hard, how trying hard!
To shut my heart against her voice! But yet,
I must not yield; I'll never crown the bowl,
So fraught with madness, which I pressed long since
Upon a brother's lips. No, Eustin, no!
I will replace, if possible, the peace,
Which, brooding as a seraph in your breast,
Was startled thence by my curs'd voice and deeds.

(*Exit.*)

Act II.—Scene III.

(*Apartment in the house of* Festino. *Enter* Sebastian *and* Eustin.)

Sebastian.

Now that through our assistance you have leapt
To the firm soil of health, I pray that you
Will give a brief description of the storm
Which smote your vessel to a wreck. The waves
Never before, methinks, did strive so hard,
Upon the shore, to mock the thunders.

Eustin.

With winds that did most tenderly coquette
With our full sails and flag, we left the port.
Briskly, ere long, the waves danced forth,—the shrouds
Began to shrilly sing their wild notes out
To every blast. And swiftly we flew toward
The Mediterranean Sea as bound.
Just as Gibraltar loomed in sight, the wind
As though it had been checked—as if its rush
Had bent on towards a point forbidden, ceased ;
And whirled to the Northeast. At night it blew,
And we were driven. And helpless seemed all hands ;
All courage weak. For near one week it flew,
Blasting and glooming wildly by,—as though
Commissioned to drive forth the usurping sea
Which like a type of tyranny did brood
Nearly o'er all the globe. I would have dreamed
The symbol marked, and such the errand grand

Of the indignant storm, if, eagle-led,
It had rushed down from that northwestern clime,
Where sleepless Freedom her Columbia guards.
Frequent the wind did shift, but further still
It blew us from our coast. Towards your fair clime
Our helmsman bent the prow; for here, it seems
Did business invite,—tho' not till their return
They'd purposed to drop anchor by your shores.
After respite, a dark and furious gale
One evening rushed again from the East and roused
The ocean's slumbering wrath. The storm-clouds raged
As messengers of doom, Our hopes again
Grew faint and sick; and many wept, and wailed
Aloud their fears, and prayed. A shock!—and 'round
Tumultuously dashed the shiver'd timbers,
And the waves triumphant rolled. But firmly clasped
To a floating beam, I heard no shout,—save once,
The cry of a departing soul! The sea
Still whitely boiled. Benumbed and weak, I felt
At last the sand, but had no strength to rise—
You know the rest.

SEBASTIAN.

To some kind saint, of course,
You do ascribe your rescue from the deep.
I do remember now, upon that day
I did beseech St. Catherine to save,—
If any should be wrecked;—'tis fit that you
Some ample offering to her shrine should make
For this salvation manifest from her.

EUSTIN.

Good father! I am poor, save in good will,
A treasure newly found. You feel, of course,
A zeal and firm belief in what you say;
But I still think my *heartiest* thanks are due
To that strong fragment of the wreck whereon
I floated to the shore.

SEBASTIAN.

My ears are shocked,
My son, to hear such levity from you,—
While yet the saint is smiling o'er the soul
Of which she cheated the remorseless surge.

EUSTIN.

Father, I would I had thy zeal and faith. (*Musing.*)

SEBASTIAN, (*aside.*)

I wish you had as much, full seventy times;
I'd mould you like a lump of pliant wax
To our great purposes and ends. (*To* EUS.) My son,
I fear you this impiety may rue,
And that, to punish your ingratitude,
The saint above may yet withdraw her smile,
Through which alone you now feel vigorous health.
Pray, whither did you tend, when storms
Emptied their horrid glooms upon your way,
And balked the purposes you held? I'm sure
Some power above the forces of the air
Has driven you hither for good.

EUSTIN.

In the far East,
I had resolved to court the lips of her
Whose kiss so coveted and hard to win,
Gives immortality—the Virgin, FAME!
I hoped, ere many years had fled, to 've won
An influence o'er a myriad swords, whose blades
Impatiently would fret to flash for me,
And scorch all rivalry to dust. I dreamed
That with delusions, promises and cheats,
I might bind fast those scimitars together
As with strong withes or chains, and thus ascend
As by a glittering ladder to the high
Authority of kings.

SEBASTIAN.

And now, yet more
Am I convinced that viewless hands above
Have guided you, and have destroyed the ends
For which you sailed,—unholy ends, which saints
Gaze on with horror and dismay.

EUSTIN.

I heard
The shout which hailed my victory in war;
Methought I sat superbly couched, and throned
In Oriental pageantry and ease.
The play of fountains and the voice of girls
Whose presence in my courts had dimmed the day
And robbed the fragrance of a Georgian sky,—
The luxury fine of melodies and songs,—

Seemed floating 'round—intoxication sweet—
Elysium found—

SEBASTIAN.

"Elysium found ?"—Son, you are mad ! Such dreams
Are sent from devils.

EUSTIN.

"Found," did I say ? Alas !
No sensual luxury can charm to sleep
The phantoms of the soul which ominous
Flutter amid the haunted gloom within,
Which not the sun can light. An awful dread,—
A restlessness, and agonizing thoughts
Would ne'er have suffered rest,—till quenched.
No charm
Of splendor, power, or loveliness, or wine
Could drown these woes. They're spirits fierce,—
Which no shaft pointed by a mortal hand
Can strike and slay ;—but Thought divine, I know
To be the only Michael who has nerve
To ingulf their strong malignity.

SEBASTIAN.

You speak
As though not yet of mind bereft. Just now
I deemed your senses lost.

EUSTIN—(*with an abstracted air, and with energy.*)

O God ! I would
I ne'er had known a friend to curse my life
With his most damning confidence and thoughts ;

Or else I wish to me were given the strength
To wring an answer from the mystic lips
Of Nature and existence.

(*To* SEBASTIAN.)

I have pried
Into their secrets, yet in vain. I'm awed—
Bewilder'd by the scrutiny I've given
To workings and to mysteries that are like
The eye of a Spanish girl,—as night, deep—dark,
Yet ravishingly bright.* Alas!
No satisfaction have they lent. Unrest
Will ever, more or less, be mine.

SEBASTIAN.

Your mind
Is horribly bedimmed with doubtful clouds,
Blown from the mouths of fiends. I see in all
The circumstances of your wreck, a hand
Which strives to guide you from delusions dark.
Yet you must look for woes; the foes will breathe
Shrewd falsehoods in your ear, and bid your friends
Destroy the seeds of healing which may drop
From goodness to your soul. Beware, beware!
Of CORINNÆUS! He has paid, my son,
Our kindness with harsh looks. He hides
A treacherous heart; and jealously he looks
Upon you whensoe'er you meet.

(*Going.*)

* Note A.

My son,
I wish you may awake upon the morn
With mind more heavenly bent than now.
Adieu!

EUSTIN.

Adieu, good father.

(*Exit* SEBASTIAN.)

He appears to me
Most earnest in his faith. How blest his lot!
Afar is he above all woes; content
Reigns sweetly in his holy soul; and all
His meditations tend above,—are dyed,
As are the great cathedral's aisles, in light
Of a tempered mildness, soft as eve. The pomps
Of a warlike world, (which heaves so oft
With Freedom struggling, Titan-like, to rise,
And heave from off her giant limbs
The mountain-weight of empires and of creeds,)
All dignity and wealth, and even the bliss
Of wedlock—(thought divine!)—he doth despise.
Ah, happy man!—And yet how vastly wide
The number of that crowd who render up
Their gold, and hopes, and liberty, and life
To men like him!—In ignorance most dim,—
Debased, without one lofty throb or wish
Becoming gods on earth, save when their souls,
By despotism most severely ground, emit
A spark of brief resistance (which in hope
That it may strike some mine and prompt

The earthquake destined to unbolt her tomb,—
The giant sepulchred below, proclaims
Her own)—save casually this, they live
In ignorance of those pure joys which spring
Where science, genius and free truth dispense
Their beams. A thousand virgins like apart
From the wide world where they should bloom
Anointing life's dull dust with scented dews.
In gloomy nunneries and cells, they brood
O'er their imagined guilt, and dig, with tears,
The graves of life's most rich and sinless dreams.
Emotions young, and the soft-playing throbs
Of love's delightful pulse, are all condemned.
The other sex in selfishness expend
(As once this heart desired to spend) the oil
From heaven's own olive-trees, which fills
This curious lamp of being which we bear,
And doth maintain the flame which should be spent
In lighting brethren through a world where crawl
Scorpions and asps. As for the priest—
He is a strange exception to the ranks
Of his deceitful tribe. I warmly wish
He could be moved to act with me, and break
The grand delusion of his pompous church.
In this new land, where History is young,
Where evil is not ground into the soul—
A portion of its life,—where literature
Is not yet poisoned in her every line
With witching lies and countless tales of war,
Contagious to the mind; but unemblazed

With glory's proud, seducing shows ; and dreams
Which blush with blood and flame, here, where the soil
Is " married to immortal " blooms, and trees
For ever stagger with their luscious gold,
On which in vain from his high, dazzling throne
Winter in envy looks ; where groves, superb
And beauteous, emparadise the land,
And yield abundance for the homes of man ;—
Here, it doth seem, if man were once set free,
And every wind of influence from without
Were held at quarantine, and purged of taint,
We might refute the blasphemy of those
Who say that general virtue, peace and joy
Can never dwell on earth.

And war itself
Must be regarded as the dragon-fiend
Whose tail draws down a third of all the lights
Which smiled, or which should smile, upon our gloom ;
Here poetry should never gild or chant
The murders of the great ; the Muses here
Should cherish on their breasts young Love
And his ambrosial train.

The rocks,
Beneath his footsteps, should spring off and block
For ever up that avenue to fame
And empire, which is strown so thick with waste
And fragments of exploded states.

In my republic pure,
Where an unslumbering summer smiles, and grounds
On every side are paved with fruits ; where all
With labor light, a competence can win—
Nor poverty nor wealth should be,—for all
The interests of men should there be blent
Into one treasury, a common store
Of luxuries and gains. To this great work
Of breaking up the ground political,
I must devote a study most intense.
Meanwhile I'll try the pillars which uphold
The present constitution in its place.
This Corinnæus, who doth seem in truth
A giant in his mind, may knit his ends
And energies with mine.

(*Goes to a goblet on the table.*)

Amina ! here's to thee,
Whose breath woke from their tomb and frost
Within my breast emotions dormant long.

(*Drinks.*)

Did not the priest speak of some jealousy,
And say that CORINNÆUS was a devil masked ?
Were *he* to cross me now, 'twould break my heart,—
Or, kindling fresh the memory of the past,
Make me to see in him the accurs'd, and bid
Wild furies riot in my veins again.

(*Curtain falls.*)

Act III.—Scene I.

(*The Chapel.* Sebastian and Sabino.)

Sebastian.

If doubt before I had, no doubt remains,
That the bold stranger, from the jealous jaws
Of ocean snatch'd, is one whom Fate for *deeds*
Hath formed. Beneath the cradle where he rocked
In infant sleep, some despot's grave was hid;
And the first light which kissed his opening eye,
Glanced from a sword which in times past had cut
Its death-wing'd pathway to the heights of power.

Sabino.

I fear you rhapsodize again—your hope
Becomes the wizard medium which doth dwarf
Mountains to molehills, and exalts mere men
To gods;—and then with magical effect
Makes the gray twilight of the possible seem
The risen day of certainty and fact.

Sebastian.

Your words are fanciful: but there doth run,
Throughout your every speech, a vein of fear
And doubt, which moral analysts can scarce
Distinguish from the baseness of the dull,
Worthless reverse of energy and mind.
A confidence as reckless as the stream
Which plunges headlong down a chasm dark,

Is the twin-brother to success. The stream—
Though all may prophesy 'tis lost, though pent
And struggling, it at last bursts forth, with shocks
And speed unbroken—reappearing.

SABINO.

Again you prophesy too bright an end.
Hast seen of late the stranger, who, you think,
The talisman to great authority
Holds fast within his grasp ?

SEBASTIAN.

You touch the point:
I find by converse with him in his room,
That he most boldly doubts the faith
Which we with such sincerity profess—

SABINO.

Ironically say that *you* with such
Sincerity profess. I'm not unmoored
As yet, from all restraints and fears.

SEBASTIAN (*with a disdainful smile.*)

The stranger (EUSTIN is his name) I found
In such sad plight of mind (as it doth touch
The heavenly intervention of the saints)
That he most blasphemously dares t' assert
The fragment of the wreck deserves the praise
Which sweet St. Catherine claims. The *truth*
Is this. Upon his couch, half drown'd and wild
In speech and senses, Corinnæus said

That *he* had sav'd this Eustin from the waves;
This *we* know *false*. And in this knowledge *sure*,
It flashed across my mind, while there with him,
That we by some fine stratagem may maze
This skeptic stranger in a labyrinth whence
His entered soul no exit e'er shall find.
If in delusion and in strong belief
His mind be once entangled fast, our hopes
May certainly break out in facts.

Explode
The popular faith, and all is lost; or if
Not lost, as well not found; for change, and falls,
And stabs, and crumbling crowns, will fill
The air with smoke and tumult, and the land
With bones, and hell (if such there be) with mirth.

SABINO.

'Tis true.

SEBASTIAN.

Else would I hide amid the crowd
Of theories and speculations new,
A dragon's egg, which, hatched beneath their warmth
In time, would, with the throes of its new wings,
Quick batter down the walls of Zion here
Into a hopeless wreck. But now I feel
That Faith alone can give the glorious chance
On which in triumph we may ride aloft
Into the seats which we desire;—and she
Alone can palsy rank rebellion's zeal.

'Tis clear, then, if we would command the might
Within this Eustin's hand, to advance our cause,
Doubt must forsake his daring mind.

SABINO.

Of doubt
Completely shorn,—you'd find the impotence
Of a religious fear,—as weak as doubt
Before was strong. 'Tis Nature's certain law—
A strange result.

SEBASTIAN.

I think you err ;—but even if right,—'tis clear,
A mind like his would soon again perceive
How much of hollowness was in our creed.
The locks again would grow ; but ere
The grandeur of a scornful, tameless zeal
Could mock the influence that would sway
His ways for our own ends,—then in the point—
The very nick of time—we might lead forth
His blinded strength to those great columns press'd
By all the weight of state.

SABINO.

And would'st thou wish
That he might perish in the wreck which brings
Promotion unto you ?

SEBASTIAN (*with a lurking smile.*)

He might be dragg'd
Alive from out the chaos : For, one crash

He hath survived. St. Catherine, methinks,
Piqued by his horrible neglect before,
Would not snatch forth the morsel from the teeth
Of the spectre, Death, again. One who hath doubts
Of the heavenly influences of the saints,
Deserves to die.

SABINO.

I do not feel convinced
That you are wise to jest—

SEBASTIAN.

I've read in books
That when a man's asleep, a whisperer,
Near by his ear, may stir and lead his thoughts,—
May prompt his dreams, and shape them into forms,
Hideous or lovely, as his choice directs;
May charm the soul with love, or scorch with hate,
Or write persuasion of the vision as sent
From heaven upon its sleep.

I have a strange
Compound of herbs wherewith this sleep, with sense
Of faintnes, may be quick induced. And then
When he shall sink away, he may be brought
Here in a couch, according to a plea
Put forth by us, in kindness feigned. And lest
Festino should suspect some plan in us, I dropt
In Eustin's room a rose, of which I think
He can but smell; a compound fine, in dust,
Was sprinkled in its leaves. This will induce

A languor for awhile. To-night, by aid
Of our own dear Amina, we can tinge
His cup with opiates sweet. Thus his relapse
May not seem strangely sudden to the eye
Of her old father, who suspects these hands
Not saintly as they should be quite. With flowers,
Just as the potion works, I can drop in
By accident, you know,—and with kind words,
And "ohs!" and "ahs!" and pitying looks, I'll bid
The men bring forth the invalid here
To this our chapel room.

SABINO.

I ask you how
The good Amina will unite in this?

SEBASTIAN.

I will persuade her, when she visits us
At the confessional to-day, that doubts
Most impious harass his mind who *first*
Was found upon the beach. I'll then assure
The trusting girl that heaven requires her aid
In fastening conviction on his soul,
Before of sufferance the hour is past.
I'll say the potion is a sacred dust,
Which, mingling with his wine, will nicely work
A dreaminess fit to list the tones and words
Of some kind saints whom I will pray to breathe
Faith, peace and confidence into his ear.

SABINO (*hesitating.*)

I go to gather flowers against the time.

(*Exit* SABINO.)

SEBASTIAN (*after a moment's soberness as of deep reflection.*)

'Tis well throughout th' economy of the State
So many evils and oppressions bold
The minds of men harass, and stir their fire.
The muttering genius of revolt, now low
Bowing its head in servile fear, anon
Breathes loud the threat of vengeance, and at heart
Muses on great reforms, and burns to hear
War's dreadful tocsin, as at Florence sound,
Calling the sons of valor unto arms.
O Liberty, thou spirit great and fair,
Impersonation beautiful, august,
Of patriotism's noblest, holiest dreams
And aspirations warm in generous love ;
Well may we pause whene'er thy image bright
Confronts our sordid and ambitious souls !
Yea, even as the lover when his mind
Dwells but one moment on the sweet idea
Of love unblemished by an earthly stain
And captive in no bonds but those which truth
And polished thought and gentleness can weave ;
Yea, even as the lover, at Love's shrine
Doth vow all other bonds to rend
And sacrifice each base tho' glittering dream
Which lightened fascination o'er his heart ;
So do we, Freedom, at the vision fair

Of thy pure, noble lineaments and power,
Abhor each sordid thought and scheme, and thrill
With those deep promptings of our finer souls
Repressed so long by earth-born, selfish thoughts
That rule our spirits with such mighty sway
And change them as by Circe's relished charms,
The liquid pleasures of her chaliced spells.
But yet, alas! 'tis vain; 'tis vain!
Too fond, too beautiful and bright are all
Those high imaginations, 'mid whose light
(Caught from an Eden or Utopia blest,)
Thy image smiles unto the patriot's mind.
Unless the bases, (knowledge, virtue,) rest
As deep and broad security, 'twere vain
To frame the lofty hope of thy fixed sway,
And rear of thy palladium the walls.

(*A knocking is heard.*)

Who now desires admittance? Are ye friends?

VOICES (*without.*)

Aye, "friends," good father; we would see thee; haste,—
Admit us; we have word, of import good,—
Choice news which thou wilt welcome.

(*Enter three Conspirators.*)

If like the bee ye are laden with choice good,
Enter my hive with welcome. What news now
Is giving gladness to your hearts? How fares
The scheme we have devised?

1st Conspirator.

All's well; afar
The leaven secretly hath worked.

2d Conspirator.

We hear
That thousands far within the heart of the land
Are wakened by the secret summons sent
In the winged rumor of our plans.

No doubt
Among those stirred by these reports, there live
Men who are worthy to command and fill
A rebel leader's perilous place

Sebastian.

No doubt:
The hour will call them forth. My eye, good friends,
I will confess, is fixed on one whose powers
(From good authority, I learn,) are nobly fit
For popular influence and exalted place.
He is a stranger here, "Eustin," by name;
A wanderer from the very land of power
And civic wisdom.

3d Conspirator.

Will he serve our cause?
And can a stranger, heretic in faith,
Bring the full offering of zeal and love
To schemes of freedom in Brazil, a state

Most cordial in devotion, as all know,
To Rome's superb and venerable creed ?

SEBASTIAN.

Our faith has much to win the mind ; and he
In time will yield unto its power. He left
His own far land, adventuring
For military fame and power abroad.
Here is a worthy field to claim the strength
Of his mind's noblest faculties.
Mark you, if we succeed, both wealth and rank,
A prince's power and dignity and lands
And your commendings to the smiles of Rome
Are mine : For, who hath been the head
Of all our band,—the fountain of designs,
The main-spring, secret, it is true, but bold,
Directing every movement which has seemed
To flow on towards success ?

1ST CONSPIRATOR.

All true,
All true, most worthy father ;—

2D CONSPIRATOR.

Save the words
" Our faith has much to win the mind ;"
For this, thou knowest, as do I, is false.
Religion here is but the shining rind,
Rosy and golden, covering rottenness ;
A solemn drama, all deceit and show.

SEBASTIAN.

Cease, thou profane! I will not argue now:
But let this never be forgotten: Bright
Tho' be our hoped success, and strong
In popular approval tho' should prove
Our new regime, yet never must a breath
Assail th' immunities and fiefs and wealth
Of holy Church, great guardian of law,
Conservator of order, tower of light,
Our steady Guide. But to resume:

'Tis wise
To avoid this Corinnæus who was wrecked
With Eustin on our coast. Already he
In certain captainships around doth seem
To hold an influence with authorities;
But not for us such influence *will*
Or *can*, indeed, be used.

(*A knocking is heard.*)

AMINA (*without.*)

Father! father!

SEBASTIAN (*in a low voice.*)

It is a penitent: I pray thee, friends,
Depart in silence by this private door
And down this secret way.

CONSPIRATORS.

Adieu, adieu!
We meet ere long again.

(*Exeunt Conspirators.*)

(*A knock.*)

SEBASTIAN.

Come in, good friend,

(*Enter* AMINA.)

SEBASTIAN.

Peace to you, daughter! step to the private room;
I have commands voiced from no mortal lips—
Of infinite importance. You must hear;
And having heard must act.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.—SCENE II.

(*The Confessional.* SEBASTIAN *and* AMINA.)

SEBASTIAN.

Such is the duty which now waits thy deeds;
And love, methinks, which all aver has sprung
From a celestial fount, should not forget
Its origin,—but, in its earthly flow,
Should consecrate its stream with heavenly hues,—
That God at last may not divorce its tides
On the grand brink of the Eternal Sea
From the warm current that it wooed in Time.

AMINA.

Yes! true, most pious father, true, most true!
And though the task were arduous, yet my hand
Shall lose, I trust, the memory of fear.

And now, my father, let my sins be shrived.
Thou hast, 'tis true, called me a saintly one:
My heart, I fear, if drinking grace from heaven,
And with the gentleness of guardian saints
Richly inspired, has wept too much on clay
The fragrant bounty of the skies; as bends
The full-blown rose when glittering with dews,
Purpling the ground with hues that heaven instill'd,
And on the dust outpouring its sweet gems.

SEBASTIAN.

That were, perhaps, a sin; yet thy pure heart
Scarce needs, I trow, forgiveness, for its warmth
To earthly objects is eclipsed by love
And dutiful resolve to God. And shrived
Be every stain that spotteth with its eye
The beauteous apple of thy heart,—if "stain"
That which doth beautify may be. And now,
Farewell, my daughter; soon we meet again.

(*Exit* SEBASTIAN. AMINA *arises from the confessional seat, and kneeling before a statue or picture of the Virgin, sings the hymn that follows.*)

O hide thy face, mild virgin moon!
A purer, lovelier queen I see;
And thou, too, blush! benignant noon;
For here is more benignity.

For who can paint thy smiles that shine
Like morning on the slumbering sea;

Or, who shall dare to mark a line
'Twixt loveliness and thee?

"Ave Maria!" let thy love
Encircling always be to me,
That my weak soul may share above
Thy throned and blest eternity.

(*Rises and departs; as she departs, a choir near at hand, yet invisible, are heard chanting; and, after a moment, the music becomes fainter, and dies away as in distance. End of* SCENE II.)

ACT III.—SCENE III.

(*A room in* FESTINO'S *House. Enter* EUSTIN *and* CORINNÆUS; *the rose is visible upon the floor.*)

CORINNÆUS.

Your projects, to a great extent, appear
Most reasonable and fair;—but I detect
A vein of error winding through your plans.
I am a man whom time hath ever found
'Mid speculations lost. I've watched the stream
Of popular life which fitfully roams on
Towards those dark gulfs wherein no eye hath gazed.
I've seen it when upon its *quietness*
The still stars smiled;—when airs, as soft and sweet
As Love's own breath, in wandering, paused,
Seeming with beauty hushed. When skies were blue—

The home of Peace herself, and gazing down
With influence mild as God's own blessing given
To calm the current in its flow ;—e'en then—
Yea, even then, it murmur'd ; and anon
Flashed angrily ; and dashed aloft the mist,
Which grew to clouds, whose blasts and fires
Churn'd into white confusion all its waves.
You dream. You cannot quarantine the winds ;
Bad influences on your happy state will blow
From every sky,—or if a canopy
Could shield you from their power, the earth herself
Would oft exhale her poisonous air and fumes
To suffocate the spirit of the good. Here asps
Abound ; and bitter herbs sprout forth
Spontaneous from the soil. A war
Forever must be waged 'gainst gloomy passions, hate
And selfish love, ambition, pride, contempt,
And jealousy, the fretful child of love :—
All must be met with arms and strife ;
Religion's armory alone can give
The radiant weaponry, all " bathed in heaven,"
Wherewith they can be met and vanquished.

EUSTIN.

Ah !
Hast thou such fervid faith ?

CORINNÆUS.

Now I have such.

EUSTIN.

Canst give us reasons strong, such as may chain
The mind unto the canons of your creed, and leave
No method of escape from its belief ?

CORINNÆUS.

I can.
Let's to the coolness of a public square.
The reasonings will be various and close.

EUSTIN.

But ere we go—may I confide in you,
And ask a question ?

CORINNÆUS (*aside.*)

Does he pierce my mask,
And spite of all disguises, see in me
The friend who cursed his youth ?

(*To* EUSTIN.)

May you confide ?
Oh, doubt it not.

EUSTIN.

Then may I ask your aid
In the fierce struggle to be made ere long
To purge this land with fire, and build an arch
Of Government, to mock at Time, and cast
A shadow o'er all other forms ?

CORINNÆUS.

A high
And difficult attempt !

EUSTIN.

The mighty past
Speaks with a mighty voice, and it proclaims
The wise and foolish——(*picks up the rose.*)

CORINNÆUS.

Results most certainly
Mark them out both to us ;—I can command
Assistance from the captainships around,
And help you cut the glorious stone which you
May shape and raise into an altar pure
For Freedom's sacred coals. You will not want
Assistance in that hour. For, as from 'mid
The incense flame the Hebrew lighted up,
(As told in holy writ,) his *man-like* guest
Did spring, and 'mid its brightness rush to heaven
An *angel* tho' unknown before ;—so here,
When Freedom's altars shall be fired, will men
Whom you had deemed of common earth
Spring up as gods into their proper heaven,
The cloudless sky of liberty and fame.

(*Curtain falls.*)

Act IV.—Scene I.

(*Apartment in* Festino's *House. A casement opening upon a moonlit sea.*)

Amina (*sola.*)

How calmly shines the moon upon the tide
That seems the mirror where her virgin eye
Beholds her loveliness unveiled! The winds
Beneath the beauty of her face are hushed,
And awed to silence by her holy smile:
Or else we may believe a Sabbath reigns
Throughout the air; the week of revelry
And passion being o'er. The laugh, the mirth,
The brilliant tournament and gala days
Of the glad waves have ceased. And now no more
The "spangled slumber" of the flowers is "rock'd."
At length have ceased the jubilee and dance
In the luxuriant gardens which the songs
And soul-charged kiss of lovers had hallowed.
Not e'en a cloud flits o'er the shell-paved beach,
But white th' unblemished glory lies,—as though
From his tall seat where wearied stars repose
An instant in their pilgrimage on high
Through the desert of blue—Winter (the king who sits
Above the Spring, as hoary wisdom towers
O'er youth and beauty, in the world of rank)
Had flung snow-carpets for his still descent
To kiss sweet Summer in her sleep 'mid flowers.
The very monsters of the sea contain

The tumults of their joy! No splash is heard;
The hush and deep tranquility of night
Doth seem a prophecy of times when pain,
Unholy revelry, and strife, are words
Expunged as obsolete from the volume fair
Of Being here below.

On such a night
As this, we may believe, the virgin pure,
Mary the blest and all-adored, gazed first
Upon her infant God;—while from above,
The watchers through the veil of azure peep'd,
And smiled in voiceless extasy.—To win
To her sweet faith,—this night my hand, as sworn,
Must give to one whom this full heart adores
With tenderness too like idolatry,—
This sacred potion.

(*Opens a small, white paper into a silver goblet;—after which, from a flask on the table, she fills the goblet with wine.*)

Alas! what if through some
Sad error it should trance his costly life
In slumber visionless and never waked!
Yet it must be that she did thus direct
The holy father! I do dread to give,—
Lest in the draught, his life, my hopes,
My very peace and happiness be drowned.—
But he comes now!

(*Enter* EUSTIN, *with a faded rose in his breast.*)

EUSTIN.

Ah, my Amina,—art thou here?—I feel
A weariness to-night, in consequence,
I may suppose, of thought severe to-day;
And yet my mind hath consolation found,
To some extent, from its perplexities.

(*Throws himself into a cushioned chair or sofa.*)

AMINA (*falteringly.*)

Perchance some wine would bring repose?

EUSTIN.

"*Repose?*" It should *arouse* the veins, and shoot
Its magic fire through *quickening* blood. Is this
Some of the fruit of your own vineyards, love?
It hath a blush that's ravished from the cheek
Of evening or of morning in their bloom,
As poetry would feign.

AMINA (*beholding him about to drink.*)

Oh, do not drink—
It is our own,—but 'tis not—

EUSTIN.

—'Tis not worthy,
You would say. Believe me, those dear hands would lend
A lusciousness to tasteless fruits,—
And they would seem as though their blossoms, kissed
By Love's own lips, were ripened by his smile,
And scented by his breath.

(*Lifts the goblet to his lips.*)

AMINA (*with agitation.*)

Desist,—oh, *do*—
One moment, while I speak. Your language falls—
In truth it does—upon my yearning breast,
I fear too fondly like a page which falls
From the book of titles to the bliss above.
You have become—(I need not hide it now
From me or you)—you have become the pulse
Within my veins. Your altered look, or loss
(I shudder at the word,) the loss of you—
Of your devotedness and smile,—would freeze
These throbs to stillness.

EUSTIN.

And you fear
This draught will cheat my heated sense to think
That there is sunshine sweet in other hearts
And other eyes which beat and flash so oft
In groves around. You do not know me yet.

(*He drinks*—AMINA *rushes forward, seizes his arm with an anxious look.* EUSTIN, *with a smile, yields the half-emptied chalice.* AMINA *places it upon the table; and turning, covers her eyes, but her lips are seen to move.*)

Amina,—you do err if you suppose
That I, howe'er bewildered, and though lost
My way upon the ocean dim of revery
And cold philosophy, without a chart,—
Would turn my eye one moment from the star
Of your pure love, which through the gloom has burned
To point me to the harbor of repose.

AMINA.

O'erlook what I have said. It is too late.
But swear, (my boldness, Eustin, pardon,) swear,
That come what change may come upon your mind,—
No vow or deed shall dim your zeal, or part
Me ever from your soul.

EUSTIN (*fervently, yet pleasantly.*)

Can aught divide
The perfume from the bud,—from stars, their light;
From June, its dews and blooms,—from spirit, life,—
The music from the quivering strings, or mind
From all desire,—from health, its pulse,—from youth,
Its fire,—from woman, smiles,—from joy, its song,—
A heaven from love, or bliss from heaven?

AMINA.

I will believe the promise which your words
So goldenly enshrine.

EUSTIN.

To know you rest
A confidence in those my words,
This is delightful. A calm trust
Is a sweet flower, with gentleness inwov'n
And with affection, wreathing fair,
As decoration choice, a woman's soul.
Fatigue and thought severe to-day
Have wearied me, in truth. (*dozes.*)

AMINA.

The balm
For all such languors nature gives, the great
And beautiful provider for our wants;
Breath of refreshment to the languid strength:
Beguiling sorrow with delightful dreams.

EUSTIN (*speaks, pausingly, with drowsiness.*)

A *lover's* dreams are best delight:
His last thoughts, ere he sinks in sleep,
Recast in some new shape, yet all suffused
In memory's loveliest effulgence, shed
By its best image.

AMINA.

That, of course,
I doubt not; and rejoice to hear you shrine
One image fond.

EUSTIN (*closing his eyes and sinking his head.*)

O doubt me not;
'Tis very sweet to hear you say,——again,——
I feel——and——ever mine—(*inarticulate words.*)

AMINA, *gazing in alarm, passes behind him, and sustains his head, then adjusts its repose; after which, going before a crucifix, she kneels with clasped hands.* (*A knock—after a pause, enter* SEBASTIAN.)

"Peace to you, daughter!"

(AMINA *rises.*)

You've performed, I see,
The deed I did commend. You have confess'd

Your warm attachment to this man ?—This act,
Whereby he may anointed be with peace,
Is worthy of your zeal to him and Her
Who, far above, looks meekly down. 'Tis best
He should be borne at once into some spot
Where no rude laugh hath ever rung—where feast
And revelry and wine have ne'er been known ;
There, as we trust, the solemn glance and voice
Of Immortality will lend a hope,
Divine assurance and repose to him
Whose intellect is now bemazed with doubts,—

(*Aside.*)

And chemicals in wine ;—which seems to be
Like Mercury asleep in Bacchus' arms,—
Or powder giving power to the pressed grape.

(*To* AMINA.)

My daughter ! This affair doth fill
My soul with heaviness. 'Tis meet, before
We bear the worthy stranger hence, that this
The remnant of the wine, too holy far
To wet another lip than his whose case
Demanded its fine aid, should be cast forth.

(*Empties the goblet out of the window.*)

All will be gratified, if, thro' our zeal,
He may that spiritual ladder see,
Whereon the thoughts, like angels fair, may step
From earthly unbelief to high commune
With bright realities in the spirit-world,
And reach th' ethereal height of heavenly hope.

(*Enter* FESTINO.)

FESTINO.

Daughter!
How doth our guest to-night? He sleeps, it seems.

(*Exit* AMINA *in apparent anxiety.*)

SEBASTIAN.

It is a languor which hath fallen, at last,
Upon his frame, in consequence of those
Most horrid sufferings in the storm. His mind
For several days seemed buoy'd and clear,—but now
Mysteriously hath fallen, as I did fear,
Into a lassitude and dream.

FESTINO.

He said
To-day, a lazy languor's mist
Crept o'er his sense.

SEBASTIAN.

As he hath kindly wish'd,
He should be softly borne without delay
To where all night I slumberless may watch
Around his invalid couch.

FESTINO.

I'll send at once
The bearers with my serpentine.

(*Exit* FEST.)

SEBASTIAN (*solus.*)

They on whose senses sleep doth float
With soft, oblivious power; as evening's calm,

Of a summer's night, upon the waters tossed
Just now of vexing winds, falls soothingly
And glassing images of beauty ;—they
Who're thus becalmed and entertained with dreams,
The visions of the beautiful and bright,
Are surely blest. Yet if we've slept,
To life more vigorous should we rouse our powers,
When fairly waked. To act is Nature's law.
To wake and act shall now be mine.
Then, farewell ! sleep. Ye voiceless heavens,
In vigilant glory bending o'er the world
To witness all things ; witness my resolve !
And thou, O Death, if to thy portal dark
My movements bold shall lead me, and my acts
Shall knock for entrance to thy mansions dim,
Shalt give the place of honor and the shrine
Worthy to hold the ashes of the brave
Which erst did glow and flash with hero-life.

(*He wakens* EUSTIN *who sinks almost immediately to sleep again. He again arouses him.*)

SEBASTIAN.

Eustin, my son, art ill ? arise ! my son ;
Rest thee on me, and walk with me at ease
To the serpentine ; 'tis just now brought.

(EUSTIN *arises languidly and walks,—leaning, as if in great drowsiness, upon the Priest. Exeunt.*)

Act IV.—Scene II.

(*Chapel.* Sabino, Sebastian *and* Eustin. *The latter is borne in, asleep upon a hammock-couch, superbly decorated. After which the attendants retire.*)

Sabino.

It seems our fasting should be broken now—
And yet a banquet would be quite amiss ;
Some homely diet should the occasion match
Of this good effort to inspire with zeal
The wandered slumberer.

Sebastian.

Say rather, man,
Some glorious feast, to evince our joy elate
That we have caged a bird whose wings were form'd
To cuff the air about the awful heights
Of Cotopaxi's snow and flame.

'Twould seem
To undervalue the great deed inspired
By pure devotion's soul, if we should drink
Ashes and water on the occasion high—
Dry crusts for other times, when we despair ;
But now 'tis meet we should have mirth ;—no doubt
Upon *my* mind doth sit, that we shall rise
Through this fine stratagem to seal as ours
One who can work for us and openly.
Enthusiastic, valiant, bold,—great acts

May soon be witnessed and before his feet
Earthquakes may start, and from the rocky shores
Of Europe, echoes may rebound, of falls
And exaltations here. If these, our hopes,
Should ripen into victories, 'twould seem
Most strange to say that we had thus prepared
Our path to majesty and wealth!

His mind,
Familiar long with daring plots for power,
And now with generous ambition fired,
Might, properly advanced by influence strong,
Blaze like the morning-star to front the dawn
Of revolution's coming day, if faith,
Which none could challenge, were his own.

We both
Well know, or might well know, how oft
By artifice and subtle, fine device
Visions of saints and messengers that shine
With glory of a higher world are made
Upon the opened, yet half-dreaming eyes
To gleam with apparition wonderful.
The history of our craft abroad is rich
With curious instances, and triumphs, too,
Which well attest the faultless skill whereby
The Virgin or the saints from heaven are brought
To waken or rekindle faith and zeal.
The *personnel* and all *materiel* fine
For this ripe scheme of mine are near.

SABINO.

But surely as a person in this play
Amina has no part ?

SEBASTIAN.

Amina ? No : as soon would I a dove
Commission to o'ertake a hawk and tame
That swift-winged tyrant of the skies to live
And feed henceforth with pigeons, and forswear
His independent and wild corsair-life.

(*A knock.*)

It is Amina ! Enter, friend beloved.

(*Enter Amina.*)

AMINA (*with anxiety.*)

How is he ? Is he well ?

SABINO.

No slumberer
Could rest more calmly than does he.

SEBASTIAN.

No cloud amid the breathless summer sky
Reposed more tranquilly.

AMINA.

But see !
He moves ; he murmurs, as in dreams.
No feverish heat, I trust, disturbs
The motions of the brain ?

SEBASTIAN.

O ! fear it not :
The even movement of the dial's shade
Is fitful to the order of his pulse,
Which beats so softly, and keeps perfect time
Unto the sweet airs of his welcome dreams.
Now see ! he smiles : perhaps, e'en now,
Some holy influence its first, faint breath
Is wafting on his soul ; some vision fair,
The shadow of revealings more distinct
Hereafter to be given, may e'en now beam
Upon the mental eye. And who can say
But that, while tapers blaze with homage-fires
Before their images, some saint, in love,
May hallow this the vestibule of heaven
By presence, visible, at least, to him ?
The history of our faith records such facts.

AMINA.

Pray, what imports it, if I watch all night
With you, the slumberer's couch beside ?

SEBASTIAN.

Much ; dove.
Think not those sensitive spirits of the purer clime
Reveal themselves when worldly, unshrived minds
That relish more or less the joys of sense
Are present and released from slumber's thrall.
Their beauty shows and glows amid the air,
As doth the moon-bow, (emblem chaste of such,)

When the gairish beams of day are quenched i' the tide
Of the western sea, display its silvery sheen:
So when the busy throngs are still, and softly dies
The pleading, penitential hymn of those whose souls
Are cinctured with the vows of chastity
As by an honoring wreath of roses white,—
Then, like the stars, appear the light-clad saints,
And their strange voicings steal on hallowed ears:
But rare as weightiest pearls such instances.

AMINA.

Then had I better soon retire?

SEBASTIAN.

Not here
Would e'en we linger, having flooded heaven
With fervid, incense-wafted prayers that faith
Her blessed dawnings in his soul may know:
But vigilant and fasting, nigh yon door
We shall his summons wait, the air of night
Awakening by our softly-breathed hymns.
Let me suggest: at early dawn of light,
Yea, ere the morn, like to some maiden child,
Has learned instinctively to blush and smile
At praises of her fairness, then arise
And gather dewy flowers of spicy scent:
If languid he, their fragrance may revive,
At least delight: and therefore early court
The power of sleep.

AMINA.

'Tis well suggested: so,
To him and you a fond adieu; I go.

(*Exit.*)

SEBASTIAN.

'Tis nigh the hour that that fair one designed
To play the saint, in gossamer draperies veiled,
Was here. So closely have I read how art
Has deep her subtle impositions pressed,
When, in a dreamy fantasy, the mind
Looked thro' its windows mistily, that now
I cannot doubt success my wish will crown.

SABINO.

Has disaffection in the Empire far
Fermented among those of much account?
Is there a prospect that with leaders fit
The bristling opposition of the loyal arms
May be confronted and in time o'erpowered?

SEBAS.

I doubt it not. Full well we know how soon
The jealous of our order would oppose
The ascendancy of liberal, sceptic minds;
And, dreading dark disaster to the faith,
The eclipse by clouds abhorred, and rights contemn'd,
If they an armed resistance had evoked,
Would add new fury to the war-like blaze

That greeted each advance rebellion made,
And would each policy which it proposed
Throttle, if possible, as soon as born.
Of course, some liberal concessions must be wrought
Into the frame-work of our civil scheme.

(*Curtain falls.*)

ACT V.—SCENE I.

(*The Street near the Chapel. Night.*)

SEBASTIAN (*solus.*)

Nought now remaineth but the springs to touch
Which the machinery and the shifting hands
Of Revolution start. Thus far the plot
Moves on with serious pace.

Ah! hist! who comes?
I will lurk near and see.

(*Hides, while* CORINNÆUS *enters.*)

CORINNÆUS.

I would I had the boldness to proclaim
Who rocked the cradle of my infancy.
But I do fear 'twould tear afresh his wounds.
REMORSE! well have men spoken of thy bolts
Which scathe the mind, and of those scorpions rank
Which thou upon the pillow of crime dost strew.
Thy scowl which makes the frowns of night seem smiles.

Doth shroud e'en hope itself in funeral robes,
And sickens thought ;—nay, all my being itself
Seems shrunk to one dry pain ; and even hell
In vain will multiply its arts t' exceed
The horror of thy pang, usurper black
Of joy's bright throne.

(*Enter* EUSTIN.)

Ah, Eustin,—art thou here ?

EUSTIN.

Yes, I am here, but almost fear to stand
On a dismal night like this with one like you.

CORINNÆUS.

What may you mean ?

EUSTIN (*with his hand on his sword.*)

I have talked with one
Who heard your exclamations when, half lost,
Your senses wandered.

CORINNÆUS (*aside.*)

Is't possible ? Have I
Exposed my name ?

(*To* EUSTIN.)

You are deceived, my friend ;
You've nought to fear from me.

EUSTIN (*aside.*)

How very smooth
The bold-faced villain speaks to-night!

(*To* CORINNÆUS.)

Good Sir,
Hast aught to communicate? Speak quick;—for I
Have my engagement hence and far.

CORINNÆUS.

May I assure you of my kind regard?
I throw aside my sword to show my trust,
And that I have no hate for you.

(*Throws aside his sword.*)

EUSTIN (*aside.*)

Almost
I can believe the knave.

CORINNÆUS.

May I inquire
The cause of your late conduct, which must seem
Unlike your former ways?

EUSTIN.

I've had of late
A visitation strange. The kind old priest—
When I sank down into that dreamy trance,—
Bade the attendants bear me to his room,
That there he might watch o'er my rest. Give ear!

The trance was sent from Heaven ! And it revealed.
As a stream of scented oil on a tossing lake,
A voice, born of no mortal lips, fell soft
Upon my troublous dreams ; and said, " Awake
From your philosophy ! 'Tis vain. Count not,
When you arise, this vision but a shape
From the stagnation of your senses risen,—
A thin, delusive flame. But lo ! in proof
Of its divine descent, transpires a glow
Of waving light before your eye. A star
Sits on the spirit's brow." I looked and saw
In truth the fearful revelation there.
Again the mystery spoke. It bade me yield
My firm assurance to that faith which here
Spreads like the shadow of an angel's wing
Over this passionate clime.

(*Absorbed attention and delighted satisfaction are alternately visible in the action and countenance of* SEBASTIAN, *who should here be visible to the audience.*)

It did enjoin
With awful threatenings that I should obey
What she (St. Catharine by name) should hint
Through the holy father to my ear. " Awake !
To mighty deeds," cried she, " and I will bathe
Your sword in victory's light : And you shall build
From ruins of the present state, a shape
Of government conformed to ends desired
By every spirit in the world of light."
Such were her words, or nearly such. A doubt

Still held possession of my mind.
I spoke and bade the vision give again
A sign that it was truly real: "Bid"
I said "another token now to appear,—
A sign of sure reality." I gazed
And saw another proof; a luminous ring
Glittered above the spirit's brow: its voice
Again was heard with like import.

Yea, still,
Tho' trembling, scarce did I believe, 'till yet
More evidence demanded shone. My heart
The influence celestial drank; I live,
First, to be guided in achievements bold,—
But more I need not add.

CORINNÆUS.

I cannot doubt
But that you saw a shape before your eyes,—
But it was of your mind.

EUSTIN.

You sadly err.

CORINNÆUS.

Listen to me: That cunning knave, the priest,
By the connivance of some compound strange
Which he had mingled in your food, or else
Had sprinkled on the rose you wore, has worked
Your mind fermented to these dreams.

EUSTIN.

In vain
To me you speak; but I will hear.

CORINNÆUS.

I heard
On that same night the villain laugh to think
How fast the current of his schemes would flow
On towards the ocean of his vast desires.
He spoke fantastically of saints whom he
Would to co-operation bring, by means
Of the jugglery he has done.

EUSTIN (*with amazement.*)

Dost speak indeed
The naked truth? I am amazed!—I'm shock'd
To hear of such atrocity in him!

(CORINNÆUS *resumes his sword, and the* PRIEST *retires with a vexed and angry countenance.*)

CORINNÆUS.

My word is pledged—let us retire—'tis late.

EUSTIN (*after a moment's reflection.*)

Yet I beheld the vision,—heard the voice,
And noted all! (*energetically*) You cannot quench my faith.

CORINNÆUS.

Nothing but friendship, Eustin, could draw forth
What now I say:—I've found that she whom once

I thought all tenderness for you, has joined
The Priest in this dark treachery.

EUSTIN (*impatiently and with fury.*)

Liar!
Villain and devil! Draw at once, or die!
Art sunk by jealousy and hate
To slander base as this?—Dost think thereby
To tempt these lips to insult and scorn
The worshipp'd of my soul?—But I'll waste
No words on thee.

(*They fight; in the contest, the weapon of* EUSTIN *is struck from his hand.*)

Strike!

CORINNÆUS (*sheathing his sword.*)

Never! I love thee still.

(*Exit* CORIN.)

EUSTIN (*solus.*)

That I might pierce the mystery of the man!

(*A thoughtful pause.*)

Who he may be,—'tis vain to inquire. He fear'd
To strike, lest it should break her heart; and strives
To cool my love, so she may turn to him,
Grieved from my breast! I'll ne'er insult her truth
By seeking vindication from her lips.

(*Exit.*)

(*Enter with a suspicious look,* SEBASTIAN.)

SEBASTIAN.

Ah! both are gone! I'm shocked to hear the bald
And naked truth so insolently told!
I'm dashed, it seems, by that accursed knave
Whose ears unseen must sail around on wings
To catch my every heedless word, as birds
Seize fast upon some luckless bug by day
Wandering improvidently forth. And now
First to Festino will this news be brought,
And all the art of these manœuvres shown:
Then all abroad, or to his loyal peers
The unsprung, maddening plot will be disclosed!
Then follow,—shame, suppression armed and stern;
Arrests, arraignings, bonds and death!
Fair hopes! *extinct:* good name! *defiled:* the life
Of high ambition! *all down-cast to dust:*
Each breath, perchance, a sufferance; and the grave
Attractive as the living world: all this,
To hated Corinnæus due! One thing
Is certain as they live: *They both must* DIE!
The occasion in its secrecy will soon
Come floating by, and bid some dagger leap
From its dry sheath to drink their blood,
And stab th' exposure ere 'tis born. Or else,
If the chance delays,—I'll bribe some scullion base
To poison all, and fire the towering house
To desolation on their heads: And then
When comes the murderer to confess his sin,
I'll suddenly absolve him from all fears
Of trouble, in this world at least, and save

An arrow for old Death. These fearless hands
Can crowd a traveller through the press which mobs
The close-jamm'd gates of hell, long ere his time.
Is all, then, lost? All is not lost!
When I have mined and struck the very door
Which to the enchanted chamber leads, of fame
And empire hid as gold, shall I withdraw
Because a cobweb stretches o'er the spring
Which must be touched ere entrance can be gained?
Or, when I've through the dismal passage groped
Till I have touched the castle's secret gate,
Shall I retreat, because a little mouse
Doth seem about to squeak surprise? Shall I
The goblet dash upon the ground, lest that
A tiny insect in the bowl should lose
His life were I to drink; or shall I place
Upon the wheels of my manœuvres grand
Eternal clogs, lest when they move in fire,
A useless rosebud should be crushed and scorched?
No, no! This from Sabino must be cloaked.

(*Exit.*)

ACT V.—SCENE II.

(*A public garden. Night. Enter* EUSTIN.)

EUSTIN.

To-night how blandly creeps the air—a thief
Who gives delight while he doth steal our pains!
An hour for rest in this still spot! Now, Love!

Shake thy kaleidoscope of dreams, and show
Delicious changes to one centre true.

(*Reclines upon a bench and sinks to sleep. Enter* CORINNÆUS *from behind.*)

CORINNÆUS.

The hum afar of revelry and song
Glides from the city's pomps. Another month
May yet its tempest bellow thick with hail
Of iron and fire. Ah! who doth sleep so sound
Upon yon seat? 'Tis EUSTIN! would that I
Could hope forgiveness from him; I would lay
The secrets of my heart in his! Then were
This air ambrosial as an angel's breath
Fresh from that tree whose rich and nectarous fruit
Is immortality and bliss, waxed ripe
'Neath the love-lightnings of God's eye. E-hist!
Some step is stealing near!

(CORINNÆUS *conceals himself in the back part of the stage. Enter, cautiously from behind,* SEBASTIAN, *disguised as a robber.*

SEBASTIAN.

Here have I seen the coward walk on eves
Of similar quiet. As I live, here lies
Some vagrant lost in sleep. Good heavens! 'tis he!
Now, dagger! falter not.

(*Draws a straight sword, and creeps near to* EUSTIN. *The Priest is seized from behind by* CORINNÆUS. *They struggle: the latter wrests the weapon from the hand of* SEBASTIAN, *who, dropping a labelled key and paper in the confusion, exclaims in a subdued voice full of dismay:*)

"Spare me, O spare!
Necessity severe tempted me hither
To *rob*, not strike, unless in self-defence."

(*They struggle; the Priest, seizing the arm of* CORINNÆUS, *escapes and disappears in the thickets of the garden.* CORINNÆUS *picks up the key and paper, retaining in his hand the weapon wrested from* SEBASTIAN.)

CORINNÆUS.

A key! 'Tis labell'd. 'Tis the Priest's;—his voice
Was not well feigned. These I reserve for day,
And close examination.

(EUSTIN, *unseen to* CORINNÆUS, *awakes and gazes upon him. After a moment's anxious thought, the latter continues:*)

It is best
To conceal the murderous assault until——

EUSTIN (*springing up and drawing a sword.*)

Dost think me sleeping, murderer! I know
From my own vision now, as from the words
Sebastian, cautioning, gave, that thou
Dost nurse *base hatred*, and dost scruple not
At MURDER, if it is darkly veiled. I know

The treachery of your mind at last. Prepare
For the fiercest struggle yet.

(*They fight.* CORINNÆUS *is wounded, and sinks upon the seat, exclaiming :*)

Oh ! oh ! I'm wounded !

EUSTIN.

Wounded ? You shall die !

(*Enter from the left the Priest, as before, disguised. Approaching hastily, he seizes* EUSTIN *from behind, and struggles for the dagger in the hands of the latter, They pass off struggling to the left of the stage and disappear.* CORINNÆUS *gazes after them, exclaiming in a low voice :*)

The Priest will fall. For surgical relief
Ere I'm too faint to move alone 'tis fit
That I should seek. What misconstruction strange !

(*Exit* CORINNÆUS *feebly ;—at the same time, re-enter the Priest.*)

SEBASTIAN (*with a searching glance.*)

The key's not here, it seems ! What matters that ?
I oft stroll forth by day, and can assert
'Twas lost in the street. And they may wisely think
Some robber had found it. 'Twere a useful thing
To such a rogue. Perchance I lost it not
In this tough scuffle here. If so, all's safe.
The other plans remain. What if '*twere* fixed
Upon my hand,—this masked attempt !

The sooner they all fall! Composure firm,
And the calm look of innocence are now
Important to success. Dark, dread and sure
As Death's approaching shade must move our plots;
Not surer is the advent of the night,
Nor speedier, when the Sun forsakes his hall
Of gala glory draperied in blue,
Than is the unfolding of the scheme we nurse!

(*Exit.*)

Act V.—Scene III.

(*Apartment in* Festino's *house. Enter* Amina *and* Eustin.)

Amina.

Shall not the bearers bring a serpentine?
An airing out towards the sea, I think,
Would give you strength

Eustin.

I may not now, my love;
Expecting Corinnæus here. 'Tis time
He were upon the spot. He said he wished
A tale to read of his own life and deeds.
Now I remember, he desired that all
Might here attend to hear.

Amina.

They shall attend.
Is it a tale of grief or mirth?

EUSTIN.

He did not say.

AMINA.

He has been absent in the town of late!

EUSTIN.

He has. We'll hear his tale. It will relate
To his deviltries in Brazil. I'll hear, and then
Refute th' ingenious lies which he has framed;
I'll then explain of my late fears the cause,
And cover him with infamy and shame.

AMINA.

O, do not speak so harsh! What may you mean?

EUSTIN.

Dearest AMINA, you will know to-night.

(*Exit* AMINA.)

I thought aright! 'Twas best to wait and see
What this base wretch could say why earth should not
At once vomit him forth. I would I could
Divine his object in this bitter hate
He cherishes—a hate which he would guard
From all suspicion of his prey. What more
Than envy can it be? It will be well
To be upon the watch to-night. Perchance,
However, he may *send* his words and wait
To hear if falsehood thrives: Perfidious wretch!

(*Enter* CORINNÆUS, SEBASTIAN, SABINO, FESTINO, AMINA, GONSALVO, *and several attendants.*)

CORINNÆUS.

Friends, as a faintness sickens at my heart,
I will entreat some one to read the sheet
Which I've prepared.

(*Hands the written sheet to* EUSTIN.)

May I entreat that all
Who now look on me with abhorrence strong
Will give due heed to all he reads.

FESTINO.

Pray who
Looks on thee but with kind regard ?

CORINNÆUS.

Before
You do begin, I wish to give this key
To the holy father. He has dropt it when
Upon some loitering, in the city's parks.

(*Having given a key to* SEBASTIAN, CORINNÆUS *reclines upon a couch.* SEBASTIAN, *eyeing him keenly, places the key in his bosom.*

SEBASTIAN.

I must suppose 'twas rifled from my breast
By a treacherous thief, who yesterday at dusk
Severely handled me for gold. (*To* COR.) My thanks.

FESTINO.

Eustin, my son—we're all attention now,
(If I may thus anticipate events
And speak a father's words :) pray read ; we list,
Eager as drooping flowers for night's cool dews.

(EUSTIN : *reads*)

To all his friends in good Festino's house ;
Kind salutations, health and peace !
With no narration wearying and long,
Will Corinnæus your forbearance task :
But with th' occasion of the shipwreck dire
Will I begin. With deep solicitude
The mental state of Eustin (fondly loved
And justly, strongly settled in your hearts)
I watched from day to day : and could but see
In his eye and air, of peace the ruins sad,
And o'er the desolation of his soul
The brooding shadows of distracting thought.
By ghastly memories haunted ; by the fangs
Of dread remorse envenomed, I have sought
By ministration prompt of kindly deeds,
Ignoring self, t' appease the frowning shapes
Of lingering remembrances which, in his mind,
I knew were dominant. The moment came.
From the wild, stunning crash that wrecked, I woke
To see, in that faint light, the struggling yield,
As fainting soldiers to a conqueror strong.
A cry of anguish and of terror burst,

Half-smothered, from our well-loved Eustin's lips.
Forth from my side a floating fragment quick
I urged, to rescue him, that life with him
Might linger, tho' the salt sea-wreaths
Should couch my dreamless rest. Else he,
Unpractised in the swimmer's stroke, had fallen
In that unequal strife with th' swollen pride
And turbulence of the sea, so fierce again
For championship where it so oft had won.
Drifting amid another ocean, vast
And dread and strown with mournful wrecks,
(The sea of visionary theories,
Of unbelief, the blind and proud,) here he,
Guided and warned by me, poor instrument,
Was rescued, and to harbor safely brought
In the glad, peaceful anchorage of faith:
And this he will explain. Forth from the snare
And labyrinths of priestly artifice, quite clear
From its delusions too, I trust, 'tis mine
(May gracious Heaven be blest!) to lead him forth.
Enamored of a soft and dewy shade
In a wide garden's heart, unto the spells
Of slumber he late yielded. Then drew near,
With stealthy tread, the assassin all disguised;
Glittered above his head the dagger raised.
Swift rushed I forward, and that lifted arm
Bereft with mighty struggles of its steel.
In the confusion of that strife there fell
A key and letter in the dust: he fled,
(The foiled assassin) and was lost in shade.

Mature conspiracy is well revealed
In that epistle : and as place and wealth
Rather than high and noble ends attract
Their leaders and their head, already Power
Is roused to action to enwrap their dreams
With the chill cloud of dark defeat
And lay their mounting hopes in sullen shame.
List ! the assassin base stands here to-night :
Behold him in SEBASTIAN ! Speak kind words
Which may the judgment on Sabino blunt.

SEBASTIAN.

Thou liest basely ! wretch, well mayst thou feign
A weakness now ; whose courage would not fail
When falsehoods were attempted like to thine ?
Friends ! this is base deceit, or error gross.
Believe him not : he may be mad !

CORINNÆUS.

Read on, good Sir : and you will find disclosed
Still further proof of villainy, a scheme
Of blackest infamy,—to poison all !

SEBASTIAN (*in hot impetuosity.*)

Thou hateful miscreant, thou shalt rue thy words.

(*Draws a dagger and thrusts at* CORINNÆUS, *who, rallying, parries the blow ; they fight.*)

FESTINO.

Cease! combatants, desist! O shame that you,
O father! shouldst forget thy sacred rank,
And, in the heat of passion, here profane
This hospitable roof!

EUSTIN (*seizing the Priest by the right arm.*)

I now believe thee base
And overflowing with a deep deceit.

(CORINNÆUS *sinks again to his couch, as if wounded afresh.*)

SEBASTIAN.

Unhand me, instantly! or hell's black shades
May gulf thy spirit at a breath!

(*A loud knocking: Enter* OFFICER *and three soldiers; others without.*)

OFFICER.

Senor,
Is this Sebastian? I arrest the man
For treason; soldiers! hold him fast!

SEBASTIAN (*with a loud voice.*)

Ho! comrades! quick! haste, comrades, all!

(*Enter several armed* CONSPIRATORS *impetuously, and by another entrance.*)

Haste, all, we are betrayed! quick, strike!
'Tis victory, or the dungeon's gloom and death!

(*To the* SOLDIERS.)

Withdraw your hands this instant! do you dare
Thus rudely seize an hallowed priest? if charged
With misdemeanors, to the sacred powers
Which rule in Zion, I'm responsible.

FESTINO (*to the* OFFICER.)

May I inquire, "has the Imperial Court
Dispatched this warrant."

OFFICER.

Yea! good Sir;
Yea! and enjoined the sternest strictness; chains
And even *death* should he resist.

Attempt
At murder and high treason are the crimes
With which he now stands charged; the danger frowns:
This rankling, civil virus claims the knife.

SEBASTIAN.

Shout loud our battle cry! What! comrades,
Cower ye at sight of these? for life and truth,
As ye have sworn, *strike*, all, and fear them not!

OFFICER (*To* SEB.)

Thou traitor! dost thou dare!

(*Two of the* CONSPIRATORS *discharge their pistols; others draw swords.*)

SEBASTIAN.

Ho! all! rush in;
For life and victory and glory *strike!*

(*Drums and trumpets without; and cries of "to arms! to arms!"*)

OFFICER.

What! darest thou still? then die at once!

(*To* SOLDIERS.)

Aim well and fire!

(SOLDIERS *fire;* SEBASTIAN *falls.*)

(*To* SOLDIERS *without.*)

Now all advance! seize fast
These traitors who surround their chief!

(*In alarm, exeunt* CONSPIRATORS, *save one.*)

(*Enter* SOLDIERS *and seize the remaining* CONSPIRATOR *ere he effects his escape and pursue the others.*)

Chain them in dungeons, and let none escape:
And thou, lieutenant, march forth quick to close
In deadly conflict with their force without.

(*Exit* LIEUT.)

FESTINO.

A fearful hour is this!

(*Noise of firing and confusion without.*)

CORINNÆUS.

Good Sir, I beg
That what is further written in that sheet
May claim attention now.

EUSTIN (*dropping the letter.*)

Read thou ;
I cannot ; self-accused and horrified
By these developments ; my strength is gone.

(*Turning aside.*)

And can it be ! I've been indeed deceived !

FESTINO (*picking up the letter, proceeds.*)

Beware of those three flagons mark'd for the feast,
The private banquet which you purpose soon.
Test well their contents : 'mid that mellow glow
A subtle poison lurks : Thus are ye snatched
From wretched doom 'mid agony and flame.
As unto one of aspirations pure, a path
Of honorable advancement now is oped,
Thro' influence of mine, for Eustin. Sad
Might else have been his lot, e'en had he 'scaped
The stealthy and malignant snare here laid.

(CORINNÆUS *reclines more and more, as if languishing.*)

Eustin, my well-beloved friend, for whom
My love unto Amina I have quenched,
Have my dyed locks and altered costume foiled
Your searching and suspecting glance ? Behold

In CORINNÆUS, now from whom the gift
Most strange and precious may, perhaps, have fled
To its Great Giver, as the mounting flames
From fires the Sun has kindled, spring aloft
Towards their bright source,—in Corinnæus see
Your former friend, the "Frederick" of the days
Of early love and happiness. Forgive,
As ye do hope forgiveness at Heaven's seat,
Whate'er of wrong, tho' dark indeed it be,
Which blots the chronicles of his life; pray, yield;
And dwelling on the vengeance in that grief
And sleepless energy of deep remorse
Which fiercely followed and have nigh consumed,—
O'erlook his errors and accept, tho' faint,
His services of late in your behalf.
Not long, I fear, it may be his to drink
The accents of forgiveness, if relief delays.

FESTINO.

Thus ends his letter; noble 'tis, in truth.

(EUSTIN *springs up and flies to the side of* CORINNÆUS.)

But, see! he languishes! he faints, he sinks!
Haste quick, Gonsalvo! bring the well-known skill
Of our esteemed Roupinho.

(*Exit* GONSALVO.)

See! the gush
Of life's mysterious current stains his side!
What! wounded? can it be?

EUSTIN.

O speak ! speak ! speak !
Tho' but *one* word ! all love you ; yea, *all*, ALL !

CORINNÆUS.

(*Awaking partially from his swoon for an instant.*)

Still spurns he me ? alas, alas ! and faint
And sinking ; *wounded :* where am I ? who speaks ?
Farewell to all, if here ; farewell ! 'tis o'er.

EUSTIN.

Loved friend, awake ! Forgive me ; you're forgiven !
I've known you not, and wronged you every hour.
Oh ! oh ! it is too late ! Yon dastard's thrust,
Or else my murderous steel, hath pierced his soul !

(*Leans with loverlike tenderness, but overpowered by the anguish of regret, upon* AMINA.)

(*They gather nearer, with silent, intense fixedness of gaze and look of horror.* CORINNÆUS *dies.*)

Curtain falls.

NOTES.

Note A.

I have thought this comparison possibly too like one in Byron : "O night, and storm, and darkness, ye," &c.

Note B.

"Fame, the soul's Archangel."—*Bulwer.* If he only meant that fame was the ruling passion, the figures are not alike.

Note C.

The sanguinary spirit of retaliation, though in keeping with unbelief, is, of course, deserving of the severest reprehension, under all circumstances.

"Hail of iron and fire." This expression was suggested by a passage in Milton, where he speaks of "chained thunderbolts and hail of iron globes." Some two or three figures of no particular note may also have been suggested.

Note.—As to the character of Sebastian, the clime and race will apologize for his restless and vaulting ambition. History furnishes the instances of unscrupulous lust of power in the Roman priesthood and of woful depravity associated with infidelity. The reader may note illustrations of the vice and misery to which unbelief conduct ; and the lessons of the importance of sound faith and morals as the bases of free government ; and may discern a true picture of Romish imposition.

The tragedy has received a number of alterations since first written. It is absurd to deny that the province of the drama is a noble and legitimate department of literature. But the stage, has, alas, been degraded, by ministering to corrupt popular tastes. Under proper restrictions and safeguards, and by a high, noble and religious influence, it might be elevated, and made subservient to the cause of morality and even of sacred virtue, as well as of knowledge, art and literature.

TO THE ANGEL OF SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

Ethereal Beauty, throned in yon clear star,
That now, from thy most rich pavilion bright,
All draperied in gold and crimson light,
Doth seem to win my soul to soar afar,
And quit its prison's dull and gloomy bar ;
To thee I dedicate my song this night,—
Rejoicing that as yet my spirit's sight
Beholds thy loveliness that nought doth mar.
Yet sorrow's in my heart a lingering guest,
Because my thoughts may now so seldom dwell
Where the rich lustres from thy wings do rest,
In poetry's elysium loved so well.
Would that thy smiles *Amina* did invest !
As sunbeams beautify the lily's bell.



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